

# The Journal of **ELECTRICAL WORKERS** AND OPERATORS

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VOL. XXVI

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY, 1927

NO. 2

## Onward March of Building Trades

Five Day Week - - - - by President Green

Seasonal Unemployment - - by Sumner T. Slichter  
Cornell University

Machines Bring Specialization by William G. Haber  
University of Wisconsin

Threat of Company Unionism by Robert Dunn  
Co-author "The Labor Spy"

Labor's Huge Contribution - by Frank J. Herlihy  
President, Mid-Continent  
Construction Co.

Beginning - Frank Norris' Social Novel - "The Octopus"

**OFFICIAL PUBLICATION**  
INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS

DEVOTED TO THE  
CAUSE OF  
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AMERICAN FEDERATION  
OF LABOR IN ALL ITS  
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## FROM THE HEART OF A LITTLE CHILD

Daddy, if you know we're hungry,  
Know that we are very poor,  
It must break your heart in Heaven  
'Cause you never did insure.  
Mamma wonders why you didn't  
Save the dimes you threw away;  
But you felt too strong and healthy  
For insurance, people say.

You were taken without warning,  
Leaving us to fight alone,  
You'd have taken out insurance,  
Daddy, if you'd only known.  
'Twasn't that you didn't love us,  
I recall how dear you were,  
But your little girl must suffer  
'Cause you failed to save for her.

Mamma just can't make the living;  
She is wearing out, she said:  
I shall have to miss some schooling  
For the sake of daily bread.  
When she's gone, I guess they'll take me  
To a place of charity  
To be clothed and fed; but, daddy,  
It can ne'er be home to me.

Mary's daddy left insurance,  
And their home will still be theirs.  
They're not hungry. Sometimes Mary  
Gives me cast-off clothes she wears.  
They don't have to take in sewing,  
Mary's mamma doesn't cry,  
For her daddy left insurance.  
But you didn't, daddy—why?  
—Annie Denman.

\* \* \* \*

No one who reads the above verses needs to have the moral pointed out.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE  
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**Magazine Chat**

Do you know—

That the Wire-patcher's Wife, author of the clever satire in the January number, is a real wire-patcher's real wife, but refuses to make known her identity? Modest lady. She lives in Pueblo.

That the artist who drew the frontispiece in the January number is also modest? He never signs any of his things, though he ranks with the foremost commercial artists of the country? Did you note that his pen is so clever that he is able to produce the effect of a steel engraving in a black and white drawing?

That "The Foreman," the short story in the January number is held in copyright by the Labour Publishing Company, London, England, a worker-controlled publishing house?

That William English Walling, whose "American Labor and American Democracy" was reviewed in the January number is the author of more than a dozen books on labor, government and economics?

That the "Fashions for Men" page of last month made a big hit with the ladies?

That Professor Sumner Slichter, who writes in this month's issue has had practical experience in union shops as a machine worker?

That the Workers' Education Bureau is about to publish a book on the building trades by Haber, a contributor to this issue?

That very little is being written on the building trades, yet the construction field is the most strongly organized basic industry?

That Bachie, dean of the press secretaries, left the "world's greatest vacation center," when he recently went on the "first vacation in five years?"

That the cover for the December Journal is bought 15 months ahead of the issue, and that a year's supply of covers are bought at one time? A neat problem in seasonal adaptation.

That nearly a score of unions co-operate in keeping a union mill busy producing union-made paper for union magazines?

That your JOURNAL is attracting more influence and acquiring more responsibilities each month of its old-young life?

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By Willy Fogarty

World Wide Photos

**"THE BIRTH OF POWER"**





# THE JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS & OPERATORS

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VOL. XXVI

WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY, 1927

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## Your Job and a Multi-Billion Dollar Industry

**E**LECTRICAL workers and other building craftsmen may look to see the inception of a considerable volume of industrial, power plant, and civil engineering developments during 1927, it is confidently expected by construction statisticians. This forecast is based upon the fact that capital accumulations of corporations are very large, and that there is going forward an intensive development of the electrical industry. If there is to be a falling off of building during the coming months it will occur in residential work, in particular in hotels and apartments, and in commercial buildings. The predicted recession is expected to be slight, and some statisticians are optimistic about the expected curtailment on the grounds that it will be better for the industry and for business in general. This argument is supplied by Thomas S. Holden, vice president, F. W. Dodge Corporation. "The business community expects to continue active and prosperity levels. To do this it must keep the construction industry employed at something near capacity. It will have a rather better chance for maintaining prosperity for an extended period if it holds construction activity at something near the present rate, than if it permits a speculative boom to get started."

This year has been a kind of jubilee year for the building industry. Congratulations have been showered upon it, for its unprecedented activity, and its strategic place in the industrial world; its power to galvanize or stifle business has been widely recognized.

### Labor Unions Play Great Role

Not so widely recognized is the part played by labor unions in this field. The vast dimensions of the industry could not have been reached without the co-operation and efficiency of labor. And construction is an industry where labor unionism and organized labor's ideals and wage standards dominate. Here skill has not been stamped out by automatic machinery, and here collective bargaining has advanced to its highest level. It was inevitable, therefore, that last year would see great gains in the membership of the building trades. In 1926, the gain was put at 7 per cent, the greatest ever made in a single year, and no doubt the present year will see this record outstripped. More than 1,025,000 union members furnish the energy to build, and equip the edifices of this country. The scale of production for 1927 is estimated by construction statisticians as about a half billion dollars less than in 1926, the highest record in history. The following table gives the score:

### BUILDING OUTPUT

1924	\$4,459,000,000
1925	6,000,000,000
1926	6,800,000,000
1927 (predicted)	6,300,000,000

A comparison of the size of the various

industries, measured by the money involved in yearly transactions, places the building industry at the very top:

### ESTIMATED VALUE OF OUTPUT OF BASIC INDUSTRIES FOR 1926

Farming	\$7,812,000,000
Building	6,800,000,000
Automobiles	3,657,000,000
Railroads	3,300,000,000
Soft Coal	2,660,000,000
Gasoline & Oil	2,200,000,000
Steel	2,162,000,000
Electricity	1,683,500,000
Telephone	761,000,000

Stability in the building industry tends to be reached according to William J. Moore, of the American Bond and Mortgage Company, by virtue of the fact that \$4,000,000,000 of construction is required every year to replace worn out buildings. Mr. Moore is more optimistic about the building prospects for 1927 than other construction statisticians. He places the prospective output at a sum higher than that attained in 1926, i. e. \$7,135,498,000.

### BUILDING FORECAST FOR 1927

Housing for new population	\$1,500,000,000
Other buildings for new population	1,138,850,350
Annual fire loss	335,000,000
Annual tornado and flood loss	100,000,000
Depreciation at 3% on 22,000,000 dwellings	3,031,244,000
Depreciation on all other dwellings	1,030,304,400
Total	\$7,135,498,750

Building costs, according to Moore, are now 94 per cent above 1913 and about 2 per cent higher than a year ago. Building wages have advanced 4 per cent in a year, 17 per cent since the fall of 1920 and 128 per cent since 1913. Building material prices are 72 per cent above 1913. This means a decline of about 2 per cent in a year and 42 per cent since the peak of April 1920.

Moore quotes the Engineering News Record to the effect that the national level of wages in the skilled building trades is about 95 per cent above 1913 while the average rate of common labor is about 192 per cent above 1913. He adds that this

does not unduly favor common labor because in 1913 the skilled rate was 247 per cent above common labor for the nation as a whole.

### Labor Just in Demands

Moore finds the continued demand of the American wage earner for a better living standard an important factor. He says: "The continued rising of the American standard of living is also an important factor in connection with a reduction in rentals and building costs. The wage earner constantly wants a better home, and is willing to pay more for suitable housing accommodations. He also wants all the necessities, comforts and luxuries that he can buy. He is not going to be turned back in that respect."

Progress has been made in reducing seasonal unemployment, during the last year, but authorities interested in the industry, contend that there is room for improvement in this, and in other directions. The Labor Bureau, Inc., cites the following:

The preparation of quantity surveys by each contractor and sub-contractor instead of by the owners' architect or engineer.

The abnormal risk of loss on the part of the contractor, due to indiscriminate letting to lowest bidder, ambiguous plans and specifications, lump sum bids where requirements of work cannot be accurately foreseen.

Preventable accidents to workmen.

Labor turnover, largely due to intermittent employment.

Lack of proper cost accounting, leading to extravagance.

Improper construction equipment.

Miscellaneous waste due to bad management and lack of planning.

It is often charged that restrictions of production due to union rules and customs raise building costs. A good case can usually be made out for such restrictions on the ground of safety, good workmanship or some other adequate reason. But even if we consider this a waste, it does not bulk large in comparison with other wastes in the industry. One of the highest estimates of labor waste, by an engineer, George W. Burpee, places it at about one-third of the wastes due to other causes outside of labor's province. Mr. Burpee's estimate for the cost of the total preventable waste in the industry in 1920 was \$139,000,000.

The individual building worker is aware of these needs, perhaps only vaguely, yet he has a big stake in the elimination of waste. He knows that wage increases are often opposed on the ground that they boost costs to the consumer, i. e. to home owners. Should the millions squandered in avoidable waste be retrieved, however, then further wage increases could be granted without increase to the home owner. Progress in the battle to eliminate waste is watched, therefore, with interest by the building trades craftsman.

### "THE BIRTH OF POWER"

*Progress of the electrical age is revealed by the growing number of art pieces symbolizing power. The painting by Willy Pogany, reproduced on the opposite page, adorns the walls of the main building of the Niagara Falls Power Company.*



# Technical Changes in the Building Trades

By WILLIAM HABER, University of Wisconsin

THE building trades unions represent the largest organized group in the United States. The membership of the American Federation of Labor as reported at the Detroit Convention in 1926 was 2,813,910 of which 1,025,000 were building trades members, or nearly one-half. In the larger cities of the country, the building trades workers are completely organized. New York, Chicago, Cleveland and other large centers have closed shop agreements. Other building centers, though not completely unionized have a relatively high ratio of unionization as compared to other industries. In open shop Milwaukee, for instance, the building trades are said to be 60 per cent organized, while in "American Plan" San Francisco, where no collective agreement exists nor are unions recognized, many trades have from 90 per cent to 100 per cent organization.

## Why Building Unions Are Strong

What accounts for the strength of building trades unions? How have they been able to secure a constant increase in their membership? The following are some of the explanations given: (1) The building industry is a local industry. The product—buildings—can not be transported, and workers are not subject to much competition from other localities. (2) Building owners have much at stake, and do not wish to make their projects a battleground for labor issues and policies. Therefore they bring pressure on contractors to concede to union demands. (3) Contractors, being able to pass all increased costs arising out of union conditions to the owners, have little incentive to fight unionism. (4) Contractors have discovered that unionism pays, because it is a stabilizing force. It compels all contractors to conform to the same working conditions and wages. (5) Unionism in the building trades is effective because the sympathetic strike is a compelling means of getting recognition from contractors.

## Mechanized Production and Unionism

But a more comprehensive analysis points to the technical developments in the building trades. Examine a moment the industries where the American labor movement is the strongest. The highly mechanized steel industry, and the automobile industry—organized on the basis of mass production and semi-skilled labor—are completely unorganized. Our manufacturing industries have barred the union organizer for the last 25 years. On the other hand, the men's and women's clothing industry has strong labor unions. Here the employers are weak; competition is keen and often cut-throat; a worker can become an "employer" with great ease. In the building industry, the business methods of contractors are crude. It has always been difficult to keep them organized. The building trades workers have been able to maintain a strong organization primarily because they had a monopoly of skill—their services were indispensable. Hand labor predominated; skilled workers were at a premium; quality still played a part in building construction; craftsmanship was somewhat of a factor; and the all-round mechanic was an asset to a construction company.

## Technical Changes Produce New Conditions

Great changes have taken place in the past 25 years in the building trades. The

From the vantage point of the University of Wisconsin, William G. Haber is making a scientific study of the building trades. He is associated with Professor John R. Commons. He is also conducting classes for trade unionists in Milwaukee, and preparing a book for the Workers' Education Bureau.

handicraft industry is slowly being subjected to the same influences which placed most American industries on a machine basis, operated by unskilled and semi-skilled labor. These changes come from a number of sources—changes in materials, introduction of machinery, changes in methods, and specialization. We can indicate only very briefly the significance of these developments.

## Steel in Building

The modern skyscraper had its beginning about forty years ago. The first steel skeleton building was erected in New York in 1885. Tall buildings became necessary in order that they might yield sufficient rent to meet the increasing taxes on high

land values. Solid masonry walls did not permit high enough buildings. With the perfection of the elevator steel skeleton skyscrapers became feasible. The Bessemer process, invented about 1850, made possible the commercial production of rolled steel shapes and plates of a quality and weight suitable for construction purposes. The use of steel effected a rapid expansion in the industry. There was no limit to height. For a long time it appeared as if structural steel would dominate the field as a building material.

Improvements in building construction followed fast. Foundations were improved to meet the requirements of heavy buildings. Engineering plants were installed in sub-surface floors to supply the building with heat, light, air and elevator service. Then came concrete. It rivalled steel as a safe and economical building material. Combining concrete with steel shapes gave it greater reinforcing qualities. Its cheapness, its endurance, and its fire resisting qualities made it a strong competitor of structural steel. More important than these technical advantages, manufacturers of concrete contended that it could be mixed, poured and finished by common labor, and it was, therefore, not only cheap, but also free from union restrictions and regulations.

But the manufacturers forgot to count on the opposition of bricklayers who believed that the new material would displace brick. The union opposed the use of concrete because it feared that "it would rob the bricklayer of what rightfully belongs to him." In 1904 the International union ordered that publicity should be given to instances where concrete structures collapsed in order to discourage owners from using it and to show to workers the danger of working with this material.

But the use of concrete continued. So the union revised its opposition policy. Since the material was here to stay, the union thought it wiser to control those who work with concrete than to oppose its use. The manufacturers objected to the new tactics of the union because one of their best selling aids was that concrete was free from union domination. Union control meant union hours, wages and working conditions—in short, higher costs.

By 1910 the increased use of concrete placed it in the front rank as a building material. In some localities agreements with laborers conceded to bricklayers partial control through supervision, but on the whole, concrete pouring was a non-union man's job until the laborers in the larger cities were organized.

The use of concrete gave great concern not only to bricklayers, but caused jurisdictional disputes among carpenters, plasterers, metal lathers, ironworkers and laborers.

## Other Changes Appear

The construction industry was one of the last to use electric power, and even today hand work still predominates in those operations performed outdoors. Mechanical improvements and power equipment have made possible the giant structures at a unit cost which is relatively low. Today there is an efficient machine at a reasonable price for almost every operation formerly done by hand.

Introduction of machinery in this industry  
(Continued on page 103)

## Employer Strategy

Mr. Haber has written this article without reference to conditions of the moment. But the timeliness of his point of view is stressed by the following comment on the New York Building situation by Allen E. Beals, in Dow Service Daily Building Reports:

"But here and there very definite signs are apparent, as far as observations go in New York City and vicinity, that refitting is taking place, not so much in financing, where it should start, but in the more abstract departments, such as, for instance, freight handling facilities, methods of making and distributing building materials, the release of the very inefficient from construction gangs and organizations and the adoption of more modern methods of doing the 'slave' work of building, as in plastering, for example.

"Those who desire to look deep enough have no difficulty in observing general preparation to force these innovations upon labor as the demand for that most important building commodity rounds off its peak. As the time approaches, prior to the expiration of present wage agreements, two years hence, employers will probably find it expedient to offset the demand of the men for a five day work week with an equally insistent demand for the use of labor saving devices now barred, almost by common consent, from general use, under general conditions."



# Job Famines—Have All Remedies Been Applied?

By SUMNER T. SLICHTER, Cornell University

**T**HOUGH there is a disposition on the part of business men to consider the business cycle, with its periodic rise and fall—a thing of the past, it is still too early to take this sanguine view. It is likely that special factors are present in the economic situation not readily or willingly perceived by business men, and when these disappear we shall have a recurrence of the old business rhythm—with a period of prosperity, so designated, followed by a costly depression. It seems proper, therefore, to consider whether proposed remedies for business depression have been applied, always bearing in mind, of course, that the time to begin to meet depression is in a period of lessened economic tension such as we have at present.

Building construction has long been known as a highly unstable industry. This is reflected in the exceptionally large amount of unemployment among building trades workers. In the State of New York from 1904 to 1916, the average proportion of union building trades workers unemployed was 26.5 per cent compared with 19.87 per cent in all occupations. In Massachusetts for the period 1908 to 1921 the percentage averaged 13.8 against 10.8 in all industries.

The exceptional instability of the building trades has two principal causes. One is the highly seasonal character of the industry which arises from the fact that building construction is largely out-of-door work. The other is the extreme sensitiveness of building to periods of depression in business at large. Industry, as every one knows, does not proceed smoothly year after year with every one steadily employed and factories turning out goods to the limit of their capacities. It moves in a series of waves and troughs. A wave of prosperity is succeeded by a trough of depression and the trough of depression by another wave of prosperity. The duration of these waves and troughs varies but in the United States for the last several decades the period from one depression to another has been from two to four years. This means that hard times with millions of men walking the streets in search of work—in other words, job famines—are to be expected every two to four years. Whenever one of these periods of industrial stagnation grips the country, the construction trades are peculiarly hard hit. Houses and factories are necessities and we must have them, but new houses and new factories are not necessities and there is not much demand for them when orders for factory goods are not sufficient to keep even the existing factories busy and when thousands of wage earners are unemployed or working only part time, or living in imminent fear that at any moment they will be laid off or placed upon curtailed time. Consequently, new construction is one of the things that people are quickest to go without when business is slack.

During the last several years substantial progress has been made in reducing the instability which results from the seasonal character of the building industry. But before the industry can be regarded as stabilized something must be done to eliminate the instability caused by the periods of prosperity and depression known as the business cycle. What is the possibility of this?

## Federal Reserve Banks Involved

It appears to be quite inevitable that in any period of severe depression the demand for new construction will drop heavily, be-

**Professor Slichter is a young economist who has traveled widely, studying the problems of labor in their relation to the economic system. He is at present working on a book dealing with alleged restriction of output by workers, and has in preparation a larger work on modern economic society. He is assistant professor of economics at Cornell University.**

cause, as we pointed out, new buildings are not necessities. From this it follows that stabilization of the building trades must be achieved largely through reducing the severity of the wave-like movements of business activity—in other words, by controlling the business cycle. This is an extremely important point because it means that the workers in the building trades and their leaders have a peculiar interest in the researches of economists who are studying the possibilities of controlling the business cycle, in the buying and selling practices of business enterprises which affect the severity of the business cycle, and in the efforts of the Federal Reserve system to exercise some control over the ups and downs of business. In other words, the matters of intimate concern to the building trades workers about which they and their leaders need to keep well informed

are far more numerous than has been usually supposed. No less than the business men are the workers in the construction industry interested in how the Federal Reserve system is run and its operations should be a topic for discussion among labor leaders no less than among business men.

It is impossible in a brief paper to give an adequate discussion of the possibility of controlling the business cycle. Suffice to say that the investigations of economists offer hope that a substantial degree of control can be accomplished. By way of illustrating, however, the sort of problem which is involved and some of the things which concern the workers more intimately than has been supposed, let us notice briefly one way by which it is proposed to diminish the ups and downs of business. This way is the discouragement of the speculative accumulation of goods during periods of prosperity. Some progress has been made recently in this direction.

Just what is meant by the speculative accumulation of goods and how would lessening it affect the severity of industrial depressions?

During prosperous or "boom" times, as every one knows, prices tend to rise. This gives business men a chance to make money by purchasing more goods than they need immediately and holding the remainder to sell later when prices have gone still higher. The result is that during boom periods the shelves of retailers and the warehouses of wholesalers and manufacturers become filled with goods which are being held in the expectation that they can be sold later at a higher price. Now the greater this speculative accumulation of goods, the more severe the subsequent depression is likely to be. The reason is simple: when depression comes and prices start to fall, business men naturally dispose of their stocks of commodities before ordering more. The retailer waits until he has nearly emptied his shelves before purchasing from the jobber and the jobber waits until he has nearly emptied his warehouse before he buys of the manufacturer. In the meantime the manufacturer, unable to get many orders for his wares, has to lay off a large part of his force and perhaps to work the others part time. And the longer it takes retailers and wholesalers to sell the commodities which they accumulated during prosperity, the longer the manufacturers must operate their plants at part time and the more drawn out and severe the depression is.

Now how can the speculative accumulation of goods which causes so much trouble be prevented or at least substantially discouraged? There are two principal methods: One, the collection and dissemination of market information about the size of stocks of goods and of unfilled orders; the other, control over the granting of credit. One reason why the speculative accumulation of goods goes so far is because business men do not realize how far it has gone. If accurate information concerning the quantities of goods in the hands of retailers and jobbers were available, it is probable that the shrewder and more cautious business men would be unwilling to accumulate as large stocks as they now do. The attempt to discourage the speculative purchase of commodities by control of credit rests upon the assumption that these goods are largely bought with money borrowed from the banks. By exer-



SUMNER T. SLICHTER

(Continued on page 107)



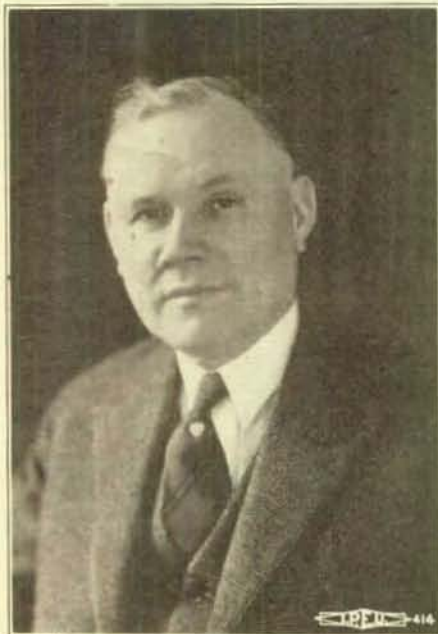
# Short Week Foes Answered by President Green

By WILLIAM GREEN, President of American Federation of Labor

THE National Association of Building Trades Employers recently resolved to oppose the five-day week "as a patriotic as well as an economic duty." The first reason assigned for this opposition is the seasonable character of the building industry. This argument ignores the progress that has been made in making construction an all-year industry which demonstrates that the seasonable quality can be largely eliminated. In his annual report, Secretary Hoover says:

"The annually enlarged building program of the country has been handled in large part by extension of the building season into the winter months; this has had a stabilizing effect upon prices and given increased annual earnings to workers. The price of most building materials has, in fact, decreased despite the large increased demand."

## PRESIDENT GREEN PLEADS FOR FIVE DAY WEEK



WILLIAM GREEN

The second part of the resolution maintains that the five-day week would substantially increase construction costs. This is the inevitable argument which inflexible employers always raise against every change. It ignores the fact that labor costs are only one item in construction costs. The construction industry has found it possible generally to reduce the 48-hour week to the 44-hour week. The overhead for the Saturday half-day is proportionately high in comparison with the work that can be done. Where it is at all possible management can benefit by the five-day week. The work performed by different crafts makes the five-day week much more immediately practical for some than others. By better planning, supplying of materials and tools and machinery and by securing the co-operation of the workers, management may make it possible for craftsmen to make their efforts more telling.

### Wail Is Useless

The resolution ends with a lament that

"idle time" will induce extravagance and result in demands for new wage increases. Why should leisure for wage earners be stigmatized "idle time" any more than the week-ends of those paid in salaries and profits? Why should higher standards of living be regarded as extravagance by the building trades employers? Without higher standards of living and accompanying higher wages, how would our increased productivity be absorbed? Our industrial organization rests upon the principle that high wages are compatible with low production costs. Labor thinks the construction industry should frankly face the problem of doing its part toward social progress. Labor is confident that the financial difficulties involved could readily be met if the construction industry finds more economical ways of financing.

Labor is not making the immediate introduction of the five-day week an issue in any industry. It asks each industry and each employer to consider this new standard, to determine what are the obstacles to the five-day week under present conditions, and to accept the co-operation of trade unions in removing such obstacles. How can the rejection of this proposal be either a patriotic or economic duty?

## Attention, Mr. Local Man

Time and tide—death and taxes—rain and sun—and the I. B. E. W. convention wait for no man.

Just round the windy corner is spring—just beyond spring is summer—and the red letter date of the summer is August 15—time set for the 19th biennial meeting. Locals are busy—spring brings a press of work—but this does not mean that the question of naming delegates to the August meet is not important.

That is why the warm plea from the Detroit entertainment committee, published below, should wake up Mr. Local Man, here, there and everywhere.

Get the picture. An organization dominating the North American continent. Locals in Manitoba—locals in Panama—locals in California—locals in Maine—locals in Florida; all with common problems, common aims, common aspirations; these to be expressed in a great central city by chosen delegates. That's a picture of the International Convention, my hearties.

### Hail the Small Locals

What a fine thing it would be if the small local arrived at Detroit in full force just to prove the real democracy of our organization. Arrival of delegations from small locals would make the 1927 convention a red-letter date in the annals of the organization.

Up in Detroit, the boys are busy—but why go on, let Joe Lyons, take the microphone.

This is Joe Lyons broadcasting from I. B. E. W. Detroit anent coming convention.

"Detroit wishes again to greet its Brothers, sisters and friends, and hope your minds are as active in anticipation of the coming International convention to be held in our city, as our minds are in arranging for your comfort and entertainment, while attending to your duties as delegates.

"About February 10, our souvenir convention booklet cover will be off the press and will be ready for the advertising subscribers, who are already asking for prominent space

in the book, and we hope there will be so many of them that they will have to fall in line at our office window the same as they do at a popular movie show box office on Sunday night.

"How about you, Mr. Local Union I. B. E. W.? Have you given the matter to send delegates any thought? If not, get busy as we want to see all of you here, for we know that you won't believe the other fellows after the convention when they tell you what a good time they had.

"Saturday, January 29, Local 17 is putting on a grand smoker and entertainment, for the benefit of the convention fund. Wild performing mules, plenty of wild rhinoceros milk, pictures that were never taken in Ireland, etc., and from a distance it looks as though it is going over big, for the



Buhi Building, Detroit. Wired by Union Workers

Knights of the Spurs and Connectors here never do anything half way.

"I forgot to mention last month that we enjoyed a visit from International Vice President Evans, and we certainly were glad to see Brother Edward J. and hope he will be able to find time to call in again soon, as we will always be glad to see him."

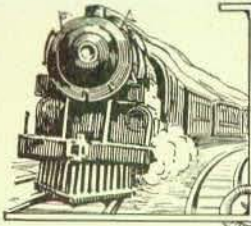
JOE LYONS.

### Hardly

"You call yourself an electrician and you don't even have a pair of pliers?"

"Well, if I were a farmer you wouldn't expect me to carry a cow, would you?"—New York Central Lines.





# The OCTOPUS

BY FRANK NORRIS



## BOOK I

### Chapter One

Just after passing Caraher's saloon, on the County Road that ran south from Bonneville, and that divided the Broderson ranch from that of Los Muertos, Presley was suddenly aware of the faint and prolonged blowing of a steam whistle that he knew must come from the railroad shops near the depot at Bonneville. In starting out from the ranch house that morning, he had forgotten his watch, and was now perplexed to know whether the whistle was blowing for 12 or for 1 o'clock. He hoped the former. Early that morning he had decided to make a long excursion through the neighboring country, partly on foot and partly on his bicycle, and now noon was come already, and as yet he had hardly started. As he was leaving the house after breakfast, Mrs. Derrick had asked him to go for the mail at Bonneville, and he had not been able to refuse.

He took a firmer hold of the cork grips of his handlebars—the road being in a wretched condition after the recent hauling of the crop—and quickened his pace. He told himself that, no matter what the time was, he would not stop for luncheon at the ranch house, but would push on to Guadalajara and have a Spanish dinner at Solotari's, as he had originally planned. There had not been much of a crop to haul that year. Half of the wheat on the Broderson ranch had failed entirely, and Derrick himself had hardly raised more than enough to supply seed for the winter's sowing. But such little hauling as there had been had reduced the roads thereabouts to a lamentable condition, and, during the dry season of the past few months, the layer of dust had deepened and thickened to such an extent that more than once Presley was obliged to dismount and trudge along on foot, pushing his bicycle in front of him.

It was the last half of September, the very end of the dry season, and all Tulare County, all the vast reaches of the San Joaquin Valley—in fact all South Central California, was bone dry, parched, and baked and crisped after four months of cloudless weather, when the day seemed always at noon, and the sun blazed white hot over the valley from the Coast Range in the west to the foothills of the Sierras in the east.

As Presley drew near to the point where what was known as the Lower Road struck off through the Rancho de Los Muertos, leading on to Guadalajara, he came upon one of the county watering-tanks, a great, iron-hooped tower of wood, straddling clumsily on its four uprights by the roadside.

Since the day of its completion, the storekeepers and retailers of Bonneville had painted their advertisements upon it. It was a landmark. In that reach of level fields, the white letters upon it could be read for miles. A watering-trough stood near by, and, as he was very thirsty, Presley resolved to stop for a moment to get a drink.

Office." On the horse-trough that stood in the shadow of the tank was another freshly painted inscription: "S. Behrman Has Something To Say to You."

As Presley straightened up after drinking from the faucet at one end of the horse-trough, the watering-cart itself labored into view around the turn of the Lower Road. Two mules and two horses, white with dust,

strained leisurely in the traces, moving at a snail's pace, their limp ears marking the time; while perched high upon the seat, under a yellow cotton wagon umbrella, Presley recognized Hooven, one of Derrick's tenants, a German, whom every one called "Bismarck," an excitable little man with a perpetual grievance and an endless flow of broken English.

"Hello, Bismarck," said Presley, as Hooven brought his team to a standstill by the tank, preparatory to refilling. "Yoost der men I look for, Mist'r Praicely," cried the other, twisting the reins around the brake. "Yoost one minute, you wait, hey? I wanta talk mit you."

Presley was impatient to be on his way again. A little more time wasted, and the day would be lost. He had nothing to do with the management of the ranch, and if Hooven wanted any advice from him, it was so much breath wasted. These uncouth brutes of farmhand and petty ranchers, grimed with

the soil they worked upon, were odious to him beyond words. Never could he feel in sympathy with them, nor with their lives, their ways, their marriages, deaths, bickerings, and all the monotonous round of their sordid existence.

"Well, you must be quick about it, Bismarck," he answered sharply. "I'm late for dinner, as it is."

"Soh, now. Two minuten, und I be mit you." He drew down the overhanging spout of the tank to the vent in the circumference of the cart and pulled the chain that let out the water. Then he climbed down from the seat, jumping from the tire of the wheel, and taking Presley by the arm led him a few steps down the road.

"Say," he began. "Say, I want to hef some conversazions mit you. Yoost der men I want to see. Say, Caraher, he tole me dis morgen—say, he tole me Mist'r Derrick gowun to farm der whole demn ranch hisself der next yahr. No more tenants. Say, Caraher, he tole me all der tenants get der sach; Mist'r Derrick gowun to work der whole demn ranch hisself, hey? Me, I get der sach alzhoh, hey? You hef hear about dose ting? Say, me, I hef on der ranch been sieben yahr—seven yahr. Do I alzhoh—"

"You'll have to see Derrick himself or

The Trilogy of The Epic of the Wheat will include the following novels:

THE OCTOPUS, a Story of California.

THE PIT, a Story of Chicago.

THE WOLF, a Story of Europe.

These novels, while forming a series, will be in no way connected with each other save only in their relation to (1) the production, (2) the distribution, (3) the consumption of American wheat. When complete, they will form the story of a crop of wheat from the time of its sowing as seed in California to the time of its consumption as bread in a village of Western Europe.

The first novel, "The Octopus," deals with the war between the wheat grower and the Railroad Trust; the second, "The Pit," will be the fictitious narrative of a "deal" in the Chicago wheat pit; while the third, "The Wolf," will probably have for its pivotal episode the relieving of a famine in an Old World community.

ROSELLE, N. J.  
December 15, 1900.

F. N.

He drew abreast of the tank and halted there, leaning his bicycle against the fence. A couple of men in white overalls were repainting the surface of the tank, seated on swinging platforms that hung by hooks from the roof. They were painting a sign—an advertisement. It was all but finished and read, "S. Behrman, Real Estate, Mortgages, Main Street, Bonneville, Opposite the Post

Start this  
Story of  
Workers vs. Railroads  
in this number.  
You'll read to the  
End



Harran about that, Bismarck," interrupted Presley, trying to draw away. "That's something outside of me entirely."

But Hooven was not to be put off. No doubt he had been meditating his speech all the morning, formulating his words, preparing his phrases.

"Say, no, no," he continued. "Me, I wanta stay bei der place; seven yahr I hef stay. Mist'r Derrick, he doand want dot I should be ge-sacked. Who, den, will der ditch ge-tend? Say, you tell 'um Bismarck hef gotta sure stay bei der place. Say, you hef der pull mit der Governor. You speak der gut word for me."

"Harran is the man that has the pull with his father, Bismarck," answered Presley. "You get Harran to speak for you, and you're all right."

"Sieben yahr I hef stay," protested Hooven, "and who will der ditch ge-tend, und alle dem cettles drive?"

"Well, Harran's your man," answered Presley, preparing to mount his bicycle.

"Say, you hef hear about dose ting?"

"I don't hear about anything, Bismarck. I don't know the first thing about how the ranch is run."

"Und der pipe-line ge-mend," Hooven burst out, suddenly remembering a forgotten argument. He waved an arm. "Ach, der pipe-line bei der Mission Greek, und her waeter-hole for dose cettles. Say, he doand doo ut himself, perhaps, I doand tink."

"Well, talk to Harran about it."

"Say, he doand farm der whole demn rench bei hisself. Me, I gotta stay."

But on a sudden the water in the cart gushed over the sides from the vent in the top with a smart sound of splashing. Hooven was forced to turn his attention to it. Presley got his wheel under way.

"I hef some conversations mit Herran," Hooven called after him. "He doand doo ut bei hisself, den, Mist'r Derrick; ach, no. I stay bei der rench to drive dose cettles."

He climbed back to his seat under the wagon umbrella, and, as he started his team again with great cracks of his long whip, turned to the painters still at work upon the sign and declared with some defiance:

"Sieben yahr; yais, sir, seiben yahr I hef been on dis rench. Git oop, you mule you, hoop!"

Meanwhile Presley had turned into the Lower Road. He was now on Derrick's land, division No. 1, or, as it was called, the Home ranch, of the great Los Muertos Rancho. The road was better here, the dust laid after the passage of Hooven's watering-cart, and, in a few minutes, he had come to the ranch house itself, with its white picket fence, its few flower beds, and grove of eucalyptus trees. On the lawn at the side of the house, he saw Harran in the act of setting out the automatic sprinkler. In the shade of the house, by the porch, were two or three of the greyhounds, part of the pack that were used to hunt down jack-rabbits, and Godfrey, Harran's prize deerhound.

Presley wheeled up the driveway and met Harran by the horse-block. Harran was Magnus Derrick's youngest son, a very well-looking young fellow of twenty-three or twenty-five. He had the fine carriage that marked his father, and still further resembled him in that he had the Derrick nose—hawk-like and prominent, such as one sees in the later portraits of the Duke of Wellington. He was blond, and incessant exposure to the sun had, instead of tanning him brown, merely heightened the color of his cheeks. His yellow hair had a tendency to curl in a forward direction, just in front of the ears.

Beside him, Presley made the sharpest of contrasts. Presley seemed to have come of a mixed origin; appeared to have a nature

## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE NOVEL

MAGNUS DERRICK (the "Governor"), proprietor of the LOS MUERTOS RANCHO.

ANNIE DERRICK, wife of Magnus Derrick.

LYMAN DERRICK, / sons of Magnus

HARRAN DERRICK, / Derrick.

OSTERMAN, / friends and neighbors of BRODERSON, / Magnus Derrick.

ANNIXTER, proprietor of the QUIEN SARE RANCHO.

HILMA TREE, a dairy girl on Annixter's ranch.

GENSLINGER, editor of the Bonneville "Mercury," the railroad organ.

S. BEHRMAN, representative of the Pacific and Southwestern Railroad.

PRESLEY, a *protege* of Magnus Derrick.

VANAMEE, a sheep herder and range rider.

ANGELE VARIAN.

FATHER SARRIA, a Mission priest.

DYKE, a black-listed railroad engineer.

MRS. DYKE, Dyke's mother.

SIDNEY DYKE, Dyke's daughter.

CARAHAR, a saloon keeper.

HOOVEN, a tenant of Derrick.

MRS. HOOVEN, his wife.

MINNA HOOVEN, his daughter.

CEDARQUIST, a manufacturer and ship-builder.

MRS. CEDARQUIST, his wife.

GARNETT,

DAENEY,

KEAST,

CHATTEN,

ranchers of the San Joaquin Valley.

more composite, a temperament more complex. Unlike Harran Derrick, he seemed more of a character than a type. The sun had browned his face till it was almost swarthy. His eyes were a dark brown, and his forehead was the forehead of the intellectual, wide and high, with a certain unmistakable lift about it that argued education, not only of himself, but of his people before him. The impression conveyed by his mouth and chin was that of a delicate and highly sensitive nature, the lips thin and loosely shut together, the chin small and rather receding. One guessed that Presley's refinement had been gained only by a certain loss of strength. One expected to find him nervous, introspective, to discover that his mental life was not at all the result of impressions and sensations that came to him from without, but rather of thoughts and reflections germinating from within. Though morbidly sensitive to changes in his physical surroundings, he would be slow to act upon such sensations, would not prove impulsive, not because he was sluggish, but because he was merely irresolute. It could be foreseen that morally he was of that sort who avoid evil through good taste, lack of decision, and want of opportunity. His temperament was that of the poet; when he told himself he had been thinking, he deceived himself. He had, on such occasions, been only brooding.

Some eighteen months before this time he had been threatened with consumption, and, taking advantage of a standing invitation on the part of Magnus Derrick, had come to stay in the dry, even climate of the San Joaquin for an indefinite length of time. He was thirty years old, and had graduated and post-graduated with high honours from an eastern college, where he had devoted himself to a passionate study of literature, and, more especially, of poetry.

It was his insatiable ambition to write

verse. But up to this time his work had been fugitive, ephemeral, a note here and there, heard, appreciated, and forgotten. He was in search of a subject; something magnificent, he did not know exactly what; some vast, tremendous theme, heroic, terrible, to be unrolled in all the thundering progression of hexameters.

But whatever he wrote, and in whatever fashion, Presley was determined that his poem should be of the West, that world's frontier of romance, where a new race, a new people—hardy, brave, and passionate—were building an empire; where the tumultuous life ran like fire from dawn to dark, and from dark to dawn again, primitive, brutal, honest, and without fear. Something (to his idea not much) had been done to catch at that life in passing, but its poet had not yet arisen. The few sporadic attempts, thus he told himself, had only touched the keynote. He strove for the diapason, the great song that should embrace in itself a whole epoch, a complete era, the voice of an entire people, wherein all people should be included—they and their legends, their folk lore, their fightings, their loves and their lusts, their blunt, grim humor, their stoicism under stress, their adventures, their treasures found in a day and gambled in a night, their direct, crude speech, their generosity and cruelty, their heroism and bestiality, their religion and profanity, their self-sacrifice and obscenity—a true and fearless setting forth of a passing phase of history, uncompromising, sincere; each group in its proper environment; the valley, the plain, and the mountain; the ranch, the range, and the mine—all this, all the traits and types of every community from the Dakotas to the Mexicos, from Winnipeg to Guadalupe, gathered together, swept together, welded and riven together in one single, mighty song, the Song of the West. That was what he dreamed, while things without names—thoughts for which no man had yet invented words, terrible formless shapes, vague figures, colossal, monstrous, distorted—whirled at a gallop through his imagination.

As Harran came up, Presley reached down into the pouches of the sun-bleached shooting coat he wore and drew out and handed him the packet of letters and papers.

"Here's the mail. I think I shall go on."

"But dinner is ready," said Harran; "we are just sitting down."

Presley shook his head. "No, I'm in a hurry. Perhaps I shall have something to eat at Guadalajara. I shall be gone all day."

He delayed a few moments longer, tightening a loose nut on his forward wheel, while Harran, recognizing his father's handwriting on one of the envelopes, slit it open and cast his eye rapidly over its pages.

"The Governor is coming home," he exclaimed, "tomorrow morning on the early train; wants me to meet him with the team at Guadalajara; and," he cried between his clenched teeth, as he continued to read, "we've lost the case."

"What case? Oh, in the matter of rates?"

Harran nodded, his eyes flashing, his face growing suddenly scarlet.

"Ulsteen gave his decision yesterday," he continued, reading from his father's letter. "He holds, Ulsteen does, that 'grain rates as low as the new figure would amount to confiscation of property, and that, on such a basis, the railroad could not be operated at a legitimate profit. As he is powerless to legislate in the matter, he can only put the rates back at what they originally were before the commissioners made the cut, and it is so ordered.' That's our friend, S. Behrman, again," added Harran, grinding his teeth. "He was up in the city the whole of the time the new schedule was being drawn, and he and Ulsteen and the Railroad



Commission were as thick as thieves. He has been up there all this last week, too, doing the railroad's dirty work, and backing Ulsteen up. 'Legitimate profit, legitimate profit,' he broke out. "Can we raise wheat at a legitimate profit with a tariff of four dollars a ton for moving it two hundred miles to tide-water, with wheat at eighty-seven cents? Why not hold us up with a gun in our faces, and say, 'hands up,' and be done with it?"

He dug his boot-heel into the ground and turned away to the house abruptly, cursing beneath his breath.

"By the way," Presley called after him, "Hoo-ven wants to see you. He asked me about this idea of the Governor's of getting along without the tenants this year. Hoo-ven wants to stay to tend the ditch and look after the stock. I told him to see you."

Harran, his mind full of other things, nodded to say he understood. Presley only waited till he had disappeared indoors, so that he might not seem too indifferent to his trouble; then, remounting, struck at once into a brisk pace, and, turning out from the carriage gate, held on swiftly down the Lower Road, going in the direction of Guadalajara. These eternal fierce bickerings between the farmers of the San Joaquin and the Pacific and Southwestern Railroad, irritated him and wearied him.

He cared for none of these things. They did not belong to his world. In the picture of that huge romantic West that he saw in his imagination, these dissensions made the one note of harsh colour that refused to enter into the great scheme of harmony. It was material, sordid, deadly commonplace. But, however he strove to shut his eyes to it or his ears to it, the thing persisted and persisted. The romance seemed complete up to that point. There it broke, there it failed, there it became realism, grim, unlovely, unyielding. To be true—and it was the first article of his creed to be unflinchingly true—he could not ignore it. All the noble poetry of the ranch—the valley—seemed in his mind to be marred and disfigured by the presence of certain immovable facts. Just what he wanted, Presley hardly knew. On one hand,

it was his ambition to portray life as he saw it—directly, frankly, and through no medium of personality or temperament. But, on the other hand, as well, he wished to see everything through a rose-coloured mist—a mist that dulled all harsh outlines, all crude and violent colours. He told himself that, as a part of the people, he loved the people and sympathized with their hopes and fears, and joys and griefs; and yet Hoo-ven, grimy and perspiring, with his perpetual grievance and his contracted horizon, only revolted

real romance, is here somewhere. I'll get hold of it yet."

He shot a glance about him as if in search of the inspiration. By now he was not quite half way across the northern and narrowest corner of Los Muertos, at this point some eight miles wide. He was still on the Home ranch. A few miles to the south he could just make out the line of wire fence that separated it from the third division; and to the north, seen faint and blue through the haze and shimmer of the noon sun, a long file of telegraph poles showed the line of the railroad and marked Derrick's northeast boundary. The road over which Presley was traveling ran almost diametrically straight. In front of him, but at a great distance, he could make out the giant live-oak and the red roof of Hoo-ven's barn that stood near it.

All about him the country was flat. In all directions he could see for miles. The harvest was just over. Nothing but stubble remained on the ground. With the one exception of the live-oak by Hoo-ven's place, there was nothing green in sight. The wheat stubble was of a dirty yellow; the ground, parched, cracked, and dry, of a cheerless brown. By the roadside the dust lay thick and grey, and, on either hand, stretching on toward the horizon, losing itself in a mere smudge in the distance, ran the illimitable parallels of the wire fence. And that was all; that and the burnt-out blue of the sky and the steady shimmer of the heat.

The silence was infinite. After the harvest, small though that har-

vest had been, the ranches seemed asleep. It was as though the earth, after its period of reproduction, its pains of labour, had been delivered of the fruit of its loins, and now slept the sleep of exhaustion.

It was the period between seasons, when nothing was being done, when the natural forces seemed to hang suspended. There was no rain, there was no wind, there was no growth, no life; the very stubble had no force even to rot. The sun alone moved.

Toward two o'clock, Presley reached Hoo-ven's place, two or three grimy frame buildings, infested with a swarm of dogs. A

(Continued on page 97)



2. OSTERMAN'S RANCH HOUSE.  
4. ANNIXTER'S RANCH HOUSE.

8. DERRICK'S RANCH HOUSE.  
9. BRODERSON'S RANCH HOUSE.

MAP OF THE COUNTRY DESCRIBED IN "THE OCTOPUS."

him. He had set himself the task of giving true, absolutely true, poetical expression to the life of the ranch, and yet, again and again, he brought up against the railroad, that stubborn iron barrier against which his romance shattered itself to froth and disintegrated, flying spume. His heart went out to the people, and his groping hand met that of a slovenly little Dutchman, whom it was impossible to consider seriously. He searched for the True Romance, and, in the end, found grain rates and unjust freight tariffs.

"But the stuff is here," he muttered, as he sent his wheel rumbling across the bridge over Broderson Creek. "The romance, the



# Do Company Unions Menace the Building Trades?

By ROBERT DUNN, Co-Author "The Labor Spy"

**A**S INDUSTRY becomes centralized and small shops unite into great corporations, employers try various methods of solving the problem of what they call the "personal relationship in industry." The workers relation to the owner of the corporation becomes more and more remote and personnel managers and labor experts are called in to provide some substitute for the intimate contacts that existed years ago before the growth of great companies employing hundreds and thousands of workers.

Among the various devices introduced by the labor managers are what we call "company unions." The company men call them works councils, employee representation plans, industrial democracy and representative assemblies. A number of kinds of company unions have been installed in American industry during the past ten years or more. The typical kind is a committee, elected by the workers to confer at certain intervals with management and to discuss shop problems and take up certain grievances.

The committees, of course, appear quite harmless on the surface. The motive and purpose of the companies that install them are usually painted quite holy by the publicity agents of the company. But in reality the company unions are nothing but a subterfuge and a trick to keep the workers away from the bona fide labor unions and from supporting and solidifying contact with labor movement. This real motive of the company union advocates has been proved in one industry after another.

Within the last few months we have several conspicuous examples of company unionism brought to light through certain dramatic events in the American labor movement. One is the vigorous organizing campaign of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in attempting to line up the workers who make up the berths on the Pullman cars. For several years the Pullman Company, one of the most vicious anti-labor corporations in this country, had operated a company union among its porters. The porters for a time submitted to it. But soon they awakened to the situation, declared the company "representation plan" to be a snare and a delusion, and began organizing in a bona fide labor union outside the control of company officials.

The more intelligent and craft-conscious porters have followed them into the real union and the company union is now an empty shell manned by company stool pigeons and bribed porters chiefly from the small and backward towns. The magnificent organizing campaign of the Pullman porters has really been a victorious and valiant struggle against the choking, paralyzing tentacles of the company union. This struggle is still in progress but the porters have every prospect of success.

A less fortunate fight against company unionism was the strike

With Sidney Howard, New York playwright, Robert Dunn wrote the best book on the spy industry in the labor field. Since that date he has interested himself in other activities of employers designed to undermine the labor union.

of the motormen and a few other workers on the lines of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York last July. These workers had been living in the suffocating atmosphere of the company "Brotherhood" for some ten years. The more courageous men, few but skilled, finally decided to break away from this dummy union that kept down wages and prevented any real move for improvement in working conditions. They struck and waged a dogged struggle for several weeks, but they lost. They lost chiefly because the company union atmosphere had rendered them almost incapable of aggressive, independent action such as a labor union must take to be free. The best men were blacklisted and driven off the lines. The others were hounded back to work and are now followed by spies and spotters to keep them from even talking with their former associates in the strike. The spirit of revolt still smolders and is certain to break out again in more or less blind revolt against the gilded slavery of the company union regime.

Another heroic fight against company unionism, and a fight that bids fair to be successful, is the Passaic strike. Started as a nearly spontaneous outbreak against wage cuts it has become a struggle primarily for union. The companies offer the workers a company union. Indeed one of the companies for several years prior to the strike had used a company union to mislead and betray its workers and enforce wage cuts and speed-up systems. But the Passaic workers had learned from the company union at the Forstmann and Huffmann Co., that these devices are always boss-controlled. They will have nothing to do with them. Every time the textile owners

propose the company union the workers wave their new membership cards in the United Textile Workers of America and signify their intention to remain on strike till their fight is won. The mill owners in refusing to deal with the strikers as organized in the American Federation of Labor reflect their desire to continue to treat their workers as so many slaves.

## Electrical Workers Concerned

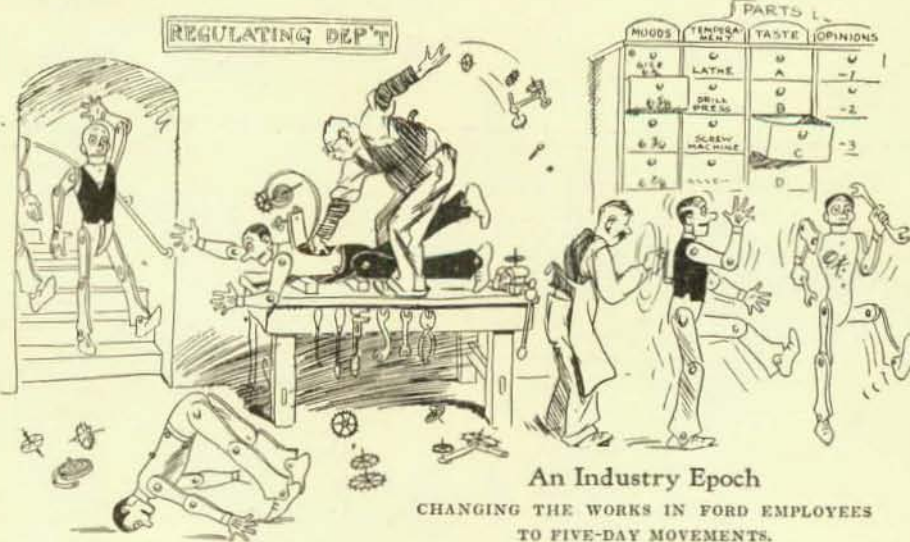
The electrical worker may say that these company unions have been tried in other industries but that they are not so menacing in his. To think this way is to live in a fool's Paradise. Every intelligent worker should know that foremost among the company union practitioners are the great electrical manufacturing concerns, such as the General Electric Company, the Westinghouse, the Bell Telephone Co., and many Electric Light Companies have installed highly elaborated systems of "employee representation" just as deceptive and labor union-undermining in their tendency as the company unions at Passaic or on the I. R. T. Impartial investigation of the company unions in the electrical industry shows them to be nothing but agencies for the liquidation of real trades unionism. They are bodies without any economic power, like freshly built automobiles without any engines in them. They serve the bosses admirably. They fool the workers perfectly.

Even among the electrical workers in the building trades industry there is always the danger of some innocent-appearing mutual benefit association or athletic club developing into a company union with the hope of substituting itself for the real trade union. It was only last year that the building trades employers of a western city set up a kind of all-inclusive company union with an employment office attached for the purpose of establishing the complete open shop in that city. Fortunately they were not successful but in many cities the employers are but waiting their chance to install company unions under the guise of American Plan Associations. The scabs who work for these unions are termed "American plan workmen" because they are willing to take 100 per cent dictation from the employers and have no alliance with the labor movement. The company union,

in some form or other, is always the forerunner of the open shop drive. Electrical workers, especially, should be on the alert to oppose it at every turn.

The only test of an organization is what it does for those whom it organizes. By this standard, the company union fails completely, for it is admitted by every impartial student of the subject that a company union has never been installed—and there are some 1,000 of them now in this country—that could equal the economic power of a real labor union. In other words it was powerless

(Continued on p. 109)





# Chicago's Great Drive and the Man in Overalls

By FRANK J. HERLIHY, President, Mid-Continent Construction Co., Builders of Wacker Drive

IT'S a long jump from Wacker Drive to the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris—but men who make a profession of building have to give a certain amount of their study and time to architecture.

And I remember, when reading about the architecture of that famous French cathedral, that the gargoyles which surround the cornices and flying buttresses in such great number, have different faces and different characters.

In the old days, the craftsmen, the members of the building guilds, each took a pleasure in putting a little individual touch in some part of the stonework of the edifice. It was like a workman's signature on the job he helped to perform.

Of course, the way we build now, it is not possible to have the masons and the craftsmen carve an individuality into each cornice or ornament. These things are planned and executed en masse—but the actual execution still lies in the hands of the craftsmen, the members of our modern guilds, the trade union men, who just as surely put their signature on the job as the white collar engineer puts his signature on the plans and specifications.

The general and his captains get the credit for winning a war, and it is but right that the main part of the credit for a big job like Wacker Drive should go to the generalissimo and his staff, such as Mr. John J. Sloan, president of the Board of Local Improvements, and his capable and efficient staff of engineers, under the direction of Mr. T. A. Evans, engineer of design, the man who drew the plans.

And no one who considers Wacker Drive

Just now the world is resounding with praises of Chicago's 24 million dollar Wacker Drive—a two-storied boulevard—cutting the heart of the city. What was once a narrow, dirty, congested marketing street, is the finest thoroughfare—architecturally—in the world. The man who built this street is Frank J. Herlihy. Now comes this builder and gives credit for his success to the workers associated with him. And this unusual attitude of an employer is backed by the Chicago Realty Board, for this article is taken from the "Chicago Real-  
tor," official organ of the Board. See the December, 1926, number devoted entirely to the Wacker Drive.

as an accomplishment for a greater Chicago would for a moment think of taking away any of the glory which these men won in the big job they put over.

## A Word for the Craftsmen

The writer having been the fellow who may be termed the liaison officer between the brains and the brawn on the job, ventures to say a word for the craftsmen who put, each one of them, an invisible signature on Wacker Drive, by building it so well that it is a monument for our present Chicagoans—something that will live and endure, and take a place in the history of Chicago as a stepping-stone on the city's way to not only the biggest but the most beautiful city in the world.

At the banquet which took place on the evening of the opening of Wacker Drive, Mayor Dever recognized this fact, when he stood up and shook the hand of that veteran caisson digger, Mike O'Malley.

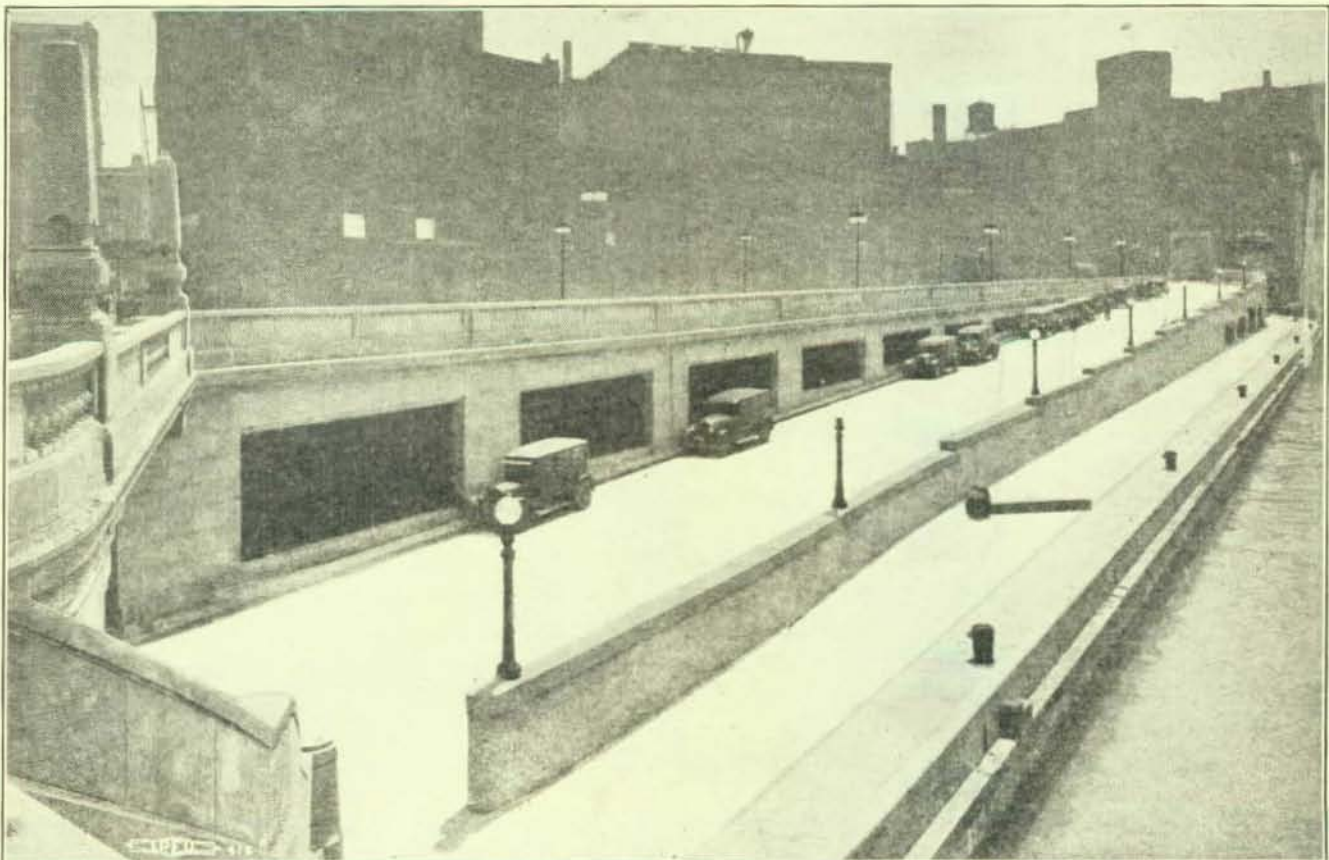
And the mayor, in his talk, referred to the fact that Wacker Drive was built by union labor, and that there was not a strike or a single element of discontent or disagreement between the workers on the job and the white collar men who were planning and supervising it.

## Co-operation

Now, that speaks volumes for the way in which co-operation between the executives and the engineers and the workmen can result in a good job, well done, by capable men, well paid for their work, well satisfied with their work, and delivering a piece of work which is satisfactory.

It is due to the workmen, more than to any other element that this co-operation was effected, and it is to the workmen that

(Continued on page 105)



WACKER DRIVE, NEWLY COMPLETED TWO-STORY BOULEVARD, CHICAGO—LINK IN THE CITY'S GREAT BEAUTIFICATION PLAN



# JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS

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Devoted  
to the  
Cause



of  
Organized  
Labor

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**Building Trades Trends** The building trades are the rich prize of industry. They are being solemnly eyed by open-shoppers and other friends of the American Plan. In the construction field, there are concentrated the best disciplined, highest-paid, perhaps the most skillful, most loyal, unionists in America. Should it be possible for these to be destroyed and scattered, then one of the principal obstacles to Fordizing Americans would be removed.

Not long ago "The American Contractor," organ of building employers, replying to a resolution passed by the Associated Employers of Indianapolis, calling for the open shop, declared in this wise: "Unfortunately it requires more than a resolution on the minutes to switch from the closed shop to the open shop. It requires a fight that entails the expenditure of millions of dollars. It means the breaking up and rebuilding of contractors' organizations that have taken years to build and perfect. Most of the loss would have to be borne by the contractors unless the business interests of the city financed the struggle."

Here, then, are two good reasons why the building trades continue to be the thorn in the flesh of the American Plan advocates: their fighting strength, and union employers. It must not be supposed that enlightened employers—men like Frank Herlihy of Chicago (who contributes to this number) and L. K. Comstock—have not made a lasting contribution to orderly industrial relations, by co-operating with unions, and by working for conference and the substitution of law for whim. Their service has been great. Besides the foregoing stumbling blocks there are other obstacles to the designs of open-shoppers against the building trades. There is the stabilization of business, and the opportunity for still greater stabilization as described by Professor Slichter in this number. When unions have work, and are not exhausted by panics and depressions, they are hard to destroy. And finally, there is the skill involved in construction, which stands, perhaps, as the paramount obstacle to destroying the union. Ford can make a worker in his factory in three days, but it takes four years and more to make a building craftsman.

Yet should the automatic machine begin to invade the building field, as seems inevitable, according to William Haber, writing in this number, the open-shopper will have a new condition in his favor, unless the unionist takes full advantage of his present strategic position, and unionizes the machine.

Professor Slichter counsels unionists to take a keener interest in the larger problems of industry, and the advice seems the counsel of wisdom. Organized as the building trades are, with intelligence, traditions, courage, and passion for the group, which the trades have, nothing can assail them but themselves. Should the building trades become cocky, or careless, or sluggish, should they be indifferent to technical advances and to education, they can fall before the enemy without. But if they follow their present practice of keeping abreast of the industry, if they bring devotion and knowledge and efficiency to their common problems, nothing can break them—for nothing can take their place.

**Oil Politics** There is only one issue in Mexico. Just one. Oil. All efforts to fasten the cause of the present controversies between us and the neighbor to the south, on religion, bolshevism, or racial antipathies are evidence of cloudy observation, befogged thinking or dishonest purpose. Oil—as in the machines it operates so in international relations—furnishes the fuel on which explosions are made, and sets in motion caravans of causes which may end only in smashups, wrecks and destruction.

Mexico produces about one-quarter of the oil of the world. In 1908 she was producing 3,932,000 barrels, in 1923, 149,529,088 barrels. An output of petroleum such as this makes Mexico a commercial power of the very first rank.

Americans have about one billion dollars invested in Mexico. Not only in oil concessions of course, but in silver mines, and other basic industries. But oil remains the dominant trade commodity. A total of 892 new oil concessions were granted alone in the year 1925, indicating the vitality of the oil industry. The issue between American oil interests and the Mexican government is entirely a legal issue. It is a legal issue which must be settled on points of law, as interpreted by judges. In 1917 Mexico adopted a new constitution, and new statutes have since been adopted interpreting this basic document. "The new laws say that property rights acquired prior to the constitution are not affected as far as the person acquiring them is concerned. The owner shall have the right to hold until his death his title acquired in good faith. His heir, however, must comply with the provisions stated by the law, meaning that they must take out a permit and agree to consider themselves Mexican nationals as far as legalities connected with their properties are concerned, and look for redress only to the Mexican courts, or not acquiescing, they must dispose of their inherited properties within 10 years."

The oil companies say this law is confiscatory, and Mexico says it is not; and the oil companies have had power enough to secure the backing of the United States government, and instead of going into Mexican courts, to test their interpretation of the Mexican government, they are talking armed intervention through the throat of the Secretary of State of the United States. Indeed, if the United States goes to war with Mexico, it will be over the shadowiest wraith that ever caused the spilling of good human blood.

To be sure, this legal issue implies the proof of title. Americans who have stolen Mexican oil lands are out of luck. But why, in the name of truth and honor, should American citizens give up their lives to sanctify commercial robbery?



**Sunny Side of Wall Street** Two items in two Wall Street papers published on the same day make diverting reading. One from the employer soap-boxer, sonorous and pompous, the Wall Street Journal:

"Henry Ford eliminated labor trouble in his enterprises by paying more than union wages in return for better than union work. He made it worth while for workers, for all practical purposes unskilled, not to belong to the union. . . . It is that the labor union has outlived its usefulness. It served a useful purpose in days when employers were short-sighted, and workers were really oppressed. The ignorance of employers made a crude remedy necessary."

The other from the Journal of Commerce—a report from an address by Professor W. Z. Ripley, of Harvard:

"Professor Ripley contended that the relationship between property and its management is not alone becoming more and more indirect and impersonal, but that there is marked divorce underway between power and responsibility for its exercise as respects the management of the property. . . . And inasmuch as the overwhelming proportion of the business of the country is now administered by corporations rather than individuals, it is high time that the people at large take note of what is going on."

The first item expresses the devout wish of Wall Street financiers—to get rid of the labor union. The second item describes an unmistakable trend in industry—the concentration of power in fewer and fewer hands with *no check whatsoever upon them*.

Again let us point out that the labor union is at present the sole check upon industrial autocracy. Destroy it, as the Wall Street Journal desires, and usher in an era of industrial anarchy, when the whim of autocrats, not law, prevails.

Brother Chester P. Gulich is the appreciative and appreciated photographer who shot the men among the wires, pictured in the January issue. Gulich believes that men on the job are good photographic copy, and promises more real life pictures for the JOURNAL taken at various spots between the Golden Gate and the Potomac.

**Each Worker's Output** How much does each worker produce? Does anyone know? We find some figures compiled by Professor Carver of

Harvard in the January Current History that list the gross output per worker per year in 26 industries in the United States at \$8,735—surely a high average. It would be interesting to know, by the way, how much of this individual output in these industries gets back to the worker's pay envelope.

Guy Morrison Walker, a stockbroker, writing in a recent Wall Street Journal, asserts that the produced income of the American people in 1925 was 130 billions of dollars. There are about 44,000,000 producers. This would mean that the average output per worker in 1925 was about \$3,000, really a gigantic sum. But—as shown in another section of this column—these 44 million workers support roughly 66,000,000 persons—four workers to six non-workers—so that the average per capita income, though much higher than in any other country, is about \$1,180—\$5,500 for a family of five.

There is good reason to believe that the biggest problem of American—for that matter, all modern—life is the mis-dis-

tribution and redistribution of national income. How this is to be done is the cause of all our quarrels, and the burden of most of our politics. Until a sounder way is worked out, high wages offers the easiest and most practical solution.

### New Telephone Rates

Policies of deceit of stockholders by huge corporations have been disclosed by Professor Ripley and others during the last six months. These exposures have fallen upon the mind of the public—now alas! weary of the sordid story of crooked corporation finance—with heavy force. The public is used to being the "goat" when it itself is concerned. It is no wonder, then, it scarcely noticed the latest gouge of the consumer inflicted by the American telephone monopoly.

Under the pretence of benefiting telephone users, the Bell Telephone Company has put into effect, in certain sections of the country, new long distance minimum rates, by abolishing outright the existing midnight discount. How this affects telephone users is shown by the following table:

	Old Minimum Rate	New Minimum Rate
Station-to-station		
Chicago to New York . . . . .	1.17	1.70
Chicago to San Francisco . . .	2.98	4.13
Chicago to Detroit . . . . .	.40	.68

These new excessive charges were smuggled into an announcement purporting to give the public rate cuts. Regular rates were cut—slightly, but the midnight discount, so abolished, enabled Mother Bell to continue her policy of piling on all the poor hoss will bear.

### School for Builders

Brookwood Labor College announces plans for the holding of a Building Trades Conference at Katonah, N. Y., this summer. This short course—runs the announcement—would resemble the institutes held last summer for railroad and electrical workers, but treating the current problems of the construction industry. Men of prominence among architects, employers, economists and labor administrators would be invited in to throw light on the industry's trends. Last year electrical workers present at their conference on giant power made a plea for a meet given over solely to the building trades.

This announcement came with another to the effect that Brookwood had launched a campaign for \$2,000,000 of endowment. The two announcements are not incompatible. Brookwood knows that the best advertisement is service to the labor movement.

While Professor Ripley and other critics fume about the issuance of no-par stocks, the Interstate Commerce Commission quietly authorizes the Denver and Salt Lake Railway Company to issue 32,000 shares of no-par value. This is a precedent as far as granting authority to railroads goes, but it is not the first time a public body has abjectly favored corporations by flying in the face of sound criticism.

Every member should read P. A. B.'s expose of labor conditions in Detroit in the correspondence from Local Union 58. Grave facts justly presented will go a long way to correct rosy impressions about the open-shop Paradise.





# WOMAN'S WORK



## "Go-cart Chauffeurs and Kitchen Engineers"

### Housekeepers or Homemakers?

**L**ISTING of homemaking as an occupation in the 1930 census of the United States is demanded by the General Federation of Women's Clubs and we're with them. No conscientious, hard-working wife and mother likes to be officially referred to as a housekeeper—that belittles the big job she has chosen for herself. Anyone may hire a housekeeper, but a real homemaker is one of the few things money can't buy.

Advice to the Go-Cart Chauffeurs: Don't try to make your child grow up to be like you. Children these days have a thousand chances to improve on the original pattern—at least that is what Dr. Ruth Andrus, of Columbia University tells us. Dr. Andrus believes the flapper makes just as good a mother as her grandmother and advocates a hands-off policy for parents to develop self-reliance in children.

"The child tenderly nurtured by a mother who loves him not wisely but too well grows up to depend on her for his thinking and acting and turns out to be a little weakling," Dr. Andrus says.

You probably know instances yourself of the bewildered helplessness of the pampered "only" child when first he faces the world alone, without the motherly wing to protect him.

Speaking of children, here are amendments to the child labor law of Illinois which the Illinois Child Labor Committee asks the help of organized labor to put through:

Raising educational requirements from sixth to eighth grades.

Providing special vacation and after-school permits to work, for minors between fourteen and sixteen, regardless of educational attainment. Hours at schools and hours at work not to exceed a total of eight hours a day.

Requiring minors sixteen to eighteen to secure an employment certificate which will be merely a proof of age card.

Prohibiting minors sixteen to eighteen from being employed in certain extra-hazardous employments.

### The Kresge Strike

Conditions in the Kresge five-and-ten-cent stores are not as bad as we thought they were—they're WORSE! Girls and women employed in Kresge stores in East St. Louis are out on strike. They say they have been working for \$5 and \$7 a week—in a few instances \$9—while the scale for this class of work is a minimum of \$12 up to \$15 or more.

A girl, everyone knows, cannot possibly support herself on \$5 a week. It is incredible that any employer should ask them to work for such a miserable pittance. These girls are members of the Retail Clerks' Union and are making their fight for a living wage under the banner of organized labor.

Union wives can help them by rousing a storm of resentment against such a heartless corporation—women of East St. Louis may aid by keeping their friends from patronizing the Kresge stores till the management gets over its penny-pinching policy.

### About the Fashions

How did you like our fashions for men? We'd love to know. Of course you understand that page was for you wives. It's fine to say, boost the union label, but we believe in being strictly practical and we thought a page showing actual merchandise, well-known brands, with the union label, might prove interesting and helpful to other practical women. If you liked it, perhaps some day we may have a page showing some of

we have seen the identical garments at smart shops, for you see they represent real merchandise and are frequently made up or copied by manufacturers who buy these advance models for that purpose. And—may we modestly admit—we choose our fashions very carefully to give you what is smart, becoming, and practical. Frequently the dresses shown are so simple that a clever seamstress (yourself, madam!) may copy them without a pattern.

Incidentally—we welcome suggestions and helpful criticism. If you don't see what you want ask for it. Remember, the customer is always right!

### Bread and Roses

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

[In a parade of strikers at Lawrence, Mass., young girls carried a banner inscribed, "We Want Bread, and Roses, too!"]

*AS we come marching, marching,  
in the beauty of the day,  
A million darkened kitchens, a  
thousand mill-lofts gray  
Are touched with all the radiance  
that a sudden sun discloses,  
For the people hear us singing,  
"Bread and Roses, Bread and  
Roses."*

*As we come marching, marching,  
we battle, too, for men—  
For they are women's children and  
we mother them again.  
Our lives shall not be sweated  
from birth until life closes—  
Hearts starve as well as bodies:  
Give us Bread, but give us  
Roses!*

*As we come marching, marching,  
unnumbered women dead  
Go crying through our singing  
their ancient song of Bread;  
Small art and love and beauty  
their drudging spirits knew—  
Yes, it is Bread we fight for—but  
we fight for Roses, too.*

*As we come marching, marching,  
we bring the Greater Days—  
The rising of the women means  
the rising of the race—  
No more the drudge, and idler—  
ten that toil where one  
reposes—  
But a sharing of life's glories:  
Bread and Roses, Bread and  
Roses!*

the sturdy work clothes that carry the union label.

And we've wondered many times whether you like the women's fashions. Men-folks probably don't mind glancing at the picture of a pretty model as they hurry past to the correspondence section. But you women folks \* \* \* \*? These photographs represent a glance with a spy-glass ahead into the field of fashion. Sometimes, two or three months after the photographs were published

### Installment Buying vs. Strikes

You'll see a lot of talk about installment buying in the newspapers and magazines, some for, some against. Usually the people who are for it are those who have something to sell you on payments—a car, vacuum cleaner, electric icebox, etc. Here is one of the effects of installment buying on working people, as told by Guy M. Walker in the Wall Street Journal, who speaks of a mining town in the south where "there were regularly strikes and all kinds of trouble until someone started a building and loan association and miners were induced to buy and build homes on the installment plan. Then came a good furniture store which furnished the houses on the installment plan."

"From being a thriftless, strike-ridden town, it has become a growing and happy city of contented home-owners with good furniture, automobiles, pianos and everything else that could be bought and paid for on the installment plan. There has been no strike at the mines for years, for the miners have learned how easy it is to enjoy the comforts of home, which they had never known before, by working steadily to pay for the things that they have bought and enjoy the use of, under the installment plan of buying."

Now all this is very nice, and a town of contented home-owners is fine, but a town of men afraid to strike for better conditions because the installment man would come and take away the piano or the flivver is not such a pretty picture and may quite possibly be a true one.

We're strong for the comforts of home for working people but we want to see them go out and get the money to pay for them—first.

Buying a home on payments is about the only commendable form of installment buying for the buyer is really saving at the same time, saving the money that would go to pay rent. But as usual the fellow who buys on time pays extra—ask the man who has taken out a second mortgage about the unmerciful gouging he had to stand for.

Here's a real experience with installment buying that we had. We were thinking of buying a sewing machine. The price for cash was \$28 and if bought on payments it would cost \$2 extra. That didn't seem much till we started to figure it out.

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## —WE WOULD SELECT—

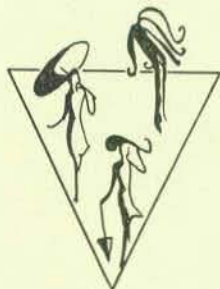
*Clothes like these—smart spring-things that will find their way north again before long to set the pace for spring and summer modes.*

*For instance, a compose suit (below) that achieves a delicate harmony in three tones of the same color; and shows a decidedly successful combination of dress, scarf, and sweater-cut jacket to match.*

*And, of course, one of the new silk prints (left), a whirlwind of gay colors, but simple and youthful in cut as printed frocks should be. A frock like this is an advance summer mode of the smartest.*

*And then, this charming jumper frock (right)—such a sporty combination of taffeta in a plain shade and a plaid. Don't overlook the pleated skirt—nor the clever scarf collar, cuffs and pockets of the plaid.*

*And even if we are not going south, we know exactly the sort of clothes we'll plan to have in our spring and summer wardrobe.*





# Wire-Patcher's History of the Building Trades

"THE building trades is the oldest and most honorable trades in the history of man," said the Old Wire-patcher, filling his pipe, "and if you will think for yourself you will realize this is so."

"How about hunting?" demanded the young apprentice, who had been to high school and thought he knew a thing or two.

"I don't suppose your maw lets you carry matches," drawled the Old Wirepatcher. "Oh, she does? Thanks. Well, if you have ever been out on a hunting trip you will realize that is not a trade but recreation pure and simple—and they charge you for it accordingly. I know that in prehistoric days men hunted, fished, and socked their neighbors with clubs, and done it for a living, but they done it in a sporting way. It was not until man learned the building trades that he became a real craftsman."

"Well, I'll grant that for to save argument," said the young apprentice, who was really an agreeable lad.

"Yes sir, the building trades are older than history," mused the Old Wirepatcher, puffing forth rather rancid smoke from his battered black pipe with every indication of enjoyment. "The only thing that's really new about building is the electrical work."

"I guess there always was carpenters. The plumbers and tilers think they've got something new but some say the old Romans knew their job better than these fellows do, though some very pretty work they turn out I must admit. Bricklayers?—gosh, they had bricklayers on the pyramids. I went to Sunday school, I know about this historical stuff. I believe it was Moses, a Hebrew walking delegate, that led the bricklayers in the employ of Pharaoh and Co. in their protest about conditions and he led in their walkout that followed, too."

"They were making bricks, not setting them—" hazarded the apprentice.

"I guess you and me must have went to different Sunday schools. Well, when you come to think of it, a lot of the principal characters in history have been in the building trades at one time or another. Omar, the poet, and St. Paul, they was tent-makers, but I suppose they would have preferred to be real builders if there had only been the demand."

## Noah, Solomon Also Builders

"Noah, now, he was a pretty good ship-carpenter I reckon but all people talk about was the trouble he had with the passenger

list. Solomon, the guy that had all the wives, built a big temple and there's chapter after chapter in the Bible telling just how many cubits of this and that he put in it—that must have been a time and material job, and they kept pretty close track of him. Joshua, I

guess he was a good union man, because he led the picketing on a town named Jericho, and them all yelling, 'scabs!' and 'Unfair to organized labor!' till the walls tumbled down, because non-union jobs were slimy affairs even in those days.

"Oh, yes, and there was that big Tower of Babel job where the foreign agitators

probably reds, mixed in and made a lot of trouble and finally got everybody so irritated they called a strike."

"Well, now, when did they really start to organize?" inquired the apprentice, whose chief ambition was to become a full-fledged union journeyman.

The Old Wirepatcher took two or three good pulls to get his pipe going again after all his conversation. "Well, I couldn't name



Moses led Pharaoh and Co.'s bricklayers in a protest about conditions

the exact date, nobody knows that," he said, "but it was a long way back. In the middle ages, I've heard, they had what they called guilds, which meant that everybody of a craft sorta stuck together, the master, the journeyman and the apprentices, all friendly-like; you see they never done no building on contract and the master could afford to be friendly with the workmen."

"But after awhile, in this country, after the revolution it was, I think, people were hard up and they wanted to know beforehand how much the house, or the cowshed, or chicken-coop, was going to cost, and the boss would dicker with them, and then get his profit out of chasing the working-stiffs around so fast they didn't get a chance to catch their breath from sunrise to sunset. Oh, no, they didn't have no eight-hour day then!"

"Well, the independent American workman wouldn't stand for that long, I can tell you, and in 1791 there was a strike of the journeymen carpenters in Philadelphia and what they asked for was a day that lasted only from six in the morning till six at night, with extra pay for overtime. So you can judge what tough eggs the contractors were in those days. The carpenters organized themselves into a sort of union and had loan and benevolent associations and did what they could for their members just as unions do today."

"In 1825 there was another strike, this time of the Boston Carpenters, and it was for the 10-hour day. I heard a lot about this strike, because my great grandfather was in it and I have often been struck with the similarity between the arguments the contractors used in those days against a shorter work-day to those they spring on you now when you chance to mention a 40-hour week."

## American Plan Stuff Old, Too

"We learn with surprise and regret," the Master Carpenters resolutioned, "that a large number of those who are employed as journeymen in this city, have entered into a combination for the purpose of altering the time of commencing and terminating their daily labor, from that which has been customary from time immemorial." A combination like that they sure believed would be 'fraught with numerous and pernicious evils,' and they dangled the old bait before the journeymen that they might expect soon to become masters and

were loading up inconveniences galore for themselves when they attained that happy situation. They feared greatly for the journeymen's morals as well and wanted to protect them from the many temptations and improvident practises from which they were 'happily secure' when busy working from sunrise to sunset. Finally, they blamed it on the foreign, bolshevistic element, saying as how they could not believe 'this project to have originated with any of the faithful and industrious sons of New England but are compelled to consider it an evil of foreign growth, and one which we hope and trust will not take root in the favored soil of Massachusetts,' and especially Boston.

"The master builders then talked things over with their clients for whom they were doing the building and convinced them that a 10-hour day would add enormously to the cost of putting up a job, and this combination wrecked the strike."

"And it was just about this time that the Pennsylvania supreme court declared it unlawful for workmen to conspire to raise wages—conspiring meaning talking it over together and going on strike."

"That must have made a pretty bad situation," sympathized the young apprentice.

"Yes, so my great-grandfather seemed to think. But it waked up the working men. They realized they had ought to get together and go into action. In Philadelphia, for instance, they formed the first city central union, which was called the Mechanics' Union of Trade Associations. And then they got the idea of going into politics and they formed the first labor party in the world—the Workingmen's Party. Just as it is now, what they were sore about was the difference in status between them that worked and them that didn't work but got rich on other people's labor. Now what is it that organized labor is asking today, do you know that, young fellow?"

"Why, uh, they want more leisure, don't they?"

"Yes, and what else?"

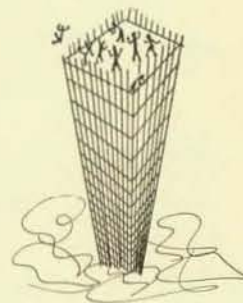
"Seems like lots of them are boosting for workers' education."

"Right you are, my boy, and that was exactly what they were agitating for in them days. They kicked because, they said, we got to work from sunrise to sunset, so how do we have time to keep up with public questions? We want to be good citizens. And another thing they wanted

was public education. You would scarcely believe it, but there was no public schools then. The children of the rich, of course, could go to private schools then as always, but the children of working people, if they went to school at all, had to go to charity schools, and charity is degrading to an honest

working man and besides, what they taught these children left them practically as ignorant as ever. Working from sunrise to sunset was particularly tough on the building trades because in the summer time when days was

(Continued on page 104)



—that Tower of Babel job where the foreign agitators mixed in and called a strike



Noah was a pretty good ship's carpenter but he had lots of trouble with the passengers.



# Prometheus, the Protagonist of Science

By PROFESSOR C. M. JANSKY, Electrical Engineering School, University of Wisconsin

*"Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight from heavenly portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the immortals!"*

*"First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the culture—the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian!"*  
Longfellow.

IN THESE beautiful words, and others of equal charm, Longfellow portrays the achievement of the mythical Titan, Prometheus—forethought. This achievement was the theft of fire from the gods on Mount Olympus and its transmission to men on the plains below. For this noble daring, for this heavenward aspiration, he was bound on Mount Caucasus and forced to suffer perpetual torment from the gnawing of his vitals by a vulture.

Over and over again he was promised release if only he would submit his will to that of haughty Jove, but his indomitable spirit would not, or rather could not, yield.

*"His godlike crime was to be kind,  
To render with his precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness."*

How symbolic is this mythical figure of all of human strivings for an understanding of this world and for the amelioration of human misery.

It matters not to what philosophic or religious cult one belongs, nor to what economic faith or political doctrine one claims allegiance, all those who give the matter any thought confess that the use of fire was the first, if not the most potent, agent for raising man from savagery and barbarism to civilization. The classic myth of Prometheus is merely the ancients', poetical version of this great truth. By fire man not only cooks his food and heats his dwelling, but by it he moulds and transforms his physical environment, which is an essential condition of progress. This idea is expounded by Dr. A. N. Whitehead in his recent book on Science and the Modern World when he says: "Those organisms are successful which modify their environment so as to assist each other. For example, the North American Indians accepted their environment, with the result that a scanty population barely succeeded in maintaining themselves over the whole continent. The European races when they arrived in the same continent pursued an opposite policy. They at once cooperated in modifying their environment. The result is that a population more than twenty times that of the Indian population now occupies the same territory." This maintenance of a larger population in the same territory is not even half of the story. It is not merely sustenance that European races have achieved, but they have also achieved a life never dreamed of in the Indian's philosophy.

## Man's Mobility Made by Fire

Fire, and science for which fire is the symbol, has enabled man to move "from the forests to the plains, from the plains to the seacoast, from the continent to the sea, from climate to climate, and from habit of life to habit of life." When man ceases to wander and explore, he will cease to ascend in the scale of being. By exploration is not meant

In this opening paper of the series, Professor Jansky takes fire as the symbol of all science, and selects Prometheus, the fire-god, as the symbol of all searchers after truth. Judged by this opening paper, readers of the Journal may expect much of this outline of science, which Professor Jansky is writing, stressing particularly the use and development of electricity.

solely the seeking and discovery of new geographical regions hitherto unvisited by man, but the seeking and the discovery of new ideas, new facts and new truths. The delving into realms hitherto undreamed of except in the fancy of some poet or seer. The realms of intellect and of the spirit to which science leads have ever and will in the future be the regions of adventure and exploration.

Throughout the history of man's unquenchable search for a meaning to his existence and life, men of daring are found who steal the fire of knowledge from the gods and then suffer for their heavenward aspirations. The story of Adam's fall is typical; for daring to acquire knowledge he and his seed, like Prometheus, have been subjected to everlasting torment. The immortal Socrates, for venturing to explore the regions of the mind and to question established processes of thinking, was compelled to imbibe the fatal cup of hemlock. Roger Bacon, for his insistence on a rational interpretation of physical phenomena, and Galileo, for refusing to accept without proof dogmatic assertions of ancient philosophers, were rewarded with opprobrium and a prison sentence. While the fagot and the prison are no longer the lot of those venturesome souls who by their research and exploration

shatter some preconceived conception of world order, nevertheless, the pillory of public scorn is still often their portion.

The scientist with his microscope, spectroscope, electroscope, testtube and reagents is carrying on the analyses and modifications of man's physical environment, that were started by the promethean fire, and consequently, he is held responsible for the many economic, industrial, political, social and spiritual ills of modern life. The poet's version of this truth is:

*"Right forever on the scaffold  
Wrong forever on the throne,  
And yet that scaffold sways the future."*

And so does science sway the modern world.

It is true of scientific processes of thinking as of all human achievements, their beginnings in many instances antedate written history, and in other instances the records are half fable and half truth so no exact date for their beginnings can be fixed. If by scientific processes of thinking we mean the careful assembling of many facts relating to the problem and then the testing of these facts by experiment, science is only about five hundred years old. It is evident to any reader of history that the ancients had an empirical knowledge of the physical world about them, but most of the knowledge was a result of experience and not of experiment. Many of the writings ascribed to Aristotle give evidence of the scientific spirit in its formative stage, for he seemed to have recognized the importance of exact observation as an antecedent to logical thinking. He observed that "one must trust more to observation than to speculation and to the latter no further than it agrees with the phenomena." But it seems that it is easier to know what to do than to do it, for Aristotle was not the first nor the last who failed to practice what he preached. While he undoubtedly glimpsed the importance of experimentation, this phase of modern science did not begin with him. It remained for Archimedes to make observation and experimentation the major premise of his natural philosophy. He formulated the laws of the lever and because he could not find a suitable fulcrum, the earth still moves in its planetary orbit. His discovery that bodies immersed in a liquid are buoyed up by a force equal to the weight of the water displaced assures to the dwellers in the cities milk with a prescribed percentage of butter fat. That is, he is the discoverer of the principle of density measurements which have such wide practical application.

While it is undoubtedly true that much of the scientific thinking of the ancient Greeks was based on experiment and analysis, it is likewise true that for centuries it was forgotten and that speculative and dialectic philosophy dominated human processes of thought.

For nearly two thousand years the thoughts of men were controlled by authority which prescribed both what to think and how to think. It was a period in the world's history when the authority of the philosophers and theologians was unquestioned and supreme. Analytical processes of thinking, premised on experimental data, were impossible until the categorical assertions and premises of the fathers were subjected to the ultimate scientific test, experiment.



PROFESSOR C. M. JANSKY

(Continued on page 110)



# STRICTLY A BUILDING TRADES PROPOSITION



## ON EVERY JOB

There's a Laugh or Two!

### SHORT CIRCUIT

A lineman by the name of O'Leary  
Was tying in a sixty-cycle PRIMARY;  
He forgot safety—first—  
Well, you know the WORST—  
He GROUNDED in a local cemetery.  
—By Edward Dukeshire, L. U. No. 245.

### More Contributions!

Bachie's contribution to the joke column calls to mind the story of the two gentlemen of Hebrew extraction, who were visiting the aquarium, where the following dialog ensued:

A B C D Goldfish  
J K L M N O Goldfish  
O S A B M R Goldfish  
O S I C J K M R Goldfish

Pat and Mike were watching the Shriners' parade.

Pat—"Who's them fellers?"

Mike—"Shriners."

Pat—"What's Shriners?"

Mike—"They're masons."

Pat "What the devil do they want now, they're gettin' 15 dollars a day?"

S. A. KING, L. U. No. 290.

### The Patient Waiter

The waiter's trade seems to be full of humorous angles—at least we've been hearing lots of stories about waiters lately. Here are a few of them:

#### Typographical Errors

This particular hash house was next door to a printing establishment and the waiter had picked up some of the shop talk. The patron shouted angrily:

"Hey, waiter, there's a needle in my soup."

"Sorry sir," the waiter replied, "Just a typographical error. It should have been a noodle."

The cook certainly must have been non-union, for the next day the waiter was high-balled again:

"Look here, waiter, there's a button in my soup!"

"That's a typographical error sir, it should have been mutton."

But no man can keep on blaming it on typographical errors forever. The following day brought another complaint:

"Waiter, come here. There's a button in my soup!"

"Oh, sir," cried the resourceful waiter, "Let me congratulate you. We are running a prize contest and just one button is put in the soup each day. The lucky person who finds the button wins a meal ticket!"

### Oh, Well

"Why is the plumber's wife berating him?"

"She sent him to the dry goods store for some gingham, some chiffons and some tulles."

"Well?"

"He forgot the tulles."—Wall St. Journal.

### Forced to the Wall

"One thing after another failed me and at last I was forced to the wall."

"What did you do?"

"Took up paperhanging."

### And That's That

Dora Drake is a good old sort;  
She thinks Rex Beach is a summer resort.

Marcus Kloppe, the stupid rube,  
Thinks toothpaste comes in the Hudson Tube.

Old Doc Sims, who's not quite all there,  
Thinks Julian Street is a thoroughfare.

Peter Blotz, a simple gink,  
Thinks a cotton gin is a kind of drink.

But Jones is the dumbest I ever saw;  
He thinks there is a prohibition law.

### Business Woman

"What's the matter with Madge?"

"Oh, she wants overtime because the boss kissed her after the whistle blew."—American Legion Weekly.





# RADIO



## A Receiver Capable of Receiving Calls From England

Edited by John M. Clayton

**I**N these days of "all wave" uses of both radio telegraphy and telephony, one really requires three or four receivers in order to cover all of the wavelengths used. Particularly in foreign countries, radio broadcasting is carried on on wavelengths up to as high as 3,000 meters. In this country the opposite extreme is resorted to several stations broadcasting experimentally on wavelengths as short as 20 meters. The telegraph field is included in all wavelengths between 13 and 20,000 meters. It is our purpose to describe a "universal" receiver in which ALL useful wavelengths are covered.

The receiver, in the main, must have two fundamental devices. First, the coil system should be interchangeable for all waves. This is simple. The plug-in coil arrangement is well established on all waves from 600 meters down. On wavelengths above 600 meters honeycomb coils mounted in plug-in fashion are suitable. Secondly, the same tuning condenser cannot be used on both short and long waves. A condenser having a capacity of about .000625 mfd. is about the minimum capacity to be used on waves much above 600 meters. If the capacity is less than this the condenser merely acts as a vernier and requires the use of a large number of coils to cover the waves from 600 to 20,000 meters. Conversely, the tuning capacity at short waves should not exceed approximately .000125 mfd. or the tuning will be too critical. By the use of a tandem condenser in which one section has a capacity of .000125 mfd. permanently connected in the circuit, and the other section has a capacity of .0005 mfd. which can be cut in parallel with the first (making the total capacity .000625 mfd.) by means of a simple switching arrangement, the problem is easily solved. Such a condenser has recently become "standard" with one manufacturer, and can be purchased from almost all condenser manufacturers on special order.

The front view of the receiver shows controls are three in number. From left to right they are primary tuning condenser (having a capacity of .0015 mfd.), secondary tuning condenser and tickler or feedback control condenser having a maximum capacity of .0005 mfd. The small knob between the two dials at the left is attached to the rheostat which is a six ohm type. The small dial between the two right hand dials controls the simple switch which cuts in the .0005 mfd. section of the secondary tuning condenser.

An inspection of the photograph will show the principle of the plug-in coil arrangement. This will be described in detail later. Suffice to say that the mounting strip holding the jacks in which the coils plug is supported at the rear of the set by means of two bakelite rods. This strip projects through the top of the cabinet when the set is assembled.

In this particular set the panel was made of sixteenth-inch aluminum, 8½ inches high

and 18 inches long. As the panel is connected to the B battery negative, it is necessary to insulate the two telephone jacks to prevent shortcircuiting the B battery. This is accomplished by mounting the jacks on a short length of bakelite strip, the strip in turn being bolted to the rear of the panel. The "heads" of the jacks project through over-sized holes in the panel. Two stages of audio frequency amplification are provided. Only two jacks are used, however, since one stage is to be permanently connected in the circuit.

Variable ratio vernier dials should be used as the tuning condenser should be capable of being rotated rather quickly on long waves, while on short waves the slower the condenser turns, when the control dial is turned, the easier the set is to tune.

A top view of the receiver lifted from the cabinet shows from left to right the condensers are antenna tuning, tandem secondary tuning and regeneration control. At the rear of the baseboard appears the mounting strip for the jacks. This strip carries seven terminal jacks of the plug-in type. The first four at the right are for the secondary and tickler terminals. The three at the left are for antenna and ground. The two outside jacks (in the group at the left) are antenna terminals, connected to each other. The center terminal is the ground connection. Two antenna terminals are provided so that the coils may be reversed in the jacks, providing looser coupling for the long waves.

The secondary tuning condenser control switch appears between the two condensers at the right. Note that the secondary tuning condenser is a tandem affair. The required .000125 mfd. capacity in the back half of the condenser was obtained by removing all but three rotor and four stator plates.

The three sockets appear at the rear of the baseboard. The detector socket is at the left. In lieu of binding posts, nickel plated Fahnestock terminal clips were screwed to the baseboard. The two audio

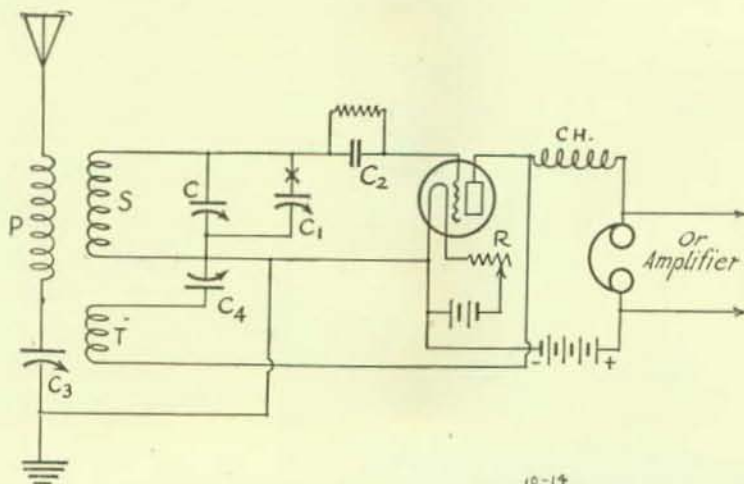
frequency transformers are directly underneath the coil terminal strip, and the rheostat is between the two left hand condensers. Detailed panel or baseboard layouts are not required in constructing ANY receiver. The exact layout will, of course, depend upon the particular "brand" of apparatus used.

The fundamental circuit of the receiver appears above. The audio frequency amplifier is not shown in the diagram in order to simplify it as much as possible. Two stages of audio frequency amplification may be added in the regular manner.

The circuit itself represents nothing new. It is the familiar "throttle control" regenerative method which is well-known by now. The use of a primary tuning condenser (C3) is unusual, however. For the longer waves (600 meters up) this condenser is absolutely necessary. In order to get everything down on paper, let's list the parts shown in the diagram, together with the constants of each.

Condenser C3 should have a maximum capacity of .00015 mfd.; C has a capacity of .000125 mfd. which can be increased to .000625 mfd. by cutting in the C1 section which is a .0005 capacity. The ROTARY plates of C and C1 are permanently connected to each other as they are on the same shaft. The stator plates to the two condensers are connected at will by means of switch X. The regeneration condenser C4 has a maximum capacity of .0005 mfd. The grid condenser C2 is of .00015 mfd. capacity and is shunted by a 5 megohm leak. The radio frequency choke CH is wound with No. 30 d. c. e. wire on a ½ inch form, there being approximately two and a half inches of winding. This choke is needed only on the shorter waves. The impedance of the telephones or the primary of the amplifying transformers serving the purpose on all waves above about 600 meters. This choke can be left in the circuit, however, without incurring any losses in the system.

If a single tube receiver is to be constructed (Continued on page 102)





# EVERYDAY SCIENCE

## Pig Iron

South Africa has started to produce pig iron. A blast furnace is in operation producing 150 tons per day.

## Stars

Fifty thousand years ago the group of stars which form the "Great Dipper" were not arranged as they are now, but had the form of a cross.

## Apples

American apples are considered great delicacies in Bolivia where they sell for \$1.50 per dozen retail.

## Temperature

A difference of 50 degrees between day and night temperature is common in Tibet.

## Electric Lamp Filament

Hafnium, a chemical element, has been found useful in making filaments for electric lights. Hafnium is mixed with tungsten. Pure tungsten cannot be used for incandescent filaments because of distortion of metal due to recrystallization that takes place after manufacture.

## Avalanche Observatory

The first avalanche observatory in the world was built in Austria. The observatory has been fitted with a complete set of instruments for recording data and to send warnings to other stations when an avalanche gives warning.

## Radio Distress Signals

A European engineer has perfected a device which sends distress signals automatically, the S. O. S. distress signal, the latitude and longitude of the vessel. An electric motor operates the machine. The machine operates until the motor is forced to stop running.

## Dry Charge Storage Batteries

Exhaustive tests carried on by the U. S. Bureau of Standards attack the claim of storage battery dealers regarding the efficiency of dry or solution charging of batteries. To evade the proper charging method all of these substitutes make extravagant claims. To add anything except pure sulphuric acid of the proper strength invites trouble with the plates or separators which causes an abnormal discharge rate.

## Fire Proof Telephone Wires

A fireproof insulation for telephone exchange wires has been perfected using selenium. Selenium itself will burn. Selenium and cotton covered wire will not burn. Tests have shown that selenium treated wire will resist all ordinary flames. The value of this wire is tremendous in the prevention of telephone exchange fires and telegraph and signal system fires.

## Wooden Wool

A new wool made of wood is being manufactured in this country and Italy. The new wool has a regular wool feeling and can be worked into all colors and patterns. It is not as strong as regular wool. The U. S. Department of Commerce officials predict a promising future for this new material.

## Giant Power Test

Electric lamps in Back Bay, Boston, Mass., were recently lighted from a Chicago, Illinois power station. This was a thousand mile hookup.

Roughly, the line of power communications ran through the States of Illinois, Indiana, down the Ohio valley, into Pennsylvania, thence up to the Adirondacks and eastward through Vermont and New Hampshire down into western Massachusetts, connecting with the New England Power and then the Boston Edison Company at Sudbury, Mass. This test was made November 11, 1926.

## German Steel

German steel makers sent 28,000 tons to this country in 1925. The total shipments for 1926 will amount to 160,000 tons. The German government pays bounties to exporters to help reestablish German industry.

## Gas Fuel From Sewage

The Illinois State Water Survey Board is planning to treat sewage so as to extract gas which will be valuable for fuel purposes. It is estimated that the sewage of a city of 50,000 inhabitants can be made to produce more than 90,000 cubic feet of fuel gas each day.

## Vitamins

Vitamins are everywhere discussed. We talk intimately about them, their merits and importance in diet, but no one ever saw a vitamin, no scientist has ever isolated one. It is something like the fourth dimension, there, but oh, so mysterious. Vitamin A assists growth and development and prevents tuberculosis. Vitamins B and D assist in giving vitality, and lack of them undermines the health generally. Vitamin C prevents scurvy. Be sure your menus contain plenty of vitamins. Keep your can goods shelf well stocked with such vitamin foods as tomatoes, spinach, sauerkraut, evaporated milk and fruits. Careful experiment has decisively proved that canned foods are ahead of home cooked foods in vitamin content. Quick intensive heating does not destroy them as quickly as slow home heating in unsealed vessels.

## Electric Refrigeration

In 1924, 24,000 units of electrical refrigeration were sold; 1925 saw this production trebled to 75,000 units. The 1926 production is between 200,000 and 250,000 units. Analysts say that within the next two years there will be 1,000,000 electrical refrigerators in use and 5,000,000 in five years.

Crude refrigeration has been in use since the earliest times. Back before written history, man undoubtedly followed that good old rural custom of keeping food in cool springs. Our own grandparents, perhaps our parents, used their wells for refrigeration. George Washington, at Mount Vernon, had an ice house where ice from the Potomac was stored in winter for summer use.

More than seventy five years ago, Sir William Thomson, Lord Kelvin of Glasgow, Scotland, sought and found means of refrigeration without the use of ice. Pasteur, the noted French scientist, discovered that decay is caused by bacteria and that temperature below 50 degrees Fahrenheit obstructs the development of bacteria and preserves food.

## New Anesthetic Gas

A Tulane University professor has produced a new anesthetic gas called Propylene. This gas is composed of some of the ingredients of illuminating gas. The advantages claimed for this gas are as follows:

1. Recovery is rapid.
2. Patient's consciousness returns within a few minutes of the time the gas is stopped.
3. Only one in every fifteen patients become sick from the gas administered during an operation.

## Chemistry

Chemistry has become a badly overcrowded profession in Germany. Of 10,000 chemists in that country only 3,000 are employed.

## Refrigeration

Eighty per cent of all commercial ice and refrigeration plants operate on ammonia.

## Sound in Water

The speed of sound in water is 4,780 feet per second. In air, at ordinary temperatures and pressures, it travels only 1,089 feet per second.

## Municipal Radio

Manchester, New Hampshire, is the first New England city to go on the air. The call letters are WCOM and the wave length 252 meters.

## Radio Safety Signal

An invention has recently been patented in Germany which will permit the sending of signals between trains by means of high frequency radio waves. Under the system, each train would be equipped with a sending and receiving equipment, both tuned to a particular wave length for a certain track. The sending set on each train is to send warning signal continually whenever the train reduces its speed or standstill. This is done by a direct connection to the compressed air brake system, or by a connection with the brakes themselves. This message would be received by the following train running on the same track behind it. The attention of the engineer of the train would be attracted through a peculiar noise or else the receiving set would fix the brakes of the second train and automatically reduce its speed or bring the train to a stop, if the wave transmissions from the preceding train continued.

## Sound Waves

Sound consists of waves in the air or in some other material thing like the ground or walls of a building. This wave travels outward from the source of the sound, much as the wave on a pond of water travels outward when you drop a stone into it.

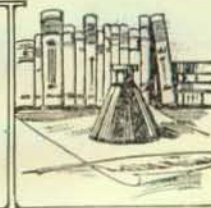
## Light Waves

Sound consists of waves in the air or in some other form of matter. Light consists of waves in the ether, which is not matter. This is the first and most fundamental difference between the two kinds of waves. There are other differences. For instance, sound travels in the air about a thousand feet a second, about one-millionth the speed of light.





# CORRESPONDENCE



L. U. NO. 1, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Editor:

We want to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the wonderful introduction which you gave Class "E" men of Local Union No. 1, I. B. E. W., in the November issue. Am enclosing a cut of the man that is responsible for the birth of the radio branch of Local Union No. 1, I. B. E. W. This cut is of Brother Arthur F. Schading, business manager of the local, and as stated in the November issue, he has everything to do with our enlightenment of organized labor.

This time I am going to try and broadcast a talk through your columns, as to what we radio men are doing. My idea is to stir up enough interest until we have every business agent in the country on his toes organizing the radio men of his community. So adjust your specks, turn on your favorite reading lamp, slip into an easy chair and listen to what we have to say.

Can the radio men be effectively organized? Is it worth while? Our answer is "YES!" Just write and ask us, we'll tell you how it was done here in St. Louis.

Allow me to thank the press secretaries of Local Unions No. 259 and No. 481 for their favorable comments on the December issue. We have heard from as far east as Massachusetts, Tennessee on the southeast, Ohio, Indiana, in the middle and Montana on the north. But it seems like we have not been heard in the south, the far west and northwest. So I'm putting a little more juice to the old bottle and see if we can't drag in some DX (long distance) reports from those locals that have not yet been heard from.

I shall try to leave some constructive thought with each reader who tunes in on this letter, about the wonderful possibilities of radio. If you Brothers in the electrical world are not convinced that radio is a field ripe with unlimited possibilities and that no time should be lost in organizing the radio men throughout the country, then I miss my guess.

Radio eliminates time and distance, two factors that are always to be reckoned with throughout the civilized world. By eliminating time and distance radio thereby becomes one of the most valuable forces under the control of mankind.

Here are a few potential possibilities which now are or are very soon to become realities in the civilized world through application of radio.

Transmission of power in large quantities over great distances by use of beam transmission.

Transmission of photographs by radio.

Transmission of weather maps to ships at sea.

Dispatch of railroad trains by radio.

Prevention of train wrecks by radio control.

Communication service between gigantic air carriers of freight and passengers and points on the ground.

Radio television, or the means of actually seeing the artists you now only hear over your radio receivers.

Through advance application of the vacuum tube, which, by the way, is the

## READ

Important—The real case for Henry Ford, by L. U. 58.

Achievements of one electrical employer, by L. U. 1002.

Rockford reacts to our January issue, including Bachie's vacation, bedtime story, and Winnipeg's suggestion, by L. U. 364.

About sick and accident insurance, by L. U. 481.

Local 2 is "in" after a silence of many long moons.

Tacoma's view of clubs, by L. U. 76.

Drive behind state association in Pennsylvania, by L. U. 143.

Boost electrical union's labels, by L. U. 713.

Plea for organization of Radio Locals, by L. U. 1.

International Falls places officers in city government, by L. U. 731.

More interesting stuff from Hollywood, by L. U. 40.

Medicine Shows and Doctor Books, by L. U. 716.

and the remaining 50 odd—newsiest, most informative, and suggestive group of the last six months.

heart of radio, liquids have been turned to solids, gases turned to solids, cold marble made to give light and I could go on indefinitely. This is no pipe dream either. If radio is such a tremendous force for the good of mankind, is it not wise to organize those men who are working in the radio field? Will any one venture to predict what the next ten years hold for radio? I don't believe that the wildest dreams of the old time electricians for the future of the electrical game can compare with the bright future of radio.

You are probably asking yourself by now, what is radio anyhow? Well, it's just this. It is the effects of A. C. electricity at frequencies of from twenty thousand cycles per second to five hundred million cycles per second. The action of currents of such high frequencies are mostly reverse of what you find true in the electrical game. For instance, what would be termed an open circuit for an electrician would be a closed circuit and a ready path for radio current. The frequency land between five hundred million and the infra red lights rays which run into the trillions of cycles per second is unknown as yet. There are possibilities there alone, which may revolutionize our entire mode of living.

Radio, while in a way, just in its infancy, is by no means a plaything as some of you may have been led to believe.

Its possibilities are bound to be recognized by the electrical workers and steps should be taken to bring it under their jurisdiction without further delay.

There must be at least ten thousand radio men in this country eligible to join our ranks. You business agents ask yourselves this question, are ten thousand new members worth going after? We say, let's go. Go get 'em! The more the merrier.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce our new press secre-



ARTHUR F. SCHADING

Business Manager of Local Union No. 1

tary, Brother Franklin W. Jenkins, who will take over the microphone for the coming year and now before the Editor gets on my neck for such a long letter, let me tell you for my last time this year, this is station I. B. E. W. Class "E" of Local Union No. 1, signing off until next month.

Yours for more and better radio,

W. F. LUDGATE,

Retiring Press Secretary.

L. U. NO. 2, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Editor:

I have not the necessary personal magnetism to look a cyclone in the eye and make it quail, but I am stern and even haughty in my intercourse with men. But when a local union takes me by the brow of my pantaloons and throws me out into the electrical world of the Brotherhood as press secretary, I think I'll lose my mental reserve and become anxious and even taciturn. (Such words.)

Election of officers was held and no new officers of importance won out, except board members. Brother D. E. Lund, president.



Brother Dan Knoll still holds down financial secretary job. Brother John (Jack) DeVoke, business agent, who has and who will represent this district as a member and business agent of Local No. 2.

The street lighting job in this town is at a standstill now with about six men working on it and it looks none too good to start more soon. Then again the brains say the next will not need as many men as the last. So I guess some of us Brothers better get a traveling card and look for a place unknown. But one thing always follows another. Sometimes it looks like some day the linemen throughout the country will get together and be real again and at the next few conventions I look for the linemen's meal ticket to get larger or smaller. (Yet). But you can't tell all you know, you may lose it all. (Think it over L.)

On one job in St. Louis the business agent reports over \$6,000 work lost.

So that's that and one thing I find is that very few company jobs are made because they all look for the \$1.50 per hour work jobs and a little overtime and it looks like these get the best service.

Men, just at the present time in St. Louis the business agent cannot send one man to work on any job in town or out. 1-18-27. I think we have 10 wire using companies.

So all you good Brothers throughout the country put your shoulder to the wheel.

GEO. DAEGELE.

#### L. U. NO. 18, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Editor:

January 1, 1927, found Local No. 18 sitting on top of the world. We haven't very much work and very few idle Brothers, and as far as we little fellows go, we can't see much in sight, but we are thankful that we have been so fortunate in the past, and have great hopes for the future. So you have us in a nutshell.

Our climate is all that anybody would ask for. While I am writing these few lines there are several swimmers in the water trying to swim from Catalina Island to the mainland, a distance of some twenty-five miles, and I just now learned by phone that one young fellow landed at 3:06 a. m. They started the swim yesterday at 11 a. m. It is now 3:30 and they expect several to finish between now and daylight. I merely mention this to show you that after being in the water for sixteen hours and six minutes the winner, who finished in fine spirits, says he could turn and swim back, though the water seems awful cold to me. The gent gets twenty-five thousand smacks for this feat from the Chewing Gum King, William Wrigley, Jr. More power to him!

Now that I have that off my chest, I will tell you something more interesting. Local No. 18 went and did it! Yes, sir, we elected a high powered business agent! One of whom we are justly proud. No doubt the Brother will make a record that will stand for some time to come, as he comes from that well known thoroughbred stock, the name of which we are all proud, namely, Armstrong. This Brother is a cable splicer by trade, and we drafted him into service as our representative. And Brothers we again warn you to watch Local 18's smoke, as I am positive that she is due for a big boost. Any traveling Brother coming in had better get in touch with our secretary, or business agent at room 112 Labor Temple, and save himself some embarrassing moments.

Our meetings are holding up fine for attendance. While we have the usual debates on the floor they are peaceable, and very few decide to have it out in the squared circle. However, it is the difference of opinion that creates interest in the local,

and we are glad that the Brothers take the stand that the meeting hall is the place to have it out.

Well, there has been no change in conditions since my last letter, and the future doesn't look any too promising. We have had several of our Brothers laid up with sickness and injuries. We still have half a dozen in that class, most of whom are getting along all right, while others make but very little headway.

Having used up all my energy at hard labor the last few minutes, I will close the epistle for this period.

JESSE HORNE.

#### L. U. NO. 20, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Editor:

Yes Jim Trueman, Marie has crossed the pond to Roumania. Possibly it would be of interest to the Brothers to learn of the queen's new profession. On her last week amidst the chatter of the Eastside Parks, a gentleman casually asked her if she was seeking work. The queen, very alert when the dollar sign is waved, of course you can't hate her for that, promptly replied: "Why yes, how much is there in it?" "Oh well, that we'll decide later, it all depends on how

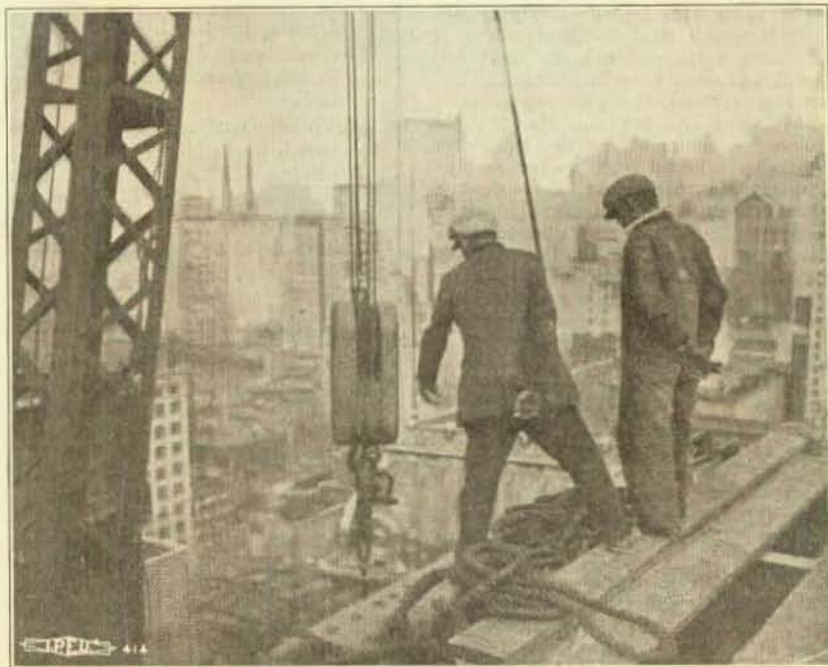
many points you send my stock up, and possibly I may be of assistance to you in floating a loan." So down First Ave. they strolled turning left at 14th Street and there she beheld a huge building, smoking from its enormous stacks, steam rushing galore, flags furling and curling from the cool river breeze. In a moment she stood on the approach to the power plant. A scramble, a hustle, and then no more. The word was passed around, everybody hide. Brother, this is the point I have been leading up to.

On a job where, "expert advice" was necessary, a job scattered with Edison employees, all loyal citizens to America and the company, they must hide, stop work. Efficiency? For royalty to start the huge alternator on its road to money making. What a satisfaction it must be to know that the queen started the machine, and we hope to keep it running with an I. B. E. W. man.

Abruptly her majesty sinks in oblivion for an aeon or two, and we quietly pass on to our own machine, small but powerful.

I have not had a chance to read the JOURNAL thoroughly, but nevertheless one can appreciate at a glance its improvement and I hope the rank and file of the I. B.

#### THIRTY STORIES UP!



#### Blue Monday

By JIM WATERS

I'm a happy-go-lucky son of a reckless brood,  
Painter of smokestacks, steeples, flag-poles and sky-scraping  
cornices.  
Give me a piece of rope and I'll climb to God-knows where  
and dance a sailor's horn-pipe a' top of it.  
For I'm at home where the eagle soars . . . where the  
aeroplanes purr and zoom.  
Guess my thots as I clutch for dear life any windy afternoon:  
Here they are: Stick it out old kid, you got to bring home the  
bacon  
I never think of falling till I'm on my way.  
One Blue Monday I fell a hundred feet, struck three roofs on  
the way down and landed neck deep in a pile of coal.  
I dug myself out and walked home with one thot in mind:  
I'm off that Hungarian bootlegger for life.



E. W. will read and assimilate its contents. The boys in 20 are sure hollering, they want their WORKER every month.

Work is quiet around here at present. One can easily foresee this, as when our old and faithful Brother Reilly is in the day-room, then we know jobs are scarce.

Last, but not least, is the campaign I wrote about in the January issue. Still going strong. They have tried to scare us by planting cops around the building. We had a call from the chief of the detective bureau; he wanted to know where, how and when we got all these names and addresses from, but he didn't find us so dumb on this end. Well, one could write a book on the methods used to keep these workers down. We had no cops to drive them in, have not and shall not ask protection of a court to help us drive them in. It usually is the sneak who seeks protection of the law, especially in cases of this kind.

Would it not be wonderful if we had our cops—our judges—well, life is short—and that phrase was not coined for humans only. In the future we may find a broader definition and that will apply—more probable than possible, to privately owned and controlled corporations.

R. C. HASSELL.

#### L. U. NO. 28, BALTIMORE, MD.

Editor:

The year has started favorably with us in at least one direction, namely, the fixing by the city of a minimum wage scale to be paid labor on municipal construction and repair jobs. We have had this fight up for the past few years, and this belated victory is quite a noteworthy achievement, and will doubtless be another blow to the "hay wire" artists. (*Specify Union Labor, Have the Job Done Right.*)

Our labor committee will soon be engaged in another battle with the employers' committee for the negotiation of the agreement for the coming year. We will not know the outcome until the last hour, and then we can either take it or leave it. Boost the 40 hour week.

As regards prospects of work in this locality (I don't mean work, as that is something which ain't) the coming season promises to be as good as usual, a few new buildings and a fair sprinkling of lot work. At present several members are out of town, some in New York, and our sister Local 865 has taken care of as many of our members as it can, for which they receive our heartfelt thanks. By the way 865 is building up, taking in new members and approaching the 100 per cent mark, all of which shows progress for the movement in the Maryland Free State.

I regret to say the grim reaper has again visited our ranks and removed one of our active members and former officers, Brother C. H. Drebbling, ever a loyal member and one with the interest of the cause at heart.

Also regret to state a few of our members have fallen by the wayside, comments unnecessary. Perhaps the Almighty in His wisdom will evolve a way that little ones and big ones can live without food and shelter.

This has been a big year for the Maryland Free State. The Rotarians, Lions, Manufacturers, Kiwanis, C. of C. and three Ks, all report splendid results in their fields. Governor Ritchie (Ma's boy) has taken the oath for the third time (see Pathe's weekly news, Fox news, etc.). Schwab reports Bethlehem Steel doing fine. Those of our western manufacturers who came here to take advantage of the nationally advertised cheap labor, have not been disappointed. However, with all this a cloud appears on the horizon, which is, that at no time has the central body and the building trades been so thor-

oughly united and fired with such a spirit of progress as at present, and greater work will be forthcoming in the near future.

Likely the dear Brothers have heard often that time-honored saying about the "poor rule that don't work both ways" and it appears we electrical workers are blessed with a few in this list, for example, agreements are entered into whereby the contractor in times of 100 per cent employment is generally allowed, when unable to obtain additional men from the organization, to hire men on the outside and the local gives them permits. Now, however, in slack times (nine-tenths of the year) when members are out, they are prevented from working elsewhere by the clause that allows men to work only for the party of the first part. Isn't it about time the rank and file woke up, and ceased serving up their rights on the altar of the employer's greed in order to keep him pacified? Believe it or not, the Revolution was fought for less ("if this be treason let them make the most of it").

Boost the 40 hour week, double time for overtime, the label, a living wage (not confiscation), unemployment insurance, the convention, clean politics within and without, the WORKER and all other good things dear to the union man's heart.

S. G. HATTON.

#### L. U. NO. 36, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

Editor:

We had a good year in 1926 and if 1927 holds out as it started we will not complain. About all the boys are working at present, and it looks as if we will have them all working again soon, as the power companies are going to do quite a lot of work, and we could look for a few more dimes in our pay check if we only had some way of getting a few more of the die-hards in the organization and having some of the worthy Brothers attend meetings. We had a good attendance the first meeting of this year but it could be better. The new by-law committee will have to devise some way or means to get them all to attend. Come up, fellows, as we need you and miss your faces and your squawks; come up and let us hear what you have to say. Meeting nights first and third Thursdays, same time and place. We have the new officers installed for the year so you don't have to be afraid you will have to hold down a job in the local, and I am sure it will not interfere with your job for the company, for there are good union men working for all the power companies and they do not hide their cards or miss meetings and are not afraid they will lose their jobs.

Here is a list of the new officers for 1927: President, Ray Schladerman; vice president, Charles Brown; financial secretary, C. A. Barr; recording secretary, Joe Seymour; foreman, Kendall; inspectors, Hosdon, Ed Wright; trustee, Roy Leighton; treasurer, and press secretary, P. H. Greenhouse.

We have quite a few Brothers on the sick list at the present time, and a few of them did not have their dues paid up so they were not entitled to sick benefits. Remember, Brothers, have your dues paid by the 15th of the month, or no sick benefits. Also look out and do not get over three months in arrears and lose your insurance. Some of the boys have a habit of doing this and will do it once too often. Get your dues in by the 15th and be safe.

P. H. GREENHOUSE.

#### L. U. NO. 40, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Editor:

The members of Local No. 40 have worked under a miscellaneous assortment of agree-

ments but this is the first time any of us have worked under an agreement to agree. Such in substance, is the agreement reached by the five International Presidents of the Carpenters, Painters, I. A. T. S. E., Musicians and Electrical Workers; with the New York committee of Moving Picture Producers. The agreement provides for two secretaries located in Hollywood to handle local grievances. One secretary will represent and be appointed by the international unions. The other secretary will be appointed by the producers as their representative. Should these secretaries be unable to agree on a grievance they send it to New York for final action by the International Presidents and Producers.

The secretary representing the unions has been appointed. We are waiting for the Producers to appoint their secretary. In the meantime we are working under the same open shop conditions that have disgraced this industry for the past several years.

The open shop here, as elsewhere, is a menace to the lives of workmen forced to submit to it. To give an example, all lighting of sets is 220-110 volt, three-wire circuits. Due to the open shop method of hiring inexperienced men, connections are often made 220-volt instead of 110-volt—the proper voltage. This makes the plugging box 220 volts on one side. There are no fuses between the plugging box and the circuit breakers, which are set on an average to kick out at 2,000 amperes. The result of plugging a side arc in a 220-volt box is a bad burn and occasionally the loss of sight. Men are also being killed because of incompetent labor hired by the open shop system to build scaffolds and parallels that frequently collapse, killing and injuring men. Union conditions in the studios would prevent a large percentage of the accidents.

The open shop people are reported to have threatened a large studio with having a street run through the center of their property should they unionize their studio. However, as this particular studio has been one of the worst offenders in discriminating against union men that may be just an excuse to evade their promise to correct abuses on their lot.

If the studios break their agreement and refuse to correct open shop conditions, the strike and boycott scheduled for December have not been called off but only postponed.

J. E. S.

P. S. Through an error the name of Brother Maurice Walters was omitted from the list of executive board members of Local No. 40 as published in the January JOURNAL.

#### L. U. NO. 41, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Editor:

Just a few lines from a long-time unheard from local union. The reason for the delinquency of the previous press secretaries in writing to the WORKER was that they attended day school and were unable to write at night, but nevertheless I will now endeavor in the future to have a few lines in the JOURNAL each and every month.

The old saying goes that no news is good news. Local No. 41 has been holding its own, membership and financially, although at the present writing we have upwards of 30 journeymen on the streets, which has been the case for the past few months, and nothing promising in sight for an early break.

There are numerous large jobs contemplated in our city, such as a new union station due for the spring, a new city hall, new additions to several of the large hospitals,



a new state office building and several other large jobs, amounting to several million dollars. These jobs are in the making. Plans are being prepared and bids being advertised. But it is impossible for our members to survive on contemplated jobs, as it is necessary to be on the job and have the old dough ball coming in, which is the thing that keeps the members smiling and active in the labor movement.

We had our annual election of officers the last meeting of December and am pleased to say that the old officers were re-elected with but a few exceptions, and they being of the minor offices, which in my mind is a token of friendship and satisfaction to the members as to the manner the officers executed their duties in the past.

The local union held a memorial to our late Brother George C. King, on Tuesday evening, January 18, at the auditorium of the new Seneca Vocational School, and also presented to the school and to the family of Brother King a photograph of the late Brother King.

I am pleased to note that we had an extra

who work for utility corporations and do line work, etc.

Brother Fisher and the writer were in attendance at the installation of officers of Rochester Local Union No. 86.

I note that several of the local unions in the Pennsylvania districts are talking state association. Keep at it, Brothers, as it is a necessity. It is of great assistance to you in legislative channels and was encouraged by your last convention.

Talking conventions, our state building trades convention convenes on February 21 at Albany, N. Y. Brother Fisher was elected as delegate to this convention which convenes annually in February at Albany. The writer will also be present, representing the New York State Association of Electrical Workers, of which he is president.

Now comes our Detroit convention, which in my mind and also in the minds of every member of the Brotherhood will be a banner convention. Practically centrally located, which will enable all locals to send their full quota of delegates, for practically the same cost as one delegate to the conventions

## L. U. NO. 42, UTICA, N. Y.

Editor:

Just received a letter from Brother R. Brigham, a former member of Local No. 42, asking, if the reason that No. 42 had not been in the JOURNAL recently, was because the press secretary suffered from a broken arm, or some other ailment. I think that he wanted to see his name in print once again. Well, as he is now a member of No. 79, at the present time I take great pleasure in re-introducing him to the Brotherhood at large. To explain, the P. S. has had the pleasure of an infected finger on the right hand, making it impossible to write. Having filched the local typewriter from the R. S., am pounding this out on one good digit. While I am about it I might as well give Brig. a dig. I suppose he feels hippy because after he left for Syracuse several members of No. 42 followed him, thus depriving me of much good copy material. However, we want to congratulate No. 79 on the acquisition of these members, as they are all good and true union men.

## THIS GROUP HONORED THE MEMORY OF LATE BROTHER GEORGE C. KING, L. U. NO. 41, BUFFALO, N. Y.



Top Row, Left to Right—James H. Eggleston, Stanley White, Henry Fink, Secretary Local No. 41; Mr. Elmer S. Pierce, Principal of the School; John Holzer, President of Local No. 41; Edward E. Hansen, Frank E. Myrick, William P. Fisher, Business Representative of Local No. 41.

Bottom Row, Left to Right—Albert Adamski, International Representative Garment Workers'; Francis W. Wing, Director of Vocational Training; Henry D. O'Connell, Business Representative of Local No. 86, of Rochester, N. Y.; Edward F. Kloter, International Vice President, I. B. E. W.; Ernest Hartwell, Superintendent of Board of Education; Edward Bieritz, Business Representative of Local No. 28, of Baltimore, Md.; Wm. E. Mary, Chairman of Local No. 41, Executive Board; George M. Willax, Financial Secretary of Local No. 41.

large and enthused gathering at this memorial, and among them were several of the noted members of the Board of Education, which operates the school.

Among the distinguished guests present and who also addressed the gathering were Edward Bieritz, of Baltimore, who read the presentation address; Mr. Ernest Hartwell, superintendent of education, gave the acceptance address; Francis Wing, director of vocational training; International Vice President E. Kloter, Mr. Elmer S. Pierce, principal of the school; Henry D. O'Connell, of Rochester; Albert Adamski, of the Garment Workers; Joe McKimmie, of the Printing Trades, and others.

International Vice President Broach had intended to be present on this occasion, but on account of unforeseen duties was unable to be present, and Brother Bieritz was secured to substitute for International Vice President Broach.

Brothers Holzer, Fisher and the writer paid a visit to Local No. 106, of Jamestown, to explain the municipal license law which we have in operation in Buffalo. The writer also spoke on various workings of the New York State Association of Electrical Workers and explained a bill which we have prepared to be placed before the state legislature, which will be very beneficial to our members

which were so isolated from the interior, and so expensive to have had more than one delegate attend.

I believe at this convention something should be done in regard to making it possible for members to secure insurance at the cheap group insurance rates, as an individual, if impossible to secure the members of the locals in groups; also the enforcement of the five-day week program which is so much talked of and advocated by the A. F. of L.

I am pleased to inform the many friends of Brother Arthur Bennett, International Representative, that he is convalescing in the St. Johns Hospital, at Pittsburgh, having had an operation performed on January 17. We, of Local No. 41, of which Brother Bennett is a member, hope for his speedy recovery, as it is nearly time for him to come to Buffalo to negotiate for a new agreement. Brother Bennett has been successful on other occasions of this kind.

G. M. WILLAX.

The early Greeks used poisoned arrows in fighting.

It takes about half a million roses to yield a pound of Bulgarian oil of rose.

As usual, it is hard to get any news about work in this vicinity, as work is pretty slack. The trolley men are taking down the old high tension line from the turbine plant to Oriskany sub-station. Just the regular gang, no extra men having been put on. Understand the Adirondack Co. is putting in the transformers at the Ingham's Mill's plant, so suppose that job is nearing completion. We have not any men on that job as yet. The Light Co. is still on the fence, laying off men. To date they have put back a few who were laid off earlier. Don't know much about building conditions. Evidently the press secretary of our inside Local No. 181 has writer's cramp as we never hear from them in the JOURNAL. Also Local No. 842 has yet to appear in print.

Well, boys, Brother A. F. Walsh (traveler) is in again. Just deposited his card. Came from No. 79. For Brig's information, will say that the Duke and the Mayor are going strong, hitting the sticks over on the flats, with C. Geer as chief grunt. And boy, he sure does love to lug out those high tension cross arms. Says he can't see what good the team is, all they do is stand still, and watch him do the bull work. Clair says there is one thing about the job that is not right. There are not enough bosses.



That if there were one more, there would be one to each man.

The Line Car gang is working the H. T. job from the other end, starting from Oriskany sub. Brower (Hardhead), Allman (Redhead) and Burke (Shamus) are doing the stick work. S. Weston, chief and only grunt. This one grunt stuff is sure great. Both say there is no chance to get cold on the job, and I guess they don't either, from what I hear. Well, stick to it, boys, it's a long hard winter, but the sun will shine on both sides of the fence before the snowbirds come again.

Just received word that Brother Leo LaBelle is in South America working for the Phoenix Utilities Co. Brother L. L. Black's card is in No. 362. Stay south, boys, until summer comes again up here. Had a letter from Brother Jimmy Dunn this week, saying that he is wandering around the southland, but has not located as yet.

With a word of advice to traveling Brothers headed this way to keep going because of slack times.

E. W. TERRELL.

#### L. U. NO. 46, SEATTLE, WASH.

Editor:

Well, Brothers, no doubt you are somewhat surprised to hear from Local No. 46, Seattle.

I don't attempt to make any excuses for the local, as I know of plenty of members of Local 46 who were supposed to represent 46 in the capacity of press secretary but who evidently became afflicted with writer's cramps or "what have you"; so from now on, look out for Local No. 46 and W. C. L. I'm going to do my darndest.

We held our annual election of officers the last meeting night in December, 1926 (Tuesday evening), at which Brother Harry Hilpert was returned president unopposed. Brother Buckman was elected vice president, and Brother Woolley is again our business representative, having handled the business of the local union in a very satisfactory manner in 1926. I must also mention that our executive board handled the business entrusted to them to the best interest of the membership. Two members were added to the executive board and the writer feels sure the board for 1927 will be a humdinger.

That much for my own local. I sure am sorry to see that we won't have any more from Andy of Local No. 76, Tacoma (she being a sister local—we are only about 40 miles apart). Andy sure has given Local No. 76 a square deal. More power to Andy!

Also enjoyed the letter from Local No. 1037, Winnipeg, Canada.

The letter from The Copyist of Local No. 212, Cincinnati, Ohio, was a dandy. His description of a poor, broken, human wreck was such as to make one shudder at the thoughts of what might be in store for those of us who are not fortunate enough to have gathered together such worldly goods and chattels sufficient to keep body and soul together in old age. Also his recipe for home brew was a kick—no doubt same would knock you for a goal.

Well, Brothers, this is my first offense this year, due to our election taking place the last of the year; however, having slipped into the job of press secretary via the landslide route, by an enormous plurality, etc., I will take this opportunity to wish all the Brothers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

To the International Officers and those who so nobly assist I also wish well. Especially do I wish to greet Brother G. M. Bugnizet, and say to him: Keep up the good work. Let's make 1927 a banner year for the electrical workers.

W. C. LINDELL.

#### L. U. NO. 53, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor:

Not much news to write about, but will try to have a few words each month in order to hold my lofty position as press secretary.

Some worthy Brother ought to buy a cow so she can have a calf or something to cause a little excitement here. Our meetings are not crowded, but there is some talk of asking for a little increase in pay this spring, so that ought to get the members out to meetings. There is a bill in the legislature now to raise our commissioner \$500 per year, so he should be a little lenient and hike us up to one dollar per as we are only getting 90 cents now.

Brother Harry Powers was installed as sheriff January 12, and the Brothers and fellow workmen presented him with a nice 38 caliber Colts revolver as a token of brotherly love and friendship.

The financial secretary has instructed me to inform the other locals to quit sending raffle tickets for a while as we are over-run with them and our finances are getting low. We like to give to a worthy cause but it is being overdone. We have several Brothers out of work and two disabled Brothers, that we are keeping per capita paid for, and it keeps us hustling to make ends meet.

I am not going to write up any of the Brothers this month, but will be back at them next, starting with the oldest Brothers and go on down the line. I like Brother Holley's line, from Local Union No. 51, also Bachie, from Local Union Nos 210 and 211, so will try to imitate them to some extent.

JOS. CLOUGHLEY.

#### L. U. NO. 58, DETROIT, MICH.

Editor:

Henry Ford started the five day week. Surely Brothers you don't live in the city of smoke and hills. So he has the workers interest at heart. Let's see, in the past month to my knowledge two of Ford's employees have passed to the great beyond. One killed at the hands of a thug who was holding up a store, as he entered. He had seven children; worked for Ford eight hours a day and ran a shoe repair shop the greater part of the other sixteen, and left his family penniless. Another, after a short illness, had to be buried by his neighbors. All you need is to spend a few days among the Ford employees and you would be cured. The Ford employees' work in Detroit for some time has been three days a week, and that means \$18 a week. And not one-tenth of them have been working five days and don't forget that they must produce a six-day output in the five to get that six days pay, and it makes no difference whether they work three or five days, they all have to work at something else during their off time, Sunday included, to keep the wolf from the door. They have been laying them off (he never discharges a man) right and left that couldn't make those machines produce one-fifth more per day and a great many of them old employees in point of service, and he is filling their places with those dear boys of sixteen that he wants to take away from the criminal temptations of the streets. Brothers, you know not whereof you speak or you would not criticize our Editor.

Work here at the present time is at a standstill. There are about 200 members knocking at the door of our business agent every day looking for a job and still the traveling Brothers keep coming in from all quarters, and some from nice warm states, and the snow is twelve inches deep and the

thermometer two below here. Brothers, you will just have to quit listening in on those flowery talks that the chamber of commerce puts out on the air, for that's what a lot of it is, for there are at the present time about three men for every job, and the press claims that the population is increasing at the rate of 15,000 per month, and about one-tenth of the jobs are held by cheap labor from Canada and there is always a long waiting list of them wishing for some poor sucker to die so that they might get his job a few cents cheaper per hour.

Our apprentice committee made a very favorable report last week. We now have three professors in our local who will teach electrical work at Cass High, and all apprentices and helpers have to attend class now. So it won't be long until we will have a local of electrical engineers instead of wiremen. So hurry up boys, the country needs you. Don't forget to send your delegates to the 1927 convention of the I. B. E. W. that will be held in the greatest city of the U. S. and I assure you that you will never regret being represented at it, for it will be the greatest convention ever held in the history of the Brotherhood. For there is plenty of thunder and the storm will sure break, and then you can all sing I was there and, oh how dry I am, why they even pour it in the sewers here to keep them from freezing. So save your coin and get your delegates here.

P. A. B.

#### L. U. NO. 59, DALLAS, TEXAS

Editor:

And three years ago Local No. 59 had a letter in the WORKER. If any one can find a later one I would like to frame it. Any way, Dallas is in the heart of Texas. Conditions in general are not so good. However, we look for a fairly good year.

A bunch of our boys spent a very pleasant evening in Ft. Worth with Local No. 116 and enjoyed being with our neighbors very much. During the holidays we had our old friend and member, Organizer Dan Goble, with us. He made us a very interesting talk, which we enjoyed very much.

Texas locals are trying to get a state electrical inspection department. Our newly elected governor, an old member lineman, is very much in favor of it. We believe he will make us a very good governor and Texas no doubt will start keeping criminals in the pen not be pardoning them the first week in the pen.

Our city ordinance provides all men engaged in the electrical business must stand a city examination regardless of age.

Our newly elected officers are: G. C. Mathis, president; Paul Massey, vice president; G. C. Webb, recording secretary; T. M. Kersey, treasurer; R. Fischl, financial secretary and business agent; executive board, Jack Kelesey, T. M. Kersey, C. O. Vermillion, Frank Sullivan, Robert Roy.

Quite a few of our old members are over the state at this time as our city has been very dull and I am in hopes of having some good news in the next WORKER.

R. FISCHL.

#### L. U. NO. 73, SPOKANE, WASH.

Editor:

Well, folks, I'm going to try to let you know that Local Union No. 73 is still in existence. This being my first time as press secretary, I'm a little bit green at the job.

At our recent election there were a number of changes made in the officers. Brother Lewis Thornton, a member of Local Union No. 73 for many years, and who has held



nearly every other office, was elected president. We surely appreciated the work of Roy Johnson, our former president, for building up the local after the strike six years ago. Local Union No. 73 is at its best now since that time.

We do not have closed shop conditions here, but most of the boys in the large shops are all card men.

I wish the Brothers of other locals would suggest some way to get the boys to attend meetings. They are all good card men but for some reason we do not have a very husky attendance. They do not realize that our meetings are of importance to them and that we need their help to rebuild this organization as strong as it was before our trouble six years ago.

We are getting ready to draw up a new set of by-laws and working rules and would like some suggestions. We would greatly appreciate receiving copies of by-laws from surrounding locals. A new set of by-laws and working rules are badly needed by this local union.

Most of the boys are busy and have been busy up until now, but there is nothing of much importance starting up now except one building and it will be some time before it will be ready for the electrical work. I would not suggest any Brother coming here for work before next spring.

Please attend meetings and help yourself as well as help our organization to become bigger, better and more efficient.

THOS. E. UNDERWOOD.

#### L. U. NO. 76, TACOMA, WASH.

Editor:

Cannot resist the temptation to say a few words once more to the dear Brothers on some of the things I have observed on my travels. Now take this question of clubs within our local unions. I feel that our union is something which we all join for a definite purpose and not to further the interest of this or that set of individuals or cliques. It's only logical that the formation of one club will be followed by another and eventually the thing will wreck the original purpose and finally the whole body of the organization will suffer.

Religion is something that should be left outside the door. As a matter of fact what does the average man know of religion? The eternal why of things. It's all very deep, far too deep for the average person to set himself up and say he is right and you are wrong. Very learned and clever men have said all present-day religions are wrong. Who are we to quarrel with one another why a Catholic, a Jew, a Protestant or a Hottentot, should be or not be an officer in our local? We are concerned in securing good wages, good working conditions, more leisure time for study and improvement of our health and minds. Better conditions for the great mass of the people rather than the privileged few. Is not this job enough and religion enough to suit anybody without all these clubs we hear about started in the main by religious factions? I believe this thing will have to be dealt with sooner or later so my idea is, put the brakes on; we're beginning to skid.

Then we have the question of meetings of our local unions. How many dear Brothers go to a meeting and stick around until 11 or 12 p. m. and go home disgusted? You would think some fellows go up to look for a fight, long speeches and nothing said that couldn't be covered in a few words, slams right and left and all miles away from the point. I learned a great lesson from a bunch of radicals one time, men from the woods, waterfront, etc., up in Canada. Their meetings usually lasted 2½ hours and cov-

ered as much ground as we do in 20 locals, yet they did their business and were all out at 10:30 each week. Strictly business and no bull was their motto. I think their chairman was about the best I ever saw. We should start a course for chairmen; it really is needed; no slams intended either.

I often thought we should have two social meetings and two business meetings per month. To one the boys could bring their lady friends and talk all the job they wanted, all about their car, their garden, their baby, and their whole affairs; have a dance or a feed once in a while; a lecture or a movie. It would be lots of fun once it got going—getting up stunts for the social meetings. Then at the other two meetings, strictly the business of conducting a live union and nothing else. No raving, no whimpering and funny business, but like sensible men, conducting that which is vital to each member—their union affairs. Let's not forget the education we all should have, by reading, by studying, and seeing life as it is before us and around us; nor the organization we are building; nor the convention this year; nor the five-day week; also the fact that Local No. 76 sends best regards to the gang.

ANDY.

#### L. U. NO. 102, PATERSON, N. J.

Editor:

The annual ball of Local No. 102 will be held February 18, 1927, and every indication points to a very enjoyable social hop.

The committee is as follows: Al Bennett, chairman; Alec Gow, Harvey Gilmore, John Redmond and Arthur Robinson.

Have you received your insurance policy? This is important. Don't neglect it. Perhaps your name is listed here among the missing. See the financial secretary as soon as possible.

Alec Gow is our new vice president, duly elected and installed after a very quiet and orderly election. The vote being tied between smiling Billy Anderson and Alec, it was taken again and first honors went to Gow. Good luck, Alec, may your services reflect credit upon the organization.

If I could broadcast to Panama, I'd say the boys are all wondering when you're going to write, Roy. Hustle up with a letter.

JIM TRUUMAN.

#### L. U. NO. 113, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Editor:

It is very necessary that we take this opportunity to present before the local unions of the 7th District, a very vital issue that seems to arise without any just cause for its serious consideration, other than to endeavor to present to the Brothers the facts, and clear up some illusions that are prevalent at this time.

Local Union No. 18 has sent a letter to all local unions in the 7th District to choose a candidate before the next convention at Detroit, to move the I. E. Board member to Pacific Coast. Each local union to vote on a proposed candidate or some other, the choice after tabulation to be presented as the unanimous choice of the 7th District. Local Union No. 18 states the coast having 90 per cent membership is entitled to this office, which we find segregates the inter mountain locals to the wastebasket, as far as representation is concerned; organizers and all being so surrounded with I. V. P., I. E. B., and every official function of this district housed on the west coast. We strongly protest this action.

This country of ours many years ago fought the mother country, England, a fight along these very lines, namely "Taxation

without representation," and we honor our forefathers and hold them in gracious memory because of it. And we today enjoy the direct fruits of that momentous struggle. We are face to face with the same identical situation, and we call it Brotherhood. We fail to see any such claim for it. We can't concede 90 per cent membership on the west coast, and should the lesser suffer for this, and isolation become their heritage, simply because the 90 per cent so-called have the greater number of local unions to dominate the situation? The mother country thought so, but justice prevails and there must be justice if our Brotherhood has a spark of fellowship in it at all.

Do you Brothers of the 7th District realize that the inter-mountain locals are one-half the distance across the nation from the seat of government of the 7th District? Take a United States map and Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, Montana north, are practically one-half the distance east and west, between the two seaboard, possibly a few miles either way.

Do the members of the 7th District realize to have the I. V. P. or I. E. B. member visit this district, what the cost to the Brotherhood would amount to—in time, finance, etc., and are we not entitled to representation, or just cough up the dough, and let others have the grapes? Of course the coast does grow the grapes and prunes. We buy them and have our iron each day, and I will confess, have put into our veins good red union blood. We are devoid of any mental vision wherein any portion of any district is entitled to all the representatives and the other portion is not in the least, even an organizer. If this is economy to the Brotherhood to have an officer to travel one-half the distance across the nation to assist a portion of that district, I say it is gross extravagance of the funds of our organization, and I think for the good of the order leave the officers as they are, and with the I. V. P. on the coast the I. E. B. member in the inter-mountain district is a satisfactory arrangement.

We have had the I. V. P. in our district only for one visit since Heck was a pup, or as long as your humble servant can remember, and if there is no need for the least of the servants needing advice, why do the bulk of the Brothers need all the counsel, and thus save for the favored western sons the supreme representatives of the district?

Men—if you are men—if you have any of the red blood of fairness, of unionism, of economy, of justice in your veins, you will think and say with the Master, who said, "Let him that is greatest among you, become the servant." Have you forgotten that it is not might (numbers) that makes right, or is right. Might, applied upon the principles of universal Brotherhood. Do you fail to see it in an obligated form? This is no laugh, this is not fun, though the state may be fixed and plan approved. If you contemplate waste in expenditures because of our isolation in expensive long trips of our officers, then for good and sufficient reasons don't howl at the empty treasury of the Brotherhood as we did at Montreal, 1923, because of organization expenses. But if you are loyal to the official life of our Brotherhood, help them to reduce costs, and forego your ambitions for officers. Don't impose upon us what you seemingly don't want yourselves, non-representation.

Why change? Where's the advantage? Have you not enough trouble shooters? Complain to the I. P. for more help if your difficulties are increasing. If your cause is successful, and your wishes carry over the



plea of justice, we must have representation in the inter-mountain country, and why not yourselves ask. All we could expect is an organizer, itinerant as they always are, while the I. E. B. member is stationary with us and he shoots trouble also. What is the motive for the change? Is 90 per cent of the membership sufficient criterion for it, with all the other officers combined? I say no.

Brothers, those of you who see justice and fairness, whose blood is as ever union red, are ever more ready to assist than command, and are doing fairly in the cause for harmony, economy, and right, heed the call to the circular letter received from the Inter-Local Conference Board for no change, and have in mind the all pay, and no say, is an autocratic principle, which the country did not tolerate, neither should we as Brothers in a fraternal spirit permit.

W. A. LOBBEY.

#### L. U. NO. 124, KANSAS CITY, MO.

Editor:

This being the initial epistle from this local we will interest you with a short historical description of the local, followed by that of the district which we serve.

Local Union No. 124, I. B. E. W., located in Kansas City, Mo., was granted a charter September 5, 1905, and is now near the quarter century mark. This union was born with a sympathetic soul. Her ear is turned to hear the whispering wails of oppression. Her tongue has always denounced the wrong and upheld the right. Her hands have always been lifting men to higher and better life by shortening their hours of toil, increasing their pay and improving their environments in general. If she has erred it has been on the side of mercy and humanity. For such an organization she has always marched forward, demanding only the God-given and constitutional right of American workmen, seeking to arouse them to a sense of their rights as citizens of a great republic, and through organization establish her liberty. We pride ourselves on a membership of nearly 300 and an apprenticeship system, whereby our apprentices are obliged to attend electrical studies in the leading trade school of this city. Of this educational system we will write further, as it must be of interest to many locals that are educationally interested.

The new educational board of this local, elected at our past election, is composed of five of the most able Brothers of this local for that work.

We have just been through, what would be termed in the wireman's vernacular, "a d— close election." Mickey O'Neil expressed it as a horse race election. Mont Silvey, of the hickey fame, won over J. D. Kelley by a single vote, even after counting the ballots three times over, and the same close results existed with the winning members of the executive board and all other officers. But, however, we feel assured that we have a set of officers that are pure, honest to God, union men, and as progressive a type of men as exists in the Middle West, who will give justice to all and partiality to none, irrespective of their race or creed. We are expecting wonderful results as none but men of this type can do otherwise.

The district that this local serves directly includes two cities—Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kans.—and besides a smaller incorporation—Independence, Mo. With these and their suburban territories the population is equal to that of San Francisco, Calif. (750,000).

Now, to end at this writing, let us circumspect a while. An organization, organized for 22 years, playing to this size popula-

tion, should have a membership of how many? And also, what proportion of non-union workers should there be?

EMIL W. FINGER.

#### L. U. NO. 139, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Editor:

It will soon be April Fool's Day. All Brothers whose agreements end on March 31 with our employers, know what I mean.

On January 10 local 139 held our semi-annual indoor outing. All who attended will agree with me that it was a good meeting. Also installation of officers and refreshments. Our B. T. C. business agent was there with (well I might say credentials) which was enjoyed by all who got there in time.

Our president appointed a committee to negotiate with our employers in order to get an agreement signed before April 1. Don't know how it will work out because I think the contractor means to let us walk a couple of weeks, just on general principles. On the other hand, our star penman, "Blondie" Jensen, is a darn good hand at this agreement business, so I have been told, and we look for wonderful results.

Last Friday evening I was up to the B. T. C. keeping my ears open and my mouth shut, for once. It was an interesting meeting and I enjoyed it very much. It seems that internationally the masons and carpenters are not affiliated in the national building trades. We have two cases in this city where the rules of these two organizations conflict with our building trades rules. Most of the delegates present thought that it should be settled and that it should be handled locally. Will write as soon as I hear how it comes out.

Best wishes for success Local 103, I am waiting for January JOURNAL to hear of your struggle.

J. E. PRICE.

#### L. U. NO. 143, HARRISBURG, PA.

Editor:

The annual election of officers was held in Local No. 143, December 27, and resulted as follows: President, Robert Emanuel; vice president, Robert Redmond; financial secretary, C. G. Moore; recording secretary, J. Hocker; business agent, R. W. Emanuel; treasurer, J. Hocker; foreman, Hollenbaugh; inspector, C. C. Kaufhold. It was voted at this time to hold the annual banquet January 24 and on the latter date, after a short business meeting, the local adjourned to the Tokio Garden and a fine meal was enjoyed, with President "Bob" presiding.

A committee has been appointed to communicate with the other Pennsylvania locals relative to forming a state association and no doubt by the time this is published all locals in the state will have received a letter to that effect.

Brother Barber, of Wilkes-Barre, has been boosting the idea for some time through the WORKER, but it seems as if he has been unable to get any action other than a few locals endorsing the idea and then sitting back waiting for something to turn up or the thing to die; therefore we believe further action is necessary and we are going to try to start something.

CLARK.

#### L. U. NO. 184, GALESBURG, ILL.

Editor:

Local Union 184 has had its annual election of officers for the year 1927 which resulted as follows: President, W. A. Wood; vice president, Ray Richardson; recording secretary, James Sperry; financial secretary, A. W. Maze, treasurer, Hugh Marry; first inspector, Fred Swigert, second inspector, C. Hawkins; foreman, William Holmes; business representative, A. W. Maze; trustee, R. Richardson; press secretary, A. W. Maze.

At our first meeting in January the above officers were installed. After same being over, a smoker and lunch were enjoyed by all those present.

Work around here is a little slow at present due to so much backward weather, but prospects look very good as soon as the weather breaks in the spring.

Well, I see the senate of these United States refused to seat Frank L. Smith from Illinois, and give him the oath of office. The voters of Illinois, I suppose, do not know as much as some of our southern democratic senators, who come from some of the cheapest labor paying states in the union. Everybody with an ounce of sense after seeing the lineup knew that it was politics, and not justice, that was dealing the cards. If Illinois had half or better of their population disfranchised and in ignorance as to what the so-called "solid south" is, we would not have any slush funds; but politics in the north has to deal in dollars, while the south, which is practically all democratic, deals in cents and small children to feed their cheap-paying cotton mills.

Why not confine some of our southern senators' activity to investigating along this line? And then get up in the senate and tell everyone how rotten conditions are in their home state. Regardless of the outcome of the Frank L. Smith case, the fact still remains that he was the best chairman the Illinois commerce commission ever had in his dealings with organized labor, and we can expect and receive a square deal from him if he takes his seat in the senate.

Local Union 1037, you have a splendid idea, but, Brother, it would take the entire space of the JOURNAL for some of the boys to tell their story—for there are plenty of ups and downs to write about if one could but remember them all. However, it would make very interesting reading, so someone should start shooting. That's all for this time.

A. W. MAZE.

#### L. U. NO. 192, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Editor:

A bit of news from little Rhody. It is small but all there. I am breaking into the scribe's game and anticipate a bit of leniency from the press secretaries that have had columns appearing every month in our JOURNAL. Their work is to be commended and your success, Editor, is not to be overlooked. Your efforts have given us a JOURNAL to be justly proud of and believe me you have a fervent supporter in that respect in yours truly. It seems Local No. 192 breaks into the JOURNAL once a year and then just sits back and forgets it is in the I. B. E. W. We have had scribes self appointed and also appointed by the chair but none seem to get started in their task. I say task because I think so now that I have started.

Local No. 192 had its usual blowout after the installation of officers January 3. After the boys had put plenty of turkey and beverages under their belts the floor was cleared to give room for the entertainers.



#### DIAMOND-SHAPED BUTTONS

To wear in your coat lapel, carry the emblem and insignia of the I. B. E. W. Gold faced and handsomely enameled \$2



First off the committee gave us a very nice dancing and singing act which was followed by a genuine hula-hula dancer who was well received and very much applauded. Next came the boxing bouts put on through the efforts of Brother Leo Hunt which were very well liked. Incidentally I will mention that Brother Hunt, lightweight champion of 192, invited Past President Clifford Smith to don the gloves with him but the latter said he had to go home early, his wife told him she would wait up for him, because he has attended banquets of Local No. 192 in the past. We were very much disappointed in not being able to have Vice President John Smith and Organizer Chick Keaveney with us. You know Chick. The one and only organizer in the East.

The able business agents, Walter Kenick and Sam Donnelly of Springfield and Worcester respectively were conspicuous by their absence. What was the matter with No. 103 officers and executive board? Is Pawtucket too small or too far from the Bean City? Say John Regan, I thought sure I would shake with you January 3 and my expectations went up in smoke. Do you remember our first meeting in New Bedford at the convention? I thought I would see you in Holyoke but you didn't show up. Well I hope we may have another opportunity to have you favor us with your presence in the near future. We had with us also a welcome representation from our sister local, No. 99 of Providence. The municipal inspector, Harry Burnham, and the lighting company representatives, William O'Neil and Tim Hayes, favored us with their presence. President Renshaw was in a quandary not knowing whether he was attending the banquet of the Massachusetts State Association of Electrical Workers, which was tendered the delegates at Holyoke, Mass., or the banquet of Local No. 192. No offense, Brother, but you sure did enjoy yourself and pleased us with your songs and stories. The following officers were installed by Past President Orin O. Painter: Brothers Squire Renshaw, president; Andrew Thompson, vice president; yours truly recording secretary; James Trainor, financial secretary; Frank McCam, treasurer; Ed Couture, foreman; Walter Barker, first inspector; John Brennan, second inspector. I believe this will take enough space in your columns for a start.

Now you old timers come in, I am open for criticisms and will cheerfully stand for all corrections in my first attempt as a press secretary.

R. P. MARTEL,  
Recording Secretary, No. 192.

#### L. U. NO. 193, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Editor:

Yes, we still are here; those who are readers of the JOURNAL may be surprised to learn that L. U. 193 still exists. Many moons have gone by since any notice or letter has appeared in the JOURNAL—our press secretary can probably explain why no letters appeared. He has, perhaps, the best kind of excuse for not writing. At any rate, some of our Brothers think we should have a letter in the JOURNAL while others are not concerned in the least. The same idea and interest is maintained throughout the whole make-up of this local. We have two meetings a month scheduled but do not hold meetings regularly as an unconcerned attitude keeps us from having the required number. One would think where most of the members work under a closed shop agreement, that they would be interested to the extent to attend meetings, where their working conditions may be discussed, but it appears in this city a closed shop agreement is a poor thing to have, if

attendance is desired, unless a clause is maintained in our agreement defining the union men or members of the L. U. as are required to attend meetings, keep in good standing and abiding with the agreement, if otherwise dismissal from service is agreed.

I can recall the time when, if you attended a local meeting and the company found out about it, meant a can for you. We had to arrange a meeting place in an out-of-way place or woods some Sunday. Under those conditions you could figure 100 per cent attendance. Now, today, a local meeting is a secondary consideration for most of the Brothers, as for some, why they are not concerned at all, don't know when nor where the local holds its meeting, or if any were held. I presume these figure the job is carried on under an agreement and as long as they pay dues once in a while their position is carried along also. These are some of the conditions we have, therefore I would suggest a clause in the agreement explaining what we mean when we agree to furnish men and what is expected of the men whom we are covering.

I will agree than many excuses for not attending to their own business can be found—movies, automobile and radio, listening in on other people's business. The next day after the night before you will hardly hear any one mention we had a good meeting, but the conversation will run through the whole day about a jazz band in New York, New Orleans or other points; some get in with China and they call that static.

Of course, we did not have all these things that the Brothers have to do now before attending the meeting in those days; perhaps that was a good reason for 100 percent attendance. Nor did we have a paper signed stating under what conditions we will work and that would carry us along without effort, only thing necessary now is that we have a few who do the writing and pay the bills and everything goes along quite well without attending meetings. Or, perhaps, it is necessary once in a while, a month or two after the things have passed, to find fault with some action the faithful Brothers have done. Outside of that, "Let her go as she will" is the motto.

Work around here has been holding up quite well. Mother Bell has been the cause of much work. They are doing a lot of rebuilding or have done so. She is smart enough to build with the idea in mind to make, if possible, joint line construction; in that way get away with new pole lines, with about half cost, and at the same time can get along with less children, a good stunt for Mother. This has also made work for the Brothers, it has also made work for the power company, where they dare not call each other brothers, nor can any of our Brothers work on that job. A while back some five or six made application to the local for membership and were canned for doing such an unlawful thing. This company insures their men also, but the cost to the men means 25 to 30 cents per hour. Quite high, you may think, but that is the case. I hope that we may adjust some of this in the near future.

We are looking ahead for a lot of work this coming year. A new electric line from here to Peoria, about 80 or 90 miles, substations along the line, and power-house to be built, quite a lot of paving to be done and that means the moving of poles and wires and with the new business will keep a good size bunch busy. May I also attach a warning to make the best of it as it stands.

Fifty years ago women wore hoop skirts and flannels. They had not yet parked their corsets or become suffragettes. They did not paint, use lipsticks, eyebrow pencils or bob their hair. They did not shake the shimmy,

do the Charleston or smoke cigarettes. A woman had enough material in one dress to make a complete wardrobe for a modern flapper and have enough left over to make a large-sized rag rug.

Mr. Volstead had not yet been heard of and everybody had a little brown jug in the buttry. The \$30,000,000 now needed to keep the bootleggers driving fast cars would have bought all the booze in the country and paid the national debt. The only farm relief needed was for the roads to settle so the produce could be toted to the store. Eggs were worth 5 cents per dozen (in trade), butter 10 cents per pound, while chickens sold for a shilling apiece.

No one had appendicitis, invested in monkey glands or had their tonsils removed. Cabarets as well as the hat check grafter were unknown and the amount now needed to tip the waiter would have bought a full meal. Everybody walked to work and were in no danger of being ushered into the next world by being hit by a flivver. Folks lived to a good old age and were happy.

Today there are lots of diseases we never heard of before. Everybody rides in automobiles or flies, shoots crap, plays poker, golf, goes to the movies nightly, and absorbs corn juice. No one goes to bed the same day they get up and about once a week one is arrested for speeding or possession. Yet they think they are having a helova time. If you think life worth living we wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

F. C. HUSE.

#### L. U. NOS. 210 AND 211, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Editor:

We returned home, both fatter and sassier, after living the life of Riley for twelve days. Migosh it was soft to lie in bed with no alarm clock to disturb the slumber and dreams.

Most of the time was spent in doing Newark and New York City. We saw everything and had everything except breakfast in bed, but must admit that breakfast and luncheon were combined on several occasions.

With the exceptions of the new Paramount building, and the new Garden, the big burg did not look any different to us than it did four years ago. To me it is a city of theatres, flocks of taxis, escalators and gangs of foreigners, with the latter predominating.

The first order of business was a shopping tour through Gimbel's, Maceys, Wanamakers and etc.

The ladies inveigled me into accompanying them, but when they led me right up to the counter where there was nothing but step-ins or step-outs or wotchou macallems on display, my natural modesty asserted itself and I beat a hasty retreat for the post card dept. at McCrory's.

Yeah, I sent out quite a few cards, otherwise nobody would have known that we had ceased to be one town tramps and were outta our own parish. You know how it is with us small towners.

Several hours later the ladies came out for air and we strolled up through the roaring forties, the frivolous fifties and the sexy sixties, finally arriving at a cozy little tea room. Upon entering, however, my appetite was spoiled by learning that split pea soup was still the contender for the soup championship of the city. I wonder if the natives ever gurgled any other kind, huh? They certainly are gluttons for punishment. Now over in Newark they have a larger variety from which to choose, among them being eight kinds of clam chowder, three samples of cream tomato, and several species of the bean. Not so bad. But in N. Y. the first thing the hasher sings out is "pea soup, roas biff and mashed butatoes."



New Year's Day and the following Sunday were spent in touring north Jersey ala Buick, and we learned, or should say refreshed our geography quite a bit. Also ran into a wonderful little restaurant in Orange where we had chicken ala king smothered in mushrooms until it ran out of me eyes and ears. It reminded me of The Copyist and his chicken dinner, only I betcha I ate more'n he did.

Had the pleasure of visiting L. U. 52 and was impressed with the business-like manner in which the meeting was conducted. I noted that the "chair" was one of the few throughout the country who has memorized the entire ritual. Also had the pleasure of meeting the two B. A.'s, and quite a few of the members. But there was one guy there who musta thought I was a two-gunman or a second story worker, that is judging from the way he kept sizing me up. Didn't learn his name, but he was the only one in the hall who supported a little brown moustache and I believe that he is or was chairman of the by-law committee, as I noted he reported the old favorite, "Progress." Verily, that one little word covers a multitude of sins, omissions, etc., or what have you?

But with all the good times and eats, we were right glad to see the old boardwalk again, and quite ready to take up the grind for another year.

One of the saddest duties that has befallen me is to report the death of George T. Turner, better known to his thousands of friends as "Bunk." He was a member of 211 for years, and had served on the E. B. for the past seven. A thoroughbred union man, and like his Uncle Charlie of 210, possessed a kind and sunny disposition that made many lasting friendships. Also a comedian of no mean calibre. His passing has created a vacancy within the hearts of his friends, that can never be filled.

Beeziness is still rotten and quite a few of the squeaks are on an enforced vacation. We are having a little more than our share of bum weather this year and that has had something to do with the lateness in starting the new operations.

All the hikers are doing their ups and downs as per usual and the same old faces were returned to office for another year, so the scribe can't get any new copy from that outfit. Gee, I wish someone would bust into a benk or pull off a murder. Anything a'tall to change the mid-winter monotony.

Yours for longer, larger and more frequent vacations.

BACHIE.

#### L. U. NO. 225, NORWICH, CONN.

Editor:

This is out to let the world know that somewhere in the United States there is a city called Norwich, that lies in the south-eastern part of Connecticut, between two sanatoriums. This town is not the best, but it sure is a good one, anyway it has an I. B. E. W. Local 225 in it which is a mixed one, small in members but not in heart, old in age but young in spirit. Things have been good for us this summer, but slackened this winter. Plenty lay offs, and no work.

A clam bake was held last summer at Bushy Point by members of this local and a good time was had by all. One of the best pleased members was our ex-press agent, Brother Burner. After eating four plates of our good clam chowder, he became so tired that he resigned the press agent job. Brother Woodard, our worthy treasurer, in giving an exhibition of how to handle a canoe, fell overboard and spoiled his watch; and therefore advised us to have the next outing away from the water. Three cheers for our clam bake

committee, the Swede, the Jew and a Frenchman. We extend our hearty thanks to Brothers Greaby and McGory for the use of yacht and truck.

At the annual meeting held in December, we have reelected for president our worthy Brother Tom Shean. We extend our thanks to him for his faithful services in obtaining the wage scale and agreement with the contractors, we are getting good money but little of it (there is no work).

WARREN T. WILLEY.

#### L. U. NO. 236, STREATOR, ILL.

Editor:

This is my first offense, having just been elected to this exalted position at our last meeting, so please don't condemn my first attempt.

The Goddess of Labor has smiled on us this winter, but now she is slowly turning her head away. Things are starting to slow up a bit but the weather is so blooming bad that there isn't much building going on. Several nice jobs came our way though. One was the new building, erected by the Public Service Co. of Northern Illinois, which has just been completed; another is a large brick and pottery plant that is still under construction. Well, so much for labor, now a bit about old 236 in the brief.

We are small but, oh boy, we're mighty. The local is affiliated with the Trades and Labor Council and handles its affairs quite well. Our old set of officers were re-elected with very few exceptions. Hearken ye all to this, we are coming out for a raise along with the other crafts, so Brothers wish us luck. Our noses have been to the grindstone for a long time and need rebuilding, hence a raise to meet the doctors' bills.

I read the article by Brother A. F. Schlosser, of Local 488, about the union man and the kid. My compliments Brother Schlosser, your verse is a wow. I am the only kid in No. 236 at present so you can judge for yourself how it strikes me. Truer words were never spoken by wise man or sage.

This is all for a time but if it passes inspection I will be forced to try my luck again. I will sure feel proud if perchance I read this epistle in the WORKERS and OPERATORS JOURNAL.

THE KID OF 236,  
DON RINEHART.

#### L. U. NO. 245, TOLEDO, OHIO

Editor:

Greetings, electrical workers; that greeting is becoming of a semi-monthly nature here of late, but by extending that greeting, Local No. 245 of Toledo feels that this is the best method of reaching the majority of you electrical workers throughout the U. S. and Canada, and that is our object and the purpose of these writings; merely to let you all understand that old 245 is just like an old safety-pin, still hanging on. And the way our members are showing interest here, we feel at ease to predict that we are not only going to hang on but that we are going to gain in strength. Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling to feel that way? You know that the monthly contributions through these columns are our way of saying "How-do-you-do," and it is an impossibility to determine the exact number of electrical workers who receive our friendly greeting by reading this magazine. But if you don't get our greeting, then you don't read the JOURNAL, and if that is the case then you are not taking the interest that you should, for the ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL is a part of the I. B. E. W., created and maintained for the purpose of acquainting each member with the working conditions of his Brothers

in other cities. And for the information of those locals that are having difficulty in getting their members interested in the ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL each month I have this to offer as a suggestion: each local select a member that you think would take interest enough in the doings of his particular organization to correspond monthly or at greater intervals to the JOURNAL. By mentioning a few of the members now and then you will be surprised to find how many of them will start to inquire why they are not receiving the WORKER and when the next one is due. That is true here in Toledo, and I am sure that other locals which practice this are finding similar conditions.

Since I have been writing for 245, there is hardly a day passes that some of the members do not inquire about the JOURNAL and at times some of them hint very openly about when their name will appear among those present. That is a good fault, for I know that that man will read the next copy of the JOURNAL and once he picks it up he will invariably read it through, thereby arousing his interest and gaining one more friend and increasing the popularity of this already popular magazine. But the main thing is the fact that the JOURNAL is gaining one more friend, for aren't friends the greatest asset that any sheet could wish for?

The JOURNAL is now on a level basis with the best organization paper being printed today, but we can still go one better, we can make it the best. And taking into consideration the nature of the work performed by the readers of the ELECTRICAL WORKERS JOURNAL along with the magazine itself, I think that it could well be the current news, for current is a whole lot like safety-first, without either one we wouldn't have any electrical workers. And at this point let me add to this already long list of bunk: the results of one of my moments of spasms.

(Editor's Note:—Brother, that was too good for the correspondence, we put it in the laugh column.)

And now Mr. Editor that you are through censoring that last item, I will tell our electrical friends the results of our last meeting. Boys, it's a long, long story, but pull your chairs up so that you can stand close. You see old 1926 has passed into history and with its passing also went the terms of our last year's officers, so after we turned a new leaf on the calendar, we selected our new crew to man our ship of affairs for the next cruise through the rough waters of 1927. And as the journey is a long one, we shipped a crew of seafaring men, nine in number, and all professionals in their line. Captain Oliver Myers will continue to keep the log in his capacity as financial secretary. The first mate's position will be filled by one, H. W. Schomberg, as president (I predicted last month that his cigars would win that office for him). G. C. Sweet, alias Tex., alias Pa. Sweet, will help H. W. keep the ship in order as vice president. Records of the cruise will be kept by no other than Clyde Williams, our new recording secretary. The boatswain's job will be well handled by our old and reliable member, Jim Facker, foreman. The financial end of the cruise, success is assured with the reshipping of purser H. Rardin, treasurer. All scullery and galley fatigue will be done by the ship's well known first and second inspectors, W. P. Irving and Bert Freeman respectively, and last but not least the "skipper" who so successfully brought the ship so safely into port after its last long trip around the calendar and anchored it so masterfully in the harbor of success with admiration of all who watched the performance with in-



terest is again a member of the crew, namely Charles Neeb, our past president. But this trip his name appears on the articles as trustee. And now that I have given you the roster of the crew, allow me to say here what Charley Neeb won't listen to in person. As a master of our ship, you have proved that you are worthy both as a true and loyal member and as a friend of the cause. You brought your vessel to its wharf of 1927 in a manner in which your name will forever be listed on the log of memory and engraved on the capstan head of any future ship that would be necessary to send into dangerous waters. The appearance of your name upon the list of new members of the crew that has launched the ship 1927 is proof that upon the expiration of your term, your interest did not fade and die with it. And speaking for the members of 245, we wish to thank you for your wonderful co-operation and keen interest shown to them, in the past and the future. And that's that.

The king of our trouble men, Louis Shirtlinger, is still troubled with trouble. Trouble is his job. And the main trouble with Louis is that he should not be troubled with a trouble job as he has several other talents, among them is that of a show producer, a singer and an after dinner speaker, and topping the list is that of musician, as Louis plays several instruments. He lays this to the fact that while he was quite young his mother used to let him play for hours on the linoleum. And now ladies, he will speak for himself, and now Mr. Editor, unless I hear from you personally before next month I will know that you do not object to this stuff and it may tempt me to write again next month.

EDW. DUKESHIRE.

#### L. U. NO. 249, ORLANDO, FLA.

Editor:

It has been some time, I believe, since Local 249 has been represented in the JOURNAL. We read the other letters with interest but never get around to putting in one of our own. But from now on we'll do our best and try to have a regular letter.

The climate is fine in "The City Beautiful" but except for that we can't say anything. Work has been rather quiet here for a long time and with no prospects in sight for the future. A few of the boys are leaving every week and more are planning to leave as soon as the weather warms up in the north. So take warning if you plan to visit Orlando. We will be glad to welcome you but can't promise to put you to work, as about one-half of our members are loafing at present.

As to conditions here, we have had a fairly successful year. Half of the shops in Orlando are closed and our sister city, Winter Park, is completely closed. We believe the other shops will soon see the error of their ways and come in with us.

By the time this goes to press we will be started on school for the enlightenment of the journeymen and helpers. We are planning on giving courses on practical electrical subjects and on drawing and blueprint reading. All the men are back of it wholeheartedly and we are counting on getting a great deal out of it.

We are fortunate in placing a man on the city examining board. Before it was a one-man affair, and not quite up to our standards.

We will be glad to hear from any of the old members of Local 249 telling us how things have been going with them.

RONALD SELANDER.

The musician, Brahms, had the ability to sleep at will and almost anywhere.

#### L. U. NO. 262, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Editor:

Local 262, Plainfield, N. J., will make its maiden voyage with this letter to the WORKER. All the officers are duly elected and installed for the present term and we scribe relinquished a couple of jobs to other worthy Brothers but they don't seem to be satisfied unless they tie some sort of job onto me and this time it's press secretary. In making my initial bow as penpusher will do my "darnedest" to write something of interest to those who read these few lines.

Local 262 has a membership around the century mark and a good bunch of boys at that. Work is fair. Some members pounding the pavements but always hopeful that a million dollar job will pop up. I must say they are a healthy bunch. Only one Brother, John Paterson, on the sick list with water on the knee which, all in all, is better than bad hooch in the stomach. Brother Eddie Morconi's wrist is about well. This good-looking sheik busted his wrist while cranking his "Wild Detroit Lizard." One of those models with a 12-cylinder hood and three and a half under. But anyway Eddie said he did not mind his flipper being out of commission but it was hard to eat peas with his left hand, they kept rolling off his knife and he don't get mashed potatoes at every meal in his mess. Someone suggested that he use his spoon and the snappy answer came back, it wasn't done in nice company and besides he had to use it in his coffee.

The weather is very fresh at this writing, too darn fresh if you ask me. It's great weather for the ice-man and up goes the price next summer. The cakes will be so heavy they will have to put on extra help to handle them, and of course the consumer will have to keep on smiling. That puts me in mind that we have only one Brother who followed the robins to warmer climate this season. We have heard this "Electric Robin" is in Miami but can't say for sure, as he never has time to write, suppose he is very busy acting as judge on his own behalf to a bunch of bathing beauties or telling some of the horseshoe champions about the big fish he did not catch in Barnegat Bay last summer. But, like the robins, these wandering Brothers always come back when the crocus pushes his little yellow head above the ground.

Some of the boys were wondering what has become of Brother Cope who set sail for California with a new partner. I don't mean one of those "pards" with a pair of "Klines" on one hip, a knife or bottle on the other. The last report we had on this Brother there was a junior linerunner in his camp or was it the other way round? Probably this wandering Brother could tell us in a few lines to some of his old friends.

Some of the Brothers said a box of "cheroots" well packed and tied, sent by air mail, will be in excellent condition to go to the consumer when they arrive. Ireland wants to know how the catfish and eels are making out.

At the last regular meeting the motion was made and carried that Brother George Sumners, the only charter member left in the local, be exempt from all dues. Let us all hope this Brother will live long to enjoy this honor.

I very near forgot to state we have had a business agent in the field for some time. Brother Clarence Hook has the position and will have to give him credit for some of his good work, and has proven to be a good diplomat and a fighter to the last ditch when the occasion arises, which has been quite often of late.

Well, Brothers who read this will state it is more on the order of a letter between

friends. I can't write much on the serious side at present but no doubt can produce something on that order in later editions, providing the motor cops or bootleggers don't get me.

RAYMOND S. MORRELL.

#### L. U. NO. 271, WICHITA, KANS.

Editor:

We have installed our officers and I must say they are all regular fellows who will do their part in looking after the business of the local and I. B. E. W. in general. I haven't the line-up but it does not matter. If any of you boys wish to know stop and visit us on your way through.

Brother Daly, from Local No. 1, was with us for a few weeks, and I believe took away a good impression of Local No. 271 when he left our district.

Brother Adey, who has been sick for over six weeks, has left us to mourn over him, having gone to his Maker at 12:15 a. m., January 8. He made a good battle to stay with us. It was a sad bunch of boys that listened to that which they did not wish to hear, but some time in the future we will all have to travel the same road. Brother Adey was well liked, and well thought of. I wish the Brothers to understand that I dislike to write anything like this; in fact I do not know how to make a fitting expression. We all mourn for him and the feeling runs deeper than mere words and the thoughts are all there and vivid which can and will never be entirely erased.

Brother Bulger is somewhere in Montana, suffering with a broken limb, and as he has passed beyond the limit of our benefits we have not heard at this writing how he is getting along. Drop us a line, Brother.

We all had been worked up over the supposed death of Brother Bill Goldsberry but were more than glad to find the report was false and to shake hands with old Billy boy the morning of January 2. He certainly started the New Year right by coming alive. If we had had a \$100 quart handy we would have cheerfully combined to get him gloriously drunk.

Brother Thomas Laisure has left us to visit and be near a sick relative at Parsons. He took our best wishes along with him. He left before the election and was not here to hang on to this job. I for one wished he was, for his letters were good and had a kick in them. Besides, the boys were all in favor of him retaining this job, even myself, including the membership at large who knew him.

We have just passed through one successful year for Local No. 271. Our membership has grown considerably and is steadily growing. Let's keep it up, Brothers—the more the merrier—and make 1927 a banner year. We are all strong for our financial secretary and business agent for the work he has done, so we showed our appreciation by retaining his services by a unanimous vote.

I am pushed for time and as I believe I have written sufficient for now and cannot think of any more local items will close, but will have more for my next letter, besides our Editor says "Get it all in as short a letter as possible and get a kick in it." I know long letters get tiresome and lose their kick.

Before closing I will add that our present magazine is a real article and I for one am proud of it and keep them all. Also Brother J. N. Edmonston of 734 is a lad of my own thinking, and am glad to know that some one thinks as I do. Writing letters for the WORKER is an important and ticklish job. Some boys dislike to have their toes tramped on. Then there are the bosses to consider, especially in some punk



localities we are all considered bolsheviks and when the poor press secretary throws a bomb we don't know just who the pieces will hit until we hear a squawk from some poor article who thinks he has been struck. I can throw as wicked a pen as anyone, but I fear, though a first class American, I will not have the backing of my old friend Thomas Payne of 1776 fame.

I would like to write articles on co-operation, safety first bunk. The word functioning Brother Smith hits me too, the Bible and what have you. Also I would enjoy tramping all over so-called card men spies, and stool pigeons, and punk legislators, and why will we have to go to the next war and who will get away with the surplus 500 million. How come W. B. Wheeler is not hung for a murderer and why can't we smoke cigarettes if the women can and several other items what seem to buzz in my no-account head.

I fear that the boys will probably be disappointed, for this is a job that must be handled with kid gloves, slicked up with soap stone, besides what I would say, would not be believed any way, unless maybe if I had the reputation of Mr. Will Rodgers, or Arthur Brisbane, I could sit down and write as I wished, whether it were liked or not, but being classed with Upton Sinclair, Thomas Payne and Voltaire, and as I am considerably handicapped I must be careful. So until the next time, solong.

SLIM YORKE.

#### L. U. NO. 303, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Editor:

Looking down the list of press secretaries, who wrote last year, we find that only one wrote 12 times. Brother Bachie, get this, the one who wrote the 12 times was pessimistic Thomas W. Dealy. I'm just tapping myself on the back for this achievement because I have no suggestion or ever any interest taken in my monthly note by 303.

Well, I'm glad to say we had a lively time, this Christmas. I believe every one of 303 had. There's just a handful and news travels fast.

We ran into a funny one some few weeks ago, the Labor Temple Committee asked me, did we have any union men at the electrical shops hereabouts, as they wanted some work done at the Temple. Of course we did not have any union men at the shops, and they wanted a union job naturally. So it ended up by me being given the job, and Brothers Whyte and Lerch gave their time as well. The three of us, just think of it, who have to travel twenty miles there and the same back every day to our job, and then have to do union work in our spare time. The Board thanked us very kindly and said that in the future they would have some more work, seeing it costs them nothing. But it does seem too bad to be in this fix. I'm sure glad you had your trip, Brother Bachie, was quite interested in your progress and thought the holiday did you good.

There are quite a number of non-union electrical workers walking around and they tell of being let out across the border.

News is scarce, maybe next letter will be better or worse. But we are mighty glad to know that other parts of the organization are forging ahead and long may your success continue.

THOS. W. DEALY.

If fortune wishes to make a man estimable she gives him virtues; if she wishes to make him esteemed she gives him success.—Joubert.

The earth has 430 active volcanoes by recent count.

#### L. U. NO. 308, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Editor:

Well boys, No. 308 has just gone through that annual ordeal called election of officers. It was a real affair with a big turn out, and if any of the Brothers have had the impression that Local No. 308 was asleep they would have had their impression changed at the last election.

There were two factions or parties that worked together about as harmoniously as the Democrats and Republicans do in the Senate.

We had a nice little ballot printed with sixty-seven (67) candidates on it, union label and everything in regular election style. Just before we were ready to place the little deciding crosses on this ballot the speeches started and for an hour or more we began to think we would never be able to deposit said ballot. However, one of the Brothers graciously withdrew from the race, and another Brother said he did not want the job, and this left the third Brother practically alone in the race and sure of election. This ended the electioneering and we were able to cast our little ballot.

When the election board filed into the lodge room we found we had the following officers for 1927: Banks, president; Smith, vice president; Borstel, financial secretary and business agent; Stone, recording secretary; Worster, treasurer; Hepler, foreman; Reisen, inspector; Kuhl, second inspector; Reisen, trustee; McBride, press secretary; Hepler, McBride, Welch and Borstel on executive board; Zufall, Donahue and McBride on examining board.

The above officers were regularly installed January 3, 1927. A great many of the Brothers believe that the result of the election spelled harmony, but the writer believes that it spells work in his case, as he was elected as press secretary, a member of the examining board, a member of the executive board, and the executive board had nerve enough to make him secretary of the board.

To the traveler the writer wishes to state, that if you have plenty of money, come down to old St. Pete and we will give you an honorary job, along with our loafing Brothers, to help hold down the green benches in case of another storm; but if you are looking for a pay envelope don't come.

GEORGE MCBRIDE.

#### L. U. NO. 329, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Editor:

There is nothing doing in these diggins just at present, have quite a few members on the extra board. Things are at a standstill and I guess they will be until spring opens. We had with us for the last week Brother Curly McMillan, from the Windy City. I guess he does not like the snow balls very much.

We lost our financial secretary, Brother Billascu. He left us to go west for his health. Sure hated to see him go, has been with us quite a while and we hope that his health gets better. We elected Brother Jack Hardin to hold down that chair and hope he makes as good as Brother Billascu, which I think he will.

A few of the boys are still on the outside. Looks like they would get next to themselves and lay their grudges aside and make true and loyal members again.

Another thing around these diggins is making some of the merchants open their eyes to the fact that good wearing apparel bears the union label. They are buying more goods with that mark of distinction on them. Brother, it does not cost any more, so why not buy clothes with the label in them?

Have not much to say, only Brothers, keep your dues paid up and do not have the Brothers asking you about your dues.

If any traveling Brother happens this way, be sure and look some of us up. May not be anything for him in line of work, but assure him he will get fed up and a warm bed to sleep in.

CURLIE HUDSON.

#### L. U. NO. 333, PORTLAND, MAINE

Editor:

Seeing as I'm still alive, the same being much to my surprise after the things I said about Brother Edward Burke, will now seize the rusty old pen and dash off another snappy 500 words or less.

That is to say, I will, if the ink don't freeze, for this, Brothers, is January the 26th, and the mercury is dropping so fast the glass is red hot from friction. It is predicted to be the coldest night in three years and up here in Maine, boys, when we say cold "we don't mean maybe."

Pardon the "maybe," that's too old; meant to say "perhaps."

But to us, red-blooded he-men up here in Maine, 30 or 40 below doesn't mean anything—unless it's below zero—then you ought to see the birds hibernate. Why, we have one Brother with us who actually likes the winter better than the summer. He admits it. So's your Aunt Hester.

Attendance at meetings has picked up lately, due I think, to a new idea President Victor Erickson introduced a short time ago. We are making a study of giant power, and each meeting we have a question in the power revolution to answer and I'll tell you, Brothers, there's some arguing.

Lots of times, in the thick of the battle, we get away off the subject. But it's all the same to us. For instance, one meeting we were arguing Question No. 3, which is, "How would you account for the fact that mechanical power has been developed in so much greater abundance in the U. S. than in the other countries?" One thing led on to another until along the last we wound up by arguing whether or not an Englishman could see a joke. We have one Brother, Capt. Richard Harvey West, who never knows what it's all about nor makes an effort to look the subject up but simply waits until some Brother airs his views, then he gets up and contradicts him. Probably not many of us know what we're talking about, but we get lots of fun out of it. It helps to pep up the meetings, also gets the Brothers used to talking to a bunch of men, which is a big help as quite a few of our members are, like myself, tongue-tied.

Well, now that "Scaramouche" is ended, let's have another. One that the names are not so hard to remember. How would a tale of the Wild and Woolly West hit the boys, I wonder. It ought to go over big down this way. You know us fellows here in Maine crave "Those Great Wide Open Places." You know what kind of wide-open places I mean, with the swinging doors and a little more kick than one-half of one per cent.

RAY E. BOUDWAY.

#### L. U. NO. 353, TORONTO, CANADA

Editor:

Things are very quiet in Toronto just now and there are quite a number of the boys out of work.

The election results of our last meeting were: President, J. Nutland; vice president, J. McCurran; recording secretary, W. Whitaker; treasurer, J. Godden; financial secretary, C. Shaw, 171 Woodmount Avenue; foreman, A. Godden; first inspector, C. Wilson; business agent, W. Brawn; press secretary, P. Elsworth.



In the organizing campaign which is being put on by the B. T. C. you are asked to support the new bakers' local union by buying union made bread. The Nasmith Bread Co. and the Lawlor Bread Co. are union shops at the present time.

We just heard from Brother Bowie, who is up at Pine Falls, Manitoba, for the Canadian Comstock Co. on the Manitoba Pulp & Paper Mills. It is 30 degrees below zero there all the time.

The Ferguson Government was returned to office the last provincial election, on a platform for government control. So Windsor local will have plenty of liquid refreshment for the convention.

I would like some of our press secretaries to write a method of treatment for flashed eyes—eyes that have been burnt through exposure to the electric arc. Those who have had their eyes flashed will appreciate a full knowledge of treatment of this nature.

A number of our local members seem to take great pleasure in inquiring why Local 353 has not had a letter in our JOURNAL. I hope this letter will get to the JOURNAL before the closing date and then their wishes will be gratified.

Brother Brown does not hold out much hopes for the electricians city license for this year, as we seemed to have raised so many objections to it in the past few years that our friend, the mayor, has decided to do away with the license altogether.

Brother J. W. Curran, who got burned with 13,200 volts, is now at his home and expects to be back at work by the time you read this letter.

If anybody knows of Brother M. P. O'Hearn, who was last heard of in New York, would they be so kind to write or get him to write to Brother J. W. Curran, 154 Margueretta St., Toronto, Can. Also would Brother Robertson, who was president of Montreal Local, write to P. Elsworth, 245 Hiawatha Rd.

Our 90 cents per hour has gone through this year without a hitch, also the increase in the dues which are now \$3.25 per month.

Brother C. M. Shaw is our financial secretary, his address is 171 Woodmont Ave. Three months dues are \$9.75 and members can mail their check for the first quarter. We have one member who is paid up until June 30.

It is best for everybody to pay quarterly in advance, why take a chance with your thousand dollar death benefit and good standing by always being a couple of months behind in your dues? You will be paying your dues for the next three years anyway, so why not slip Brother Shaw that ten bucks and let him have the quarter for a cigar?

Do you realize what the increase of ten cents per hour amounts up to? Since the first of January you have been getting 90 cents per hour. The ten cents per hour raise, at 44 hours per week is \$4.40, two weeks extra money and you can pay three months dues by adding 95 cents.

The average employment for wiremen in Toronto works out at forty weeks in one year. This leaves a period of 12 weeks or three months unemployment for each year.

Taking forty weeks with the additional \$4.40 per week will make an increase in your pay envelope of \$176.00. If your monthly dues were \$5 per month, it would only amount to \$60 per year, but they are not. They are \$3.25, which is only \$39.00 per year. The success of any organization today depends on its finances, also the ability of its members who diligently attend every meeting and assist their officers to carry out their instructions.

There is a vast field for organization on our Ontario Hydro Electric system, one of the largest in the world, and our Windsor

Brother struck a keynote in his last letter a few months ago. But his letter sounds similar to the ones I wrote to Brother Ford about six years ago when I was financial secretary.

P. ELEWORTH.

#### L. U. NO. 358, PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

Editor:

My last letter to our ever-improving JOURNAL was late for the December issue and as I fell down on getting one made up for January issue, it helped me out by having a letter in for the first month. It makes me feel as though I should write earlier in the month and get the letter off in time and try to make it every month this year. Business in the building trades in and around Perth Amboy is very slow for electrical workers, carpenters, pipe fitters and all the other crafts. Either no building of any account going on or else the weather has stopped some of the work in course of construction. Last week and this week 10 to 14 wiremen and helpers were out. Prospects for the future look better or at least chances for some of the boys to get in some time when some of the jobs get ready. P. S. Production have a sub-station job going on at Carteret, N. J. The masons and bricklayers are holding it back, not getting ahead with the bricks, not piling them up fast enough.

The Amboy-Tottenville, N. Y., bridge is being pushed on the Amboy approach, three to four men on temporary work with a local contractor supervising the job.

The work on this side is for concrete mixers and pumps.

Local 358 installed the officers for the year on January 14, and have in a good set of officers. After the meeting, a lunch was given by the ways and means committee, a nice social hour was enjoyed excepting for the mistake made by the caterer or chef, the janitor of our meeting hall. Mr. Johnson, our worthy business agent, told him to have some limburger cheese sandwiches made up. He did. All limburger and a little of the other cheese. We had to have cheese for the Friday nighters and there was plenty of meat for those who wished it. It passed as a very social affair and some of the Brothers would like to have these little blowouts about every two or three months as everybody seems so friendly. But omit the limburger.

A new executive board was installed of the oldest members, those who know best the workings of the Brotherhood in this vicinity. There were seven installed with two helpers to assist and learn from the experience they will gain by attending the executive board sessions. On Thursday, the 20th, was the first meeting and they were all there and full of business and did business in a business like way.

Local 358, in her financial condition, is not too strong on its working capital, although having funds enough to carry along; the largest drain is keeping an active business agent in the field the full week, but we cannot get along without him. It is worth the money and more as he is a hustler.

A ways and means committee was appointed some time ago, to help find a way to boost up the treasury, so they got together and had tickets printed for a drawing on a 25-pound turkey or the cost of same turkey would be turned over to the winner. About 80 books of 10 tickets each at 25 cents per ticket were sent out to the members with very good results, for our first effort of ever having anything run off. Of course tickets were sent to local members only, but two books were returned by two of the members. No chance for them to win the turkey or the amount the turk would cost.

We netted a few cents below \$100.00 which was very good on short notice.

We are having a fair attendance at the meetings and one or two applications coming in each month. We have not pushed our drive to organize the shopmen and linemen as yet, but are doing some little preparedness work before we get rightly started.

A committee is out to see our city commissioners in regards to increase of wages for city employees of the electrical department. We predict success. A few words regarding line work in this section: there is nothing new doing, only the P. S. Electric and Telephone regular repair and small extensions that are made. We had three visiting Brother linemen recently from up New York State. And they met the big Guy Super of the P. S. Elect. short acquaintance. Card men have slim chances with Big Bill or else he has some stoolies that fixes him up on the card men.

In reading the letter from Local Union 98, Philadelphia, Pa., in the January issue, was glad to hear of their organizing campaign. Philadelphia appeared to me as always in the past years, to be poorly organized. Glad to see that they are up and at it. I would like to ask if I am not intruding or taking some other fellow's initiative in asking Local 98 if they know of any of their members working up here in Jersey, near Middlesex County not showing their cards, as there is a man out with a hook after them. Some talk about some visitors at Plainfield, N. J., at a plant there.

WILLIAM H. McDONOUGH.

#### L. U. NO. 364, ROCKFORD, ILL.

Editor:

Christmas and New Year have come and gone and another year is here for us to work out our salvation in, and as far as Local No. 364 is concerned, I think it will be worked out fine. We had an election the other night and lots of good things for the New Year were put in motion. Chief among the things that night, I think, was the good intelligence shown by the Brothers when they elected the following slate of officers: as president, our most worthy Brother, Bill Collins, succeeds himself. Vice president, Brother A. Cox; treasurer, Brother Theo. Swanson succeeds himself, which is absolutely safe for the local's money. He wanted to put up a million dollar bond for himself but the rest of the Brothers did not think that enough. For financial secretary, we now have Brother J. Clausen, a good hard worker as an insulation wrecker and a conduit twister, but, as one of our money sharks, it seems to me that a million dollar bond such as Brother Ted wanted to put up would be altogether too small. At any rate he will not have near the work signing his name on receipts as the worthy Brother had, who had the job before him.

Then as recording secretary, we arrive at Brother Billy Lindburg, who I see can still see enough to write down the minutes in spite of the large amount of lead that once splashed in Brother Bill's eye. It all happened one day when the atmosphere was pretty darn damp, and the blame old Tarp, I think sprung a leak. At any rate a drop of water got somewhere in the same location as the hot stuff as Brother Bill will tell you. As first inspector, Brother Charles Whitaker is the berries and as foreman we have Brother Herman Schroeder.

A paragraph in one of our dailies here, said the other evening, that although homes for 4,000 people were built in Rockford in 1926, that that record was likely to be broken in 1927. Judging from that, someone must be sort of getting some figures on a house or two. Another item for 1927 is that although some dozens of large hotels



have been built here on paper of late, it at last looks as if we were really going to have one and perhaps two dreams come true in that regard soon.

Don't more than about 10,000 of you wire twisting tramps, tramp in on us though on the strength of the foregoing words, for sometimes dreams do not come true and if we ever do get swamped we can always send out an S. O. S. you know.

But say listen, Bachie, old sox, if we do happen to get a hotel or two built here, don't you go and sic those friends of yours on the props, will you? If you do they may have to close up before they get started. I mean that dear mother, father and daughter bunch of yours that put one of your old sea-side resorts on the bum. We don't want anyone around here with appetites like that. Hope you enjoyed your vacation. My dear woman, after reading your letter in the January issue of the JOURNAL, calmly said to me that it was a shame that I could not be as good a scribe as you. Your letters have evidently made a hit with the dear girl.

Well, as I am well over the 500 line now, I guess I will have to say Adios Amigos until next month.

C. A. H.

P. S.—Must say one word more. The suggestion from Local No. 1037, Winnipeg, Canada is fine. Let's get together and flood the Editor under good stories that will stop him from worrying about keeping his JOURNAL full for many a long day.

C. A. H.

#### L. U. NO. 418, PASADENA, CALIF.

Editor:

Just a word or two as a means of introduction as the new press secretary of Local 418.

It has been some years since we have had a press secretary, perhaps never, as far as I know, until last year Brother Lennox, our retiring president, filled that office. However, I believe he fell down on the job at that as, to the best of my knowledge, he has not contributed anything more than three or four times at the most. But we will forgive him for this as he is a hard worker in the cause of unionism and a very sincere one.

This is all new business to me and I can't for the life of me as yet figure out what I am going to write about each month. However, I'll do my best and try to get started a little earlier next month and perhaps I may get a brilliant idea unexpectedly and even surprise myself.

A. K. BYL.

#### L. U. NO. 427, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Editor:

On December 27 last, Brother E. J. Evans, International Vice President, visited our city and gave a very interesting talk on group insurance. Brother Evans had the floor nearly three hours explaining and answering a multitude of questions. After every one understood what group insurance means we turned this special meeting over to the eats committee. Brothers Ray Evans, Weaver and Johnston went forth into the city of Springfield, the home of Abraham Lincoln, and gathered up plenty of eats.

During the lunch Brother Boomer Davis and Brother Murphy entertained us with a talk. Meeting broke up about 11 o'clock.

Union-made cigars and cigarettes were to be had for the reaching. Everybody went away happy and resolved to work hard for 427.

H. H. WEAVER.

#### L. U. NO. 440, RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

Editor:

It sure has been some time since you received a communication from Local 440 for the JOURNAL, but nevertheless we have been receiving our JOURNALS and reading them. One can always tell when the boys receive their JOURNALS, they come to work the next morning full of arguments and running over with information. You ask one where he got his information or by what he proved his argument, he will say the JOURNAL.

Last August, with the co-operation of 477, we put on a picnic here at the park for wire-twisters and families that was a wow. We had about 400 for supper. Last year we took in 26 new members which is fine for the limited number here. We had installation of officers and there are a few new faces in the chairs this year. Brother Roy Clark wields the Big Stick. If any of the Brothers happen out this way on the second or fourth Wednesday night we would sure be glad to have them call.

Last week we attended, in a body, the regular meeting of 477, and believe me they know how to entertain. If any Brother wishes to see a bunch rearing-to-go call there some Thursday night.

We sure appreciate the letters from other locals you have published at different times, as we seem to keep in closer touch with the Brothers and conditions in various sections of the country.

C. B. F. SCRIBE.

#### L. U. NO. 455, MIAMI, FLA.

Editor:

We will start 1927 with the officers and members of Local Union No. 455 wishing the entire I. B. E. W. a happy and prosperous New Year.

Conditions don't seem so prosperous as we might wish since the Phoenix Utility, the Florida Power and Light, and Mother Bell are all talking of layoffs. It would be wise for any traveling Brother to correspond with the secretary of this union before starting this way as we haven't any signed jobs in the city.

Two of our good Brothers who have been pushing gangs for the Rapid Transit are back in hooks as most of the work due to the hurricane is just about completed. There are a few of the Brothers who are helping to put in the white way at Miami Beach.

What is most needed here is a real live wire business agent to get contracts for us as we think the time is ripe now to do business with these companies.

Since the hurricane every clumsy and spur grunt in the country has come in here representing himself as a journeyman, with the result that about 30 men have been electrocuted, a few of whom were very good linemen.

I wonder if Jerry Harrigan is still working at Palm Beach. Brother Ralph Fisk, who was burned over on Miami Beach about two months ago, is improving rapidly and hopes to be out with us soon.

If conditions are better next month we will notify you in the next JOURNAL.

BILL LINDSEY.

P. S.—If any one knows the whereabouts of G. D. Allen, known as "Curley," please notify the president of this local, Brother A. B. Baley.—B. L.

The black swan is one of Australia's native birds.

The groundhog of weather prophecy fame is a woodchuck.

#### L. U. NO. 479, BEAUMONT, TEXAS

Editor:

Not having heard from Local 479, Beaumont, in a long while, we know you will be interested in knowing what we are doing.

We are having a hard but steady struggle and hope to have all closed shop by the end of 1927.

A big building program has started this year and expect to have quite a bit of work within four or five months.

Our local is growing every day, and the future looks very bright. We have started the year off in good spirits and with practically all new officers.

N. C. LE VOIS.

Recording Secretary.

#### L. U. NO. 481, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Editor:

There are just two things that interest the members of 481. The first being, do we get a raise in the spring?

The second being, will we have war with countries to the south of us? I can see a reason for the former, but as to the latter there can be but one reason and that must be that we are running short of millionaires. We must have our millionaires; so if it takes war to produce them, let's have war.

There seems to be more of a scarcity of work here, than at my last writing, but we are hoping things will improve before long.

There is practically no large building under construction at the present. We still have a long loafing list. We also have a couple of Brothers on the sick list and perhaps that was partly the reason that at our last meeting there was so much talk concerning insurance under the head of the Electrical Workers' Benefit Association.

I wonder if a whole lot of locals do not forget that these meetings of the E. W. B. A. are to be held monthly.

As I said before, there was lots of talk, much discussion and some oratory. It was the opinion of some that what we need is a sick and accident benefit more than a death benefit; that when a member is unable to work his expenses go on just the same with no income to offset this expense.

Suggestion was made that the I. O. provide some kind of insurance to take care of our fellow workers when we are sick or disabled. Would it not be possible to expend some of the large funds which have accumulated in our benefit fund in taking care of the sick?

Not to be outdone by other cities in granting a monopoly to big corporations, our State Board for the control of public utilities has granted a merger of our two light companies here. At first they asked permission to capitalize under a \$55,000,000 head but it looked as though it would not go through, so they went before a committee of the chamber of commerce here and compromised with them to ask to be allowed \$40,000,000. This was granted with an additional \$12,000,000 for good measure. Just another gigantic steal which the dear public will have as an extra burden in increased rates later.

Just a word concerning the WORKER as outlined under magazine chat.

I don't know how it suits the other scribes as to a 500 word letter every month but it hits me fine.

But make it every month not every month some months.

Signing off—

L. U. 481's OFFICIAL BROADCASTER.

A type of ship in style in Egypt 5,000 years ago is still used in Burma and the Celebes.



# L. U. NO. 494, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Editor:

Just like pulling teeth is this P. S. job. More than six weeks have passed since this plum fell into my hands and if I delay another day, my stuff just won't be there, that's all.

The elections were extremely dull. The R. S. was instructed to cast an unanimous ballot for Brother George Manthey for president. Brother Manthey will, some time during 1927, have run his good standing as a member of the I. B. E. W. up to and past the quarter century mark. Twenty-five years of continuous good standing as a member of this great organization, achieved mostly within the environs of Milwaukee and vicinity is something which only those who possess that "never say die" attitude, and that rare spirit of unionism, can accomplish. Local 494 is proud to have such a man as Brother George Manthey for its president. From the office of president down to that of P. S. there was little or no competition. The P. S. job, however, created an unexpected interest on the part of my so-called friends. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that Brother Broetler's friendly enemies created all the excitement. From the reports I received of the affair it is rather amusing.

Immediately following the installation of officers, Brother Charles Thurber, B. A., delivered a remarkable and inspiring bit of oratory and presented Brother Manthey with a beautiful loving cup, on behalf of this local, as a token of gratitude as well as in honor of that Brother's great achievement. It seems that on two different occasions did Brother Manthey, through his efforts, save the I. B. E. W. charter for Milwaukee. Local 494 indeed owes that Brother a debt of gratitude.

The last meeting was a dandy. It may be now that the powers that be are resting a bit easier with another year before them, feel a bit more confident and, therefore, are coming out with much stuff about conditions, wages, etc. In short, the members were told that to keep those conditions and wages which they have, and not only that, but at the same time, to improve those conditions and wages, they must read their local rules and regulations, and above all know them. Violations of these written rules can be pretty easily detected and rectified. There are, however, certain moral obligations which are comparatively easy to dodge and sidestep. It is this writer's opinion that to become stronger and more prosperous, every member of this organization must at all times conduct himself as a union man exactly as that term implies.

Enough said.

JACOB SCHMIDT.

# L. U. NO. 520, AUSTIN, TEXAS

Editor:

Something is now happening for the first time in 20 years—a press secretary is writing from No. 520.

On January 5, we celebrated our twentieth anniversary. There were three of the charter members of our local present. Altogether there were 28 Brothers present, strong both in and outside.

We have seven shops and they are of the closed 100 per cent type. We have the honor of having a man who was a union lineman of Taylor, Texas, who, on January 18, took office of governor of this great state of Texas. He is better known as "Fighting Dan Moody." He got his climbing start, climbing poles, but after awhile started climbing the office ladder. He has now reached the governor's office and we know he will continue to climb until he reaches the top of the ladder of fame.

We also have with us one of the few red headed Dutchmen in captivity—Fred Wen-

denberg, our code boy. Red is famous also as a bowler. He rolls a mean and wicked ball, state champion twice. We also can boast of two of the best Brothers for argument—Brothers Grimmer and Roy "Snake" Pfafflin. They will argue white is black.

We have on an average at our meetings 20 members, because our worthy president, Tom Doss, rules hard and stern and strong. This is his second term of office. We have 14 linemen and 22 inside men, all card members.

Brother Nowlin has been bitten by the bug of radio and has one of the best one-tube receiving sets made, a Christmas present from Brother Higgins, of San Benito, Texas.

This is my first experience at writing for the local but as everyone will have to learn, I hope later on I will do better. Anything so long as the boys do not jump on me. Things right now are a little dull, hardly enough to go around, but prospects will be better. The writer has to write because he has two sister-in-laws, who are also cardholders in the bookbinders union, one weighing around 175 pounds, and she says she is going to see that I keep on the job every month. Pity me boys. I am going to tie in temporary now until next time. In closing now will say the boys are all faithful and earnest and are good meeting members.

H. H. BONNER,  
Alias—Little Benny.

# L. U. NO. 527, GALVESTON, TEXAS

Editor:

Having been elected press secretary I am going to let the other locals know that we still have a local union in our town.

I have just received my JOURNAL and, as usual, began reading at the cover. I noticed our Editor has some news in magazine chatter that sure don't look good to me—in regard to every local having a letter in our JOURNAL. This would be a wonderful thing, if possible, as it would show lots of union spirit in our members and we sure do need it; also let others know that we are doing something for our locals. Would like to see it made possible in some way or other that our Editor have funds and help enough to handle same. We all know and feel sure that he is doing all he can now.

I may say that we are going to present our library with a bound volume of our JOURNAL. The librarian seemed very glad to get this book as they are a little handicapped in regard to funds at present. He also requested that we send him a copy of the JOURNAL every month and he would put it on the table for anyone to read. I think people will realize what unionism stands for after they see these JOURNALS. Some have the idea that we are a bunch of I. W. W's.

In many of the letters in the JOURNAL from the locals it seems to be the same trouble that we are having—non-attendance. I should think that the members have enough get up in them to attend the meeting and help and not let the other fellow do it, as it is in our local.

Some of this fault lies in the officers of locals and the rest in the members. What we want is for them to come to meetings and find out what is going on and not just come and pay their dues and then leave. We have a fine for non-attendance but it don't seem to do much good.

I have noticed that the Florida and the California locals have been telling what they have been doing in their cities, so Brothers, watch my dust and read about what we have here.

BROADCASTER R. D. S.

# L. U. NO. 567, PORTLAND, MAINE

Editor:

Since I am writing merely to gain representation from Local 567 after a two months' enforced layoff on account of scarcity of news in this winter-bound section, I have no doubt I shall come well within the prescribed or suggested limit for scribes.

At any rate I shall leave valuable space for some Brother who has more on his mind, whose vocabulary is more extensive and whose pen flows on unceasingly.

Possibly the activities of our business agent, C. A. Smith, stand out prominently above dull, dreary routine that but partly serves to occupy the attention of the local although attendance has been somewhat above par and work better than previous winters.

Brother Smith's research and action are deserving of commendation and the art of business agenting, as portrayed by him, leaves nothing to be desired by the majority.

Was glad to see our sister Local 333 make its appearance in these columns and trust she will make herself at home and feel entirely at ease among the elite of the Brotherhood, the press secretaries.

We have controlled or restricted the permit situation to a desired minimum and have recently initiated several applicants into the realm beyond the closed circuit with several more qualified. In our attempt to establish a sort of apprentice control system, aided and abetted by Business Agent Smith, we are in a fair way to report success.

Our difficulty seems to be, not to be able to get new members, but to keep our membership under control, use fairly all who are deserving, with a handicap of only a fair amount of work to divide after we have welcomed them.

My compliments to the powers that control the fortunes of our ever-improving JOURNAL, to the better quality of the correspondence and to all secretaries who are not dyed in the wool natural born, and who have to forcibly manufacture their stuff.

M. M. MCKENNEY.

# L. U. NO. 569, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Editor:

On December 23 we had a smoker and it goes without saying we had a full house. If there were any who did not have a good time it was their own fault. There was a radio set raffled off, Brother McDowell being the winner; a boxing match, short talks, a quartet, a colored dancing act, something to satisfy the inner man in the way of eats and punch, oh, yes, smokes and much smoke.

Brother Wright resigned his job and has gone into the insurance game. Brother Joe Harris was elected to take his place.

As is usual at this season some of the boys are overhauling their fishing tackle and getting ready for the fishing season.

Am glad to state another of the shops which, a year ago, refused to pay the increase we asked for, has seen the light and will play the game with us again.

Also glad to see a letter from Local 288 in the WORKER again. Good for you Brother Haffa, do it again.

W. T. STRONG.

# L. U. NO. 627, LORAIN, OHIO

Editor:

The first letter of 1927 will introduce: Carl Davis, the grey-haired old gent up front, president; Charles Weigand, who collects but never lends, financial secretary and treasurer; Archie Weaver, the reason Henry Ford doesn't sell more cars; Roy Ewaldt, Roy's a good cook but he burned the oats, foreman; John Gallo, the T. N. T.'s



only contribution, first inspector; Emmett Jones, the tinner, second inspector; Charles Weigand, he dabbles in stock—ask about the bull and the bear; Hugh Watson, I don't know much wrong about Hugh except he bought a chevrolet. Apologies Hugh, I near forgot you.

These are the incoming officers for 1927—a good, efficient bunch.

We are now going over our new agreement which will be about the same as the old but I would like to see one new article added asking for a five-day week at least three months of the year, during the summer. I hope the boys can see fit to ask for it.

Read with regret the passing of D. M. "Curley" Grace and know quite a few will miss him for he was a very hard worker in the interest of our great organization.

The present time finds things a bit slow but we are all optimists and just plug along and wait for something good to turn up, which usually does.

Have something else to say but won't for I have heard: "The man who thinks what he says is wise, but the man who says what he thinks is a fool."

The story in the 1926 WORKER was a wonder. Give us another.

H. ODLE.

#### L. U. NO. 660, WATERBURY, CONN.

Editor:

And now we hear from the brass center of the world. The members of Local 660 tell me that they have never had the pleasure of reading about themselves or our local in the ELECTRICAL JOURNAL. I cannot say if this is true or not as I have only received one copy of your JOURNAL in the five years I have been in this local. I wonder who slipped?

I won't say that we have the largest local in the state of Connecticut, but I do think we have the liveliest. The boys certainly started this year with a bang. The air had hardly cleared from the smoke of election when a well chosen committee put on one of the best banquets we have ever had.

The "feed" itself was fit for a king and we certainly have some high class entertainment put on by our own members. The Brass City Quartet, a radio favorite of WTIC, were the headliners with songs and recitations. Eddie Castello and Ralph Vaughn warbled a few and they were followed by Brother Tommy Grant and his gang from the suburbs.

The individual hit of the evening was Brother Charlie with his Scotch monologue. He brought down the house with little effort. Bill Petit gave him a little assistance. The boxing match between Brothers Scarpa and Faber was enjoyed by all who saw it. I think Brother J. Raphael Balf makes a poor second.

So much for the banquet and now for the election that caused all of the smoke. To begin with, the boys reelected Brother Frank Slater to serve as president for 1927. Incidentally this is Slat's tenth trip in this office; more power to him. For vice president, Jack Boggart, the little Brother from Noo Yawk, was selected from a large field of candidates. Brother Happy O'Rourke was reelected to the office of recording secretary, Maurice Goodson, treasurer, and Edward Conlon, financial secretary. Everyone was glad to see Brother Jack Sugrue elected business agent. I do not think a better man than Johnny could have been picked. If he follows out his intended program, somebody in Waterbury is going to step and a lot of other somebodies are going to toe the mark. Go to it Johnny, we are all with you.

Brother Timmy McSweeney, our new fore-

man, is rarin to go. He is already out looking for an innocent candidate.

The new officers were installed Friday night by Past President Charles Wehn, and he wished them all the best of luck in the New Year.

Well, I guess if the boys have read half what I have written, they will have had enough.

The best of luck to the new JOURNAL.

RAY CURRIER.

#### L. U. NO. 675, ELIZABETH, N. J.

Editor:

After the smoke of election had cleared away we find these new officers elected to office: vice president, W. Higgins; foreman, E. Kuechel; first inspector, E. Tag; second inspector, S. Berg; executive board, E. Haas; trustee, H. Nelson; examining board, M. Cassell. The new delegates are E. Kuechel, C. L. U.; W. Holtway, B. T. C.; F. Thomas, N. J. S. E. W. A., and H. Schultz, M. B. T. C.

Now that that's over we will bore you with a report of conditions around here. The snow and cold weather have tied up things and the natural outcome is that men are warming the benches. This, of course, is not so healthy since we have a new home under way and all members are expected to take out a certain amount of stock in it. However, there has been a generous support from those who get a day in now and then but the boys who are always working have not come to the front as yet. It's the same old story, hurrah for me and blah for you.

Since Brother L. Rankin did the trick several events have happened. First and foremost is that Ed. Fiedler is a daddy now. Congratulations Ed, don't forget to give our best regards to the Mrs. While we are receiving this bit of news someone ups and tells us Brother Bettinger has deserted the bachelor class and before we have fully recovered from this shock the news has spread about that Ed. Haas has done the same thing. The marriage bee sure is buzzin around and we are wondering who will be the next one.

You have heard that expression, "If you could only cook." Well, we have found one who can, and he is none other than Brother Schwab. The newspapers have published his recipe for bacon "a la whatcha want it" and will give any fair maid up to eighty, who will write for this recipe an autographed photo of Brother Schwab. He has been hailed, the gods' gift to the working girl. What untold cussin' that recipe has caused you no one will ever know.

Next month I expect to have more dirt. We are having our dance February 4.

TIGHE.

#### L. U. NO. 695, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Editor:

We hope all the locals are taking notice of our letters for we certainly enjoy reading all the news from the many different locals.

Last month, in our letter, we stated that the outlook for 695 was fairly good for the rest of the cold season, but the tables have taken a turn and the future is uncertain. The cut-over job that we mentioned has practically died down and pulling slack seems to be the main source of work now. The cold wave has hit us pretty hard since January 14 and is still cold at date of writing.

Let me put in a word or two for that "hot-house plant" down in Miami, Fla.

He has been telling us of the wonderful weather and sunshine they have in Miami. All right, for your perfect weather, but it takes a real northern lineman to show some work and stand hardships. Anyone can work

where weather is agreeable but few have the grit to stand the hard winter weather.

O. K. for you 455. If we all had the "jack" we probably would be there, too (for a while).

Boys, organized labor needs more leading men and not so many that put it off on the other guy. Our local, like all other locals, has too many men of this "let-George-do-it" type. If they each would think what they are doing they would surely do better. They never think that they are tearing down something that has taken years to build up.

Let us hear from more Brothers on that subject and try to put these lucky men on their feet and working 100 per cent for organized labor.

RAY EGGERS.

#### L. U. NO. 702, WEST FRANKFORT, ILL.

Editor:

As we cross the threshold of the year of 1927, Local Union 702 wishes to extend greetings to all for a happy and prosperous new year. Forget any unpleasantness, which the old year may have brought, and look forward to the time when, by concerted effort, we may have better organization in all our industry.

The holiday season passed peacefully in this section and the outlook is good for the future. We have our field well organized and hope to keep it so. But it takes work. Don't think for a minute that it doesn't. But we thrive on work. As Mark Twain said about fleas: "A reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog; it helps him forget he's a dog."

The sleet storm worked havoc with telephone and steel tower lines in and around Harrisburg; the ice reaching from inch and one-half to two inches in thickness on lines and insulators. Between Harrisburg and Shawneetown there was such a flood, the only available way of getting to the lines was by using boats, with an occasional swim to the nearest tower. The linemen learned to use the language of the sea, the principal phrases being: man overboard, heave-to, safe in port, etc. The people in the immediate vicinity of West Frankfort and Harrisburg, who were unable to attend the swimming event, sponsored by the chewing gum king (Wrigley), were treated with even greater feats of endurance, as some of the linemen were reported to have swam a mile with a 66,000 volt insulator unit and a full belt of linemen's tools. They received considerably less than the price paid by the Honorable Mr. Wrigley, being paid the regular scale for such wonderful feats of endurance. We believe they deserve honorable mention in the hall of fame.

The writer may have exaggerated somewhat; however, the fact remains, this was the worst sleet storm in this section, in the memory of some of the oldtimers.

As this letter goes to press, we are still busy clearing up effects of said storm.

M. L. S.

#### L. U. NO. 713, CHICAGO, ILL.

Editor:

Why not make 1927 Label Year for the Brotherhood?

Watching the letters from locals, find that although mention is made occasionally about buying union-made hats, which we also believe in, but absolutely no mention is ever made about supporting or demanding our own label.

Why the silence on this subject?

We sometimes wonder if the rank and file know that the Brotherhood has a label other than the one used on fixtures.

Our union shops occasionally get an out-



of-town job and we have heard that the label on the board caused great surprise.

The following is a list of our union shops, where power boards, lighting panels, charging boards, theatre boards, elevator control boards, etc., are built by union labor from start to finish.

Those interest in union made electrical apparatus please get in touch with these shops:

Major Equipment Co., 4603 Fullerton Ave.  
Gus Berthold Elec. Co., 551 W. Monroe St.  
Chicago Swbd. Mfg. Co., 426 So. Clinton St.  
Crieger Elec. Mfg. Co., 220 W. Ontario St.  
Elec. Apparatus Co., 700 N. Halsted St.  
Elec. Steel Box & Mfg. Co., 500 S. Troop St.

Sam Garvin & Co., 5124 W. Lake St.  
Hub Electric Co., 2225 W. Grand Ave.  
Marquette Elec. Swbd. Co., 222 W. Austin Ave.

C. J. Peterson & Co., 725 W. Fulton St.  
C. J. Anderson & Co., 212 W. Austin Ave.

By the time this letter goes to press, we will have run our 15th annual ball which was held at Merry Garden Ball Room, on February 18, 1927.

H. F. SIELING.

#### L. U. NO. 716, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Editor:

With several new officers elected and some of the old ones re-elected, this local union is starting on what promises to be another good year for the electrical workers of Houston. The fact that work is still slack in this vicinity, or rather is not so good as it was last summer and fall, has caused some of the members to lose some time for the past two months. This was to be expected at this season of the year, for although the weather does not get cold enough here to stop working during the winter yet plans for building and financing seem to pass through a sort of adolescent stage along about this time, with a consequent lull in building activities which directly affects the seasonal worker in the building trades. Some day some smart man may devise a plan whereby building work will be evenly distributed over the full 12 months of the year, with no slack periods; but until he does, and its effect becomes universal, the best we can do is to do like the farmer, "make hay while the sun shines." The 40-hour week may be the solution. If it is, the sooner it is tried out the better, for men cannot properly support families in this day and time on anything short of steady employment. A few weeks of forced idleness, a period of sickness or other tough luck, and the meagre savings are gone, gloom settles over the home, debt stares him in the face, the radio is on the bum and he has not the wherewith to even purchase a new "B" battery so that he may drown his troubles in the loud speaker.

Do some of you oldtimers remember the "medicine shows" we used to have years ago? The minstrel with the banjo would drum up a crowd, then the "medicine man" with his Prince Albert frock coat, long hair and a big white hat would tell about his wonderful nostrums, compounded in Nature's laboratories from "roots, herbs, barks and berries," which would cure anything that might be the matter with you, from tape-worm to gallstones. Well, the medicine man is still with us, much to my surprise, for I thought he had disappeared along with shirts that buttoned up the back. But he has changed his style, works faster, and gets the money easier than he did a generation ago. He has dispensed with the minstrel which drew the crowds, for he now goes where the crowds are already assembled, and they are not hick crowds either, though just as gullible. And he has quit

mixing his own medicine! That was too much trouble, so now he sells his victims a two-bit book for a dollar that tells them how to mix it themselves. And so simple, too! All in plain English, no Latin, just a pinch of salt and pepper, a dash of sorghum molasses or hot water, a little of this and more of that and you can cure yourself or your wife of nearly anything you are sick of! If the stuff is any good at all there sure ought to be a healthy bunch of electrical workers around town this summer.

But seriously now, some of you men who bought these books, what is your honest opinion of a man who would go before a bunch of doctors or druggists in regular meeting assembled and attempt to sell them a book telling them how to get by without the services of an electrician when their electrical apparatus gets in trouble? Suppose he told them they did not need fuses in their branch circuits, just put in a copper penny; or that they need not use drop cord when interior telephone wire will do just as well? Even suppose that he told them the truth about a lot of your little tricks which you have learned by hard experience and by which you make a living, would you think he was a square shooter? The electrical business is about as mysterious to a lot of people as the medical business is to us, and tampering with either cannot be done with impunity. I do not get sick very often, but when I do you can bet your boots I am going further than a two-bit treatise on elementary physiology to get relief, and when my doctor friend gets his wiring all shot to pieces I expect him to go further than Kress' to get something done about it. Live and let live is a good motto, so if your nasal orifice needs enlarging and you can't do it with your finger, better go see a doctor.

OTTO DEAN.

#### L. U. NO. 731, INTERNATIONAL FALLS, MINN.

Editor:

Since no letter from this local has appeared in the JOURNAL for some years, some of the Brothers thought we had better cease from "hiding our light under a bushel" and let the whole fraternity know that we are still in existence, and going stronger than ever. With this in view, your humble servant, the writer, was duly honored with his appointment as press secretary. In assuming the duties of this office, I give the promise that I shall do my best to use some of your space from time to time, and keep our local under the attention of the whole Brotherhood.

Now if I only possessed the facile pen wielded by our Brother who writes for Local Union No. 18, I might hope to send you something for publication every month. But then he resides in Los Angeles, where the ink never freezes to his pen, while in this northern country, not only does our ink freeze, but our fingers also, and in that situation frequent writing is beset by difficulties. Now if Brother Horne should ever get overmuch "het up," we would invite him to visit us at some time between December 1 and March 1, and we can assure him that while the local will give him a warm welcome, the outside air will afford him abundant opportunity for cooling off.

Our local is strong on international unity, since our members all live along the border line between Canada and the U. S. A. Some of us live and work in Fort Frances, Ont., some live and work in International Falls, Minn., while others live in one town and work in the other. The Rainy River forms the boundary line between the two countries at this point. On this stream the picturesque

Koochiching Falls, at one time elicited the admiration of visitors, but now beauty gives place to industry, for the falls have been harnessed to furnish power for our paper mills.

We are glad to be able to report that in this part of the country, signal honors have been conferred by the electors upon men who work in overalls. A year ago our treasurer resigned his office in order to give his best attention to his duties as mayor of International Falls, to which office he had been elected. The mayor of Fort Frances, who is a member of the bricklayers' union, served his town for three years as alderman before his recent election to the mayor's chair. In the council with him are six aldermen, three of whom are members of labor unions. The Honorable Peter Heenan, Minister of Labor for Canada, is the representative in the Parliament of Canada, of the Rainy River District, of which district Fort Frances is the judicial seat. The labor vote in this district and that of Kenora, which he also represents, assured his election. He is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

I should like to say something about our industries here, but will leave that for a future letter, deeming it wise to write often and briefly, rather than weary you with too much copy.

CHAS. SEGSWORTH.

#### L. U. NO. 734, NORFOLK, VA.

Editor:

Well, let's see, we have passed through that yearly process of seating and unseating our officers so that's done. Yours truly as you see, has been allowed to retain his, which goes to prove one of two things (which I think is the latter), I am either giving satisfaction or nobody wants the job. Anyway, I can still call myself the press secretary of 734 and will have to try to show my appreciation by not missing another issue this year. As I said, our elections are all over, and we made few changes, but one was our most important and that was our president, we elected Brother Saunders to the chair. Now to begin with, he is so well known to all the old timers of 734 that it is needless to introduce him but to all of us he is known as just plain "Al;" he also is one of our efficient "leading men" (or what is commonly known to every working man as a boss). He is the one I mentioned in an article of mine last summer as being boss on the U. S. S. Texas job, which incidentally happened to be the biggest job the yard has had since the war. She was just finished last month at a cost of three million dollars. Our end of the job came out fine which there is no doubt was due to the efficient manner in which it was managed. Saunders is an efficient man in his work, but there is another characteristic in the man that far outshadows that, and that is that he is at heart one of the best union men that ever stepped into a pair of number twelves, and I think he will make one of the finest presidents 734 has ever had—but even at that, he will have to go some to beat our retiring president, Brother Russell, for "Mickey" as he was generally known, was hard to beat in the chair.

Well, speaking of the Texas job, when she left the yard for her trip to Cuba, she carried seven electricians from the yard with her and yours truly happened to be one of them. Lots of our inland Brothers no doubt would like to hear about it.

Seven of us took the trip, six mechanics and one leadingman. The bunch was just about 90 per cent union men, as only one member of the party didn't carry a card. Brother Harry Howard had charge of the bunch. There was, yours truly, Brothers



Gillespie, Holcomb, Brady, Phipps and (a Brother to be soon we hope) Smith. We left the Navy Yard at 9.00 a. m. on a Tuesday. Guantanamo Bay, our destination, is 1,482 miles from Norfolk. The trip was very uneventful going down except we ran into some very heavy ground swells which made the ocean a little "bumpy" thereby causing the ship to pitch a little more than was necessary, and producing a corresponding agitation in the solar plexus of one of our party which caused him to have an uncontrollable desire to get in a parallel plane with the ship's keel, which after desperate and manly efforts to overcome, he finally succumbed, and strange to say he had absolutely no desire to eat.

I have been quite a sea traveller, having traveled 72,000 miles in a little over two years, but it took this trip for me to find out something about the sea, and that was how to prevent seasickness. It's just like this, the secret lies in a little bottle (or I meant to say, a two quart bottle) of horseradish. Now if you, my gentle readers, don't believe me, and should ever come in contact with a little short fellow by the name of Howard, just ask him, he will tell you the same thing I think. Anyway it's quite a mystery what became of the contents of a two quart bottle of horseradish.

We were five days making the trip, getting into the bay the following Saturday morning and the bottle in question was full when we left and upon arrival into the bay it was totally empty, so take a tip from me, Brothers, if you ever go to sea take a bottle of horseradish along for it certainly worked fine with him. He had his sea legs the whole way down, even though they were a little wobbly at the knees at times.

We began to see flying fish around Friday morning, and the temperature was about 75 degrees, so we knew we were in the Gulf Stream and were getting well into Southern latitudes, and the next morning (Saturday) we pulled into the Bay about 1.00 p. m. (noon I meant) and dropped the hook. Naturally we began to get nervous right away about getting ashore.

Well, good readers, you will have to excuse me for ending my narrative here, but I must, but promise to finish next month.

Before closing I would like to say if any of the following old boys who worked on jobs with me in 1909-10 and 11 are carrying cards or are still in the land of the living, I would like to hear from them: John Renew on the Bank of Western Carolina building in Aiken, S. C.; Clifford Walker and Harry Nightlinger, on the Chronicle Building job, 1909, Augusta, Ga.; Gary Glover and John and Henry Thomas, on the Hampton Terrace Hotel job, 1910, North Augusta, S. C., and many others of the old times I used to know and work with that I will mention in some future issue.

J. N. EDMONDSTON.

#### L. U. NO. 743, READING, PA.

Editor:

##### What is a Scab? A Strike-Breaker?

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, He had some awful substance left with which He made a scab.

A scab is a two-legged animal with a dirty, degenerate soul, a water-soaked brain, a combination backbone made of jelly and glue.

Instead of a heart he is endowed with a carbuncle filled with putrid matter.

When a scab comes down the street honest men turn on their feet and angels weep in heaven, the devil shuts the gates of hell to keep him out.

The lack of a pool of water to drown his

decayed body in, or a rope long enough to hang his defiled carcass is the only reason for the existence of a scab in the place of an honest man.

Judas Iscariot had enough respect and honor toward his fellow man, after betraying his Master, to hang himself, but a scab is devoid of respect and honor and is too cowardly to destroy his damnable existence.

Esau was a traitor to himself; he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Judas Iscariot was a traitor to God; he sold his Saviour for 30 pieces of silver.

Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country; he sold his country to England for the promise of a commission in the English army.

A common strike-breaker or a scab sells his birthright, his country, his honor, his principle, his fellow man, his wife and his children, his bread and butter, his religion and soul, to the cheap whelp who acts as a deceitful liar and assassin of character, who lives and thrives by virtue of coercion, bribery, underhanded tactics, unfilled promises and misrepresentation. A cold-blooded, low-down unprincipled cur, acting as a parasite on the powerless human race, akin with the bedbug and the louse.

A scab acting as a common strike-breaker is a traitor to his country, to his fellow man, to his family, to himself, and to his God.

A real man is never a strike-breaker and an intelligent man never a scab, and an honest man never a parasite. One who has fallen below the recognition of a human being can only be classed akin with the bedbug, parasite or a dirty scab.

OUTSIDE OF THAT HE IS ALL RIGHT!

LESTER M. GARMAN,  
Financial Secretary.

#### L. U. NO. 854, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Editor:

Just a few lines to let the world know we are still going strong. We are starting our New Year off with a bang, initiating three new members at our first meeting in 1927, also electing our officers for the coming year.

I hope Brother George Woerner reads this just to remind him we have not heard from him lately and the boys feel slighted as we are all anxious to know of his good luck and also about himself.

We have gone through the year 1926 without a loss to any man, due to injury or death; a pretty good record I'll say, and we hope to repeat in 1927.

By the way, if any of you boys need a Mohawk radio, better write our old friend and president, Pete Lawson. Well, I can't think of anything else except ice and snow here now which we have plenty of, so I'll sign off, extending the best of regards to all.

C. N. SMITH,  
Recording Secretary, No. 854.

#### L. U. NO. 873, KOKOMO, IND.

Editor:

On the last meeting night in December the election of officers was held with the following results: Brother Harry E. McNut was selected to pilot old 873 through the coming year as president; also Joel Brown, vice president; Herbert Lyons, treasurer; David Talbert, recording secretary; A. N. Buckner, financial secretary; M. Masters, foreman; Charles Slaughter, first inspector; J. E. Fivecoates, second inspector; Walter Martin, trustee.

Due to the fact that Brother Lyons was elected treasurer he resigned as trustee and Brother Shamo was elected to serve his unexpired term. Brother Joel Brown was re-appointed business agent and yours truly

was given another year as press secretary. Now, boys, go to it, the local is behind you to a man.

The next thing is an agreement, which has been drawn up and after acceptance by the local next Friday night will go on to the contractors. No big changes are contemplated.

Work is still somewhat slack. Still looking for better times. One consolation, the heavy snow that we received two weeks ago made snow balls cheap, but brick pressing rather disagreeable.

There is a great deal of excitement in the old town at the present time about the old court house. We are trying to decide whether a new one should be built or the old one remodeled. One of the two things should be done. The question is which? Some hope for a little work.

Here is a little poem handed to the writer to send in. It seems to illustrate what force of habit will do. Get in the habit of asking for and demanding the union label.

A loyal man is Hiram Grey,  
Of Tinsmiths' Union No. 8;  
He died—and went above, they say,  
Saint Peter met him at the gate.

"Now, here's your harp, your robe and wings."

But Hiram gravely shook his head;  
"Before I take them golden things  
Show me the union mark," he said.

V. A. KRANZ.

#### L. U. NO. 912, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Editor:

L. U. 912 is still on the "up" as usual. Took in several new members for a start in the New Year.

We have our new officers installed and our new chairman, Joe DePaul, seems to have quite a bit of pep, according to Frank Evans, when he removes his pedal covers.

Joe still insists that the girls in Chi indulge in pre-Volsteadian beverages. He didn't see them do it but he says their breath gives them away. Bill Blake could have settled the argument but he wasn't at the last meeting.

The baseball scandal is about settled now if Ban doesn't unload some more, but watch the papers for our bowling league. It seems that Brother Fenton has some kind of a deal on with Bellinger for high man. Can't figger that out though as Brothers Bellinger and DePaul have a close race for the booby. Someone ought to tell their wives about it, too. It seems as though that gang (Brother Stepp is authority for it) have invited several lady-bowlers to join them. On investigation it was found that their wives don't bowl. Now lookit!

Haven't heard any more about the subways lately because our General Chairman McCoullough hasn't been down or over here lately. Maybe he's "peddling some" in the subway.

Collinwood shops have a hard nut to crack. The electrical workers are about 95 per cent organized in the locomotive shop, that is without the cranemen. Can't seem to do much with them. At one time they were all in. The car electric workers are about 5 per cent organized. Call that a darn poor 100 per cent though for the back shop. The engine house (round house) is really the strongest point with an actual percentage of about 90 per cent. Let's go, boys, and see if we can't make it a real 100 per cent all around. And that before another year rolls away.

Ex-Brother F. S. H. is beginning to wake up and now wishes he had stayed with the boys.



Oh yes: I told our honorable chairman when he made his appointments this last meeting he'd be sorry for giving me this darn job as Collinwood shop reported.

ALEC TRIQUE.

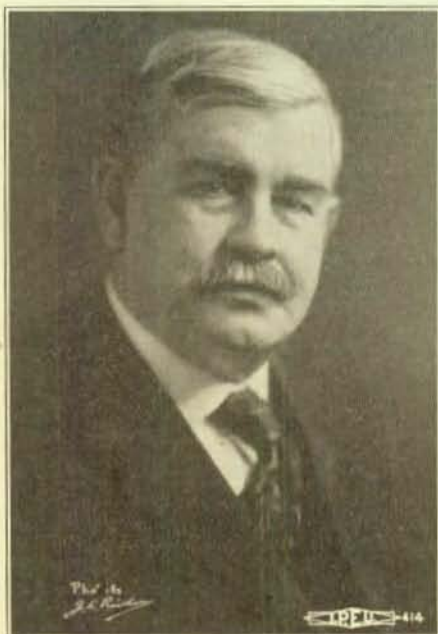
—It takes a voltmeter to read that.

#### L. U. NO. 1002, TULSA, OKLA.

Editor:

Just elected to a job of very much importance if we stop to think for a minute about the other fellow and his welfare. I hope to edge a few words in the JOURNAL this year. The weather has been fine this winter so far, all the boys are working. We have a fair attendance at meetings, and a set of officers that can't be beat. Brother "Slat" Sanders wields the gavel with a strong hand, and our old trusty, "Hap" Edwards, sits up near the chair with a smile as he takes the boys dorame, and satisfies them with a yellow piece of paper. Brother C. C. Clemmens is in the hospital with a bad back caused by a pole breaking with him early in September of 1926.

We are always glad to welcome a traveling



CHARLES PAGE

An employer revered by his men

Brother. The T. C. will get him a good room and three of the best meals that can be had anywhere here in the greatest city that was ever built in 15 years and I don't mean any place but Tulsa, here in the heart of Oklahoma, where the soil and oil are rich and deep. We have about everything that makes life worth while, I mean the oilonairs. Most of the Brothers have a flivver or a better automobile. Excuse me, Henry.

At the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century Oklahoma ranks first in petroleum and its allied products, first in zinc, second in total value of mineral wealth. When you know these facts you realize we haven't got a bad state to live in. The boys in our jurisdiction are looking forward to a big year with a good building program ahead.

We are keeping close tab on attendance and expect to make a record this 1927, with a few new members coming in, and a few oldtimers with continuous standing of near 30 years. By the time the readers get this my continuous standing will be past the 20-year mark. Now, Brothers stay right in the harness and drink plenty of good cold water. Spavinan if possible.

Dear readers, I am sorry to inform you that Charles Page died December 27, 1926. I am sure all the Brothers who have worked in or near Tulsa have known or heard of Mr. Page and his interest in organized labor. Mr. Page always said yes to a reasonable question when a committee waited upon him, furthermore he always had time to see said committee; he was the poor man's friend, especially the widow and orphan. Mr. Page was a man that stood alone in the United States in the way of caring for the down-and-out person. He owned and operated the second largest power plant in Oklahoma, located in Sand Springs, near Tulsa; an electric railway to and through Tulsa; an orphanage with 140 adopted children; a colony for widows; a hospital, and many other interests for the worker. In fact he was the founder and builder of Sand Springs, a little city of 10,000 population in about 15 years, with a standing start of only \$300,000, of which he called the Sand Springs interests; today the Sand Springs Home interest is valued at more than \$12,000,000.

I only wish I were able to write a letter of condolence that was appropriate for Mr. Page. "He saith unto him, follow me, and he arose and followed Him."—Mark 2:14.

O. L. WOODALL.

#### L. U. NO. 1037, WINNIPEG, CANADA

Editor:

It was night. A half moon broke through drifting clouds, shedding a pale light over a snow-covered landscape, paling perceptibly before the brilliant incandescents of a large modern city. A block away, street cars rattled their noisy way, their metal wheels shrilly protesting against the fine, powdery snow which drifted between them and the steel rails. The crackle and sparks of a blocked trolley wheel on a frost encrusted trolley wire drew attention of the uninitiated to the fact that the unseen power which drove those huge cars must be having its own troubles in finding its way to the rails below. Automobiles and Fords flashed past, each one with its individual lights showing up the uneven snow covered pavement.

Pedestrians with coat collars turned up and hands thrust deep in warm pockets, seemed to be gravitating towards one point which seemed to be a plain four story brick building, brilliantly illuminated, which stood a short block from busy Main Street. But now let us go inside where all those men seem to be going. It is warm in there where long low radiators give off their heat, generated in electric boilers of a central steam station, where the off peak power of the main station, 75 miles away, is used to good advantage. Little groups have gathered in the large hallway discussing the latest news or the coming events. The groups gradually submerged to a stream finding its way upstairs to a large hall, plainly furnished with long board tables and benches decorated with empty glasses every three feet. The chairman quickly brings the gathering to a semblance of order, the foreman takes his place at the door and the joint installation of the new officers of Locals 435 and 1037 of the I. B. E. W. has begun. The ceremony is simple, old to many there, new to many others and interesting to all. The past president hands over the reins of authority to President McIntosh of 435 and the entertainment commences. Songs and music with intervals for refreshments pass the hours along, with of course a song from Brother Teddy Hares (whoever heard of an entertainment by the linemen in Winnipeg without a song from Ted?) and nothing was more interesting than the talk from Mr. P. G. Padwick, who presided at the piano, who besides being an accomplished musician is a teacher in one of our public high schools.

His anecdotes of school life today were interesting indeed and we hope to hear more from Mr. Padwick in the future. Singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close, but in the cold again and home to a wife waiting patiently with the rolling pin.

Truly we have an electric city and about the only thing that isn't electrically operated is the said rolling pin for all of which many of us poor married men are truly thankful.

That's enough for this month.

IRVINS.

#### L. U. NO. 1147, WISCONSIN RAPIDS, WIS.

Editor:

It has been some time since Local No. 1147 has appeared in these pages but a sad duty compels me to write at this time. We are all called upon to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Brother Lawrence Schumacker, in his latest bereavement, the death of his one and a half year old Eskimo Spitz dog. The poor little thing, only in the morning of its life, passed away the day after Christmas and left a place in the hearts of all that can only be filled by another dog.

I suppose you have read about the six day week law in Wisconsin. This law permits of only six work days per week and any one working Sunday must take one day off during the week. So far, there are only sixteen applications from parties desiring to take their day off on the opening day of trout season. This ruling has given work to several extra men in the electrical department here.

At Wisconsin Rapids division motortender Art Gazely turned over his oil can and favorite hiding places to Brother Frank Newman and himself took the extra man job.

At Biron, our Irish Brother, Frank Rohdestien took the extra job and Alfred Sherman, formerly of Hatfield, Wis., took over Rohdes' motor tending job. This suits everybody but operator Harry Starks, who can't stand it to stay away from the power house for 24 hours at a stretch.

Brother Anthover wishes me to tell his former friends and customers that he can't take any contracts for pushing out white oak stumps until next rabbit season as his car will be tied up until then being overhauled from his last season's contracts.

We've got some good news this time. Three of the electrical workers at the Stevens Point division came down to our meeting last Wednesday night and joined up. They are Brothers John Gaulke, Andrew Kraus and Oliver Frogner. We are very glad that these men have come in with us and hope they will never regret it.

There are still two more electrical workers at the Stevens Point Division but we expect them in soon.

They tell a pretty good one on Brother Anderson. He came in to work at the Wisconsin Rapids Division one morning, not long ago, with tears in his eyes bigger than the proverbial apple. Bandelin asked him what the trouble was. "Oh," Anderson said, "my dog pretty near got killed last night." "Well" said Banty, "I didn't know you had a dog." "I haven't" said Anderson, after wiping away a few more tears and opening his lunch bucket for a chunk of cake, "but if I had one, he would have got killed when lightning struck the dog house last night."

Brother Frank Abel, motortender of the Biron Division, dodged them successfully for 30 years, more or less but recently he had to give in and now he's comfortably married. He thought he'd fool us guys around here and go down to Waukegan, Ill., but shux, you can always tell when a man is going to get married. When he walks up a stairway with a far away look on his



face and paws the air for an extra step at the top, or locks his key up in his toolbox and has to jimmy the lid off, you can be sure he's thinking about getting married.

S. B. RAMBLE.

## L. U. NO. 1154, SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Editor:

The new incoming officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, L. H. Strickland, succeeding Brother Joe Neilson; vice president, H. P. Isaacs; financial secretary, H. C. Nogard, succeeding himself, third term; recording secretary, George A. Kling, succeeding himself for second term; treasurer, J. B. Harrison, second term; first inspector, Earl Loppin, second term also; second inspector, Alton Tryon; foreman, O. B. Thomas; trustee, George Wilds, elected for three year term, and the two remaining trustees are E. J. Peek and C. E. McKenna. Brother George Wilds got his foot out of the coffee can long enough to get nominated and at election he went over the top with a bang. Brother Wilds formerly was city electrical inspector of Venice, which is in the jurisdiction of Local 1154.

Our executive board is headed by Brother A. P. Speed, re-elected as chairman for his third successive term. Brother Speed has piloted that body of men with a master hand in the past and kept the efficiency of his rank to the highest standard. His able bodied assistants on this board are as follows: R. C. Gillette, T. Nielson, retiring president; Joe Hoffman, H. C. Nogard, George A. Kling, and E. J. Peek. I wish to state that our past Brother Joe Nielson has displayed 100 per cent efficiency in his past respected chair and also declined the gavel for the coming year and to our Brother Strickland who has been a conscientious and co-operative worker since the organization of this local, we look for big things for the ensuing year. Brother E. J. Peek of this board is our class instructor, H. C. Nogard is our go-get-em business agent and keeps the contractors a-stepping and from sizing all matters up, looks like Brother Joe Hoffman has been playing politics. He eased in on the executive board for some reason. It was rumored around, some one addressed him as a Brother hunk. Wonder whose scalp he is after now? Also wish to state that Brother A. P. Speed and his Brother Mac, better known as the Speed Brothers, hail from the windy city of Chicago, and to these two Brothers goes the credit for Local 1154 being on the map. They sponsored this movement some six years ago and segregated most of us from Local 83, Los Angeles, into our own independence and I dare say this local in that period of time has practically accomplished every demand and never the first thought of a strike or walkout and true to their name they have shown that spirit to a finish. This may interest some of the old Chicago boys. Brother A. P. Speed has served in all of the prominent chairs of this local and is still showing the 100 per cent efficiency spirit.

Going into details, our gang gave one of their monthly smokers, open house, etc. There were also a few visiting Brothers from various locals in attendance who are working a few new principles pertaining to the betterment of state conditions, giving their versions and view upon the matter. Our own Brother Nogard presented an inspiring line of vocabulary and started some worth while arguments that kept the visiting committee interested, in fact the entire bunch was all interested, Brother Nogard, with his business committee, and Brother Speed, with his entertainment, reception and refreshments committee, in the other end

of the house. Finally the business session closed in due form and on with the refreshments. We had entertainment in all respects.

Brother George Wilds did the Charleston with one foot in the coffee can; Brother Strickland gave a Mile. Lenglen tennis exhibition with a bun and frying pan, making a wild play and a high ball and hit Brother Nogard on the bean. The hot dogs were so hot I saw one Brother serving them with ice tongs. The next day the house committee reported a dissipated window pane. Some one said Roy Owens was demonstrating his can cutter to a prospect, and boys, watch for this one, 'twill soon be on the market, the electrician's friend and time saver. It cuts holes from  $\frac{3}{8}$ " to 6" in diameter. Round holes, square holes, hexagon holes, triangular holes, long holes and short ones and if you handle it right it may cut corns; from the looks of that window, it would cut most anything. Nevertheless everything was going along fine till Brother Glascock yelled, "you are out of order," and I heard later he lost 15 cents in the crap game. Anyhow I understand one of the refreshment committee attended to Brother Glascock and everything was smoothed out.

This local passed its sixth anniversary a few weeks ago. Although our entire mem-

bership are men with old cards from all over the U. S. demitted to this local you may realize there is nothing in the amateur line in Local 1154. Some of the largest cities in the universe are represented here and our majority all realize the value of co-operative unionism. Work in our jurisdiction at the present time is just about enough to keep most of our members going but every one is looking for better conditions as the New Year goes on. We have about 95 per cent closed shop conditions here, as we are located in the heart of the Coney Island of the west. There is always lots of recreation of all descriptions for all and a great deal of our work is in the amusement zones. I will state for the benefit of the curious readers that California always welcomes you all, but when you meditate on coming, remember that there are just as many electricians here seeking positions as anywhere else in the U. S. and I guess more, as California grows, and is the fastest growing state in the Union. There is always room for more, so it is up to the man that figures his tool kit his meal ticket to wait his turn. Quite a number of our Brothers are away on travelers at the present but we look for them all to blow in any time, as they always come back.

O. B. THOMAS.

## CREDIT UNIONS, WAGE EARNERS' BANKS, FLOURISH NOW IN AMERICA

Credit, the mainspring of modern business, plays a vital part in the lives of even the poorest of us. But while wealthy businesses have no difficulty in obtaining credit, the poor man, whose need for it is greatest to meet the emergencies of death, sickness, unemployment and other crises in his life, is often reduced to the direst extremities through inability to obtain a loan. A few commercial banks specialize in this field, charging high interest rates, and a number of labor banks have developed a system of small loans to wage earners; but in general the bank as an institution has failed to reach the great body of the needy. The most successful solution so far has come from the co-operative credit unions, popularly known as "poor men's banks," of which there are 65,000 in Europe and Asia providing short loans at cost for workers and farmers.

The U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics has recently completed a study of the credit union movement in this country which shows it to be the fastest growing of the phases of co-operation covered by the Bureau's studies. Of 301 active credit unions in the United States, 176 reported a membership of 107,799, share capital amounting to nearly \$11,000,000, reserves of nearly \$1,000,000, and loans made in 1925 alone amounting to more than \$20,000,000.

The growth of the American credit union movement is all the more remarkable in that it is only during the last few years that any widespread development has taken place, due to the fact that enabling legislation has only recently been passed. Up to 1921 fewer than a dozen states had enacted laws authorizing the formation of co-operative credit societies; at the end of 1925, 24 states had done so, and now the credit union movement has taken root in at least 30 states.

Credit unions are primarily for the small borrower. They give the member an opportunity to save money in small amounts and to obtain loans at moderate rates. Generally any person of good character can join the credit union, and \$1 or less will admit to membership. Only a member of

the society can be a borrower, but once a member he can apply for a loan of whatever sum he needs and secure it at a low rate of interest.

"Within the credit union," the Bureau's report states, "all are on the same level, and with equal power and rights in the society. The co-operative credit society is thus absolutely democratic. It is filling a real need, through a simple machinery, and is doing this at very little cost (expense of operation during 1925 averaged 1.8 per cent of total loans granted). The study indicates that credit societies are generally successful, and that losses from failure of members to repay loans are extremely small.

Membership in the credit societies examined averaged 612 persons, 63.6 per cent of them having fewer than 500 members each and 21 per cent having between 500 and 1,000. Of the 107,799 members of the 176 societies, the great majority are in New York, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the three states in which credit union growth is the oldest.

Credit unions need not confine themselves to the financial needs of their members. In many foreign countries they also act often as purchasing agents for quantity buying, especially for farmers. An example of such purchasing in the United States is cited by the Bureau in the case of a credit union composed mainly of members of a single labor union, which is buying coal for its members at a saving to them of 50 cents a ton.

A new patent provides for animated faces of dolls, lions, cats, and skulls painted on raincoats and covered with transparent celluloid.

Frozen meat generally will keep indefinitely, as no bacterial action can occur while it is in the solid state.

A chief of the Bantu tribes of Africa will often bemoan the loss of a cow with greater grief than the loss of a wife or child.



# CONSTRUCTIVE HINTS

## Iron Poles

Iron pole reinforcing and extension clamps are used for reclaiming tubular iron poles that have corroded and weakened at the ground line and at the section joint.

## Wooden Poles

First quality wooden poles are good for many years of service if they have free drainage and an air space at the butt.

## Pole Mounts

Various kinds of transmission pole systems for electric light and power, telephony, telegraphy, and transformer systems are using potentiated pole mounts to prevent butt decay. Practically, all of the potentiated mounts consist of a buried concrete base with heavy bolts cast into each base. A pole base clamping brace is fastened to these bolts making a socket to hold the base of the pole in. This brace keeps the base of the pole above the ground and gives drainage and air to the base preventing excessive decay. Poles in these braces have withstood a side pull up to 3,600 pounds before snapping off at the top of the brace.

## Emergency Fuses

An emergency fuse cabinet for power stations, telephone exchanges and general electrical maintenance rooms is provided for as follows: Locate a glass faced cabinet in a convenient place. In this cabinet arrange a complete assortment of the various sizes of fuses to be used. Label each size in set places. With this arrangement a fuse of a certain size may be secured with a minimum loss of time.

## Old House Wiring

When wiring an old house, the use of a hack saw blade is valuable in producing a finished job. In removing baseboards in some of the rooms to wire to outlets located in partitions this tool is used as follows: Saw all nails which can be reached flush with the back of the baseboard. This leaves the nail head in the baseboard and prevents a split in the finished front of the board. Re-nail the board back into place using fine finish nails.

## Painting Wires or Cables

In order to apply a durable paint finish to conduit, lead covered electric or telephone cables, the first coat should be a thin coat of varnish. By applying the coat of varnish before the paint, chipping and peeling of the paint can be prevented.

## Belt Dressing

Crude castor oil is an excellent belt dressing for a belt which slips. A small amount applied to a belt which slips greatly increases the belt friction and prevents slipping. This oil may be secured in any up-to-date drug firm or chemical supply house.

## Ceiling Outlets

A handy tool when locating ceiling outlets is an extended flexible rule. Take a piece of wood  $\frac{1}{2}$ " x  $\frac{1}{2}$ " square and 10 feet long. Tape a 6 foot rule so that it is taped into a set position two feet from each end of the 10 foot stick. This allows the mechanic to use the combination of the ten foot length and the 6 foot rule to rapidly determine outlet locations.

## Motor Oiling

When electric motor oil rings are not properly oiling a motor bearing, use a chain ring. According to the size of motor to be repaired, use a piece of chain which will revolve in the bearing chamber and carry the oil to the top of the bearing for a better distribution of oil than the defective ring.

## Temperature Test

Ordinary putty comes in handy as a holder of thermometers in the many places heat tests are required in electrical machinery. By using the putty, a thermometer can generally be fastened to the suspected location of the cause of the heating difficulty. By making comparative tests throughout the machine a correct diagnosis of the machine difficulty can be made. A medical doctor examines the human body with a stethoscope in a somewhat similar manner.

## Transformer Cases

On line work contracts defective transformers with sand holes in the oil cases are sometimes delivered. An emergency repair of an oil case sand hole is as follows: Clean the metal surface around the hole outside and inside the case. Insert a copper or brass bolt with a washer on each end and a nut on one end completely tightening the bolt through the hole against the case sides. The next step is to solder the bolt head and nut so that the sand hole is oil tight.

Other repairs can be made by using cold or hot solder and then caulking the solder so the hole is tight.

## Pulling Wires

In pulling wires into a conduit, soapstone applied to the wires saves time and labor. The soapstone on the wire enables the wire to be pulled through with less strain from the pulling end. Without soapstone, the ordinary wire insulation introduces friction which requires a much stronger pull to carry the wire through the conduit.

## Carpenter's Floor Scraper

A useful tool for cutting floor board tongues is a carpenter's floor scraper. The ordinary wooden chisel marks the floor top when it is driven into the space between the two floor boards to cut the tongue. The carpenter's scraper is thin and cuts rapid without leaving the unsightly top floor marks.

## Switchboard Holes

Old holes in switchboards can be filled with a mixture of one part plaster of paris and two parts white or black putty to match the shade of slate. Another handy repair material is sealing wax of the right shade.

## Repairing Armatures

When armatures are repaired in a motor repair shop, damage to the armature coils can be avoided as follows: When hoisting the armature with a chain or rope, hoist, use a spreader board. This spreader board is a short piece of wood which is used to keep the rope or chain from rubbing the armature coil ends as the armature is being hoisted. The spreader board balances the rope or chain so that coil damage is eliminated.

## Extra Conduit Fitting

Whenever a single conduit fitting is carried through a floor to the side of a desk for telephone wiring or lights, it is good practice to use a floor flange where the pipes come through the floor. This flange makes the pipe more rigid and less liable to be snapped off at the floor level. With this arrangement fastening the conduit to the desk with pipe straps can be avoided on short pipe lengths.

## Collector Rings

On alternating current motor repair jobs, it will often be found that collector rings are rough. A way to put the collector rings in running order is as follows: Moisten a strip of 00 sand paper with machine oil and use it to smooth the rings by carefully going over the contact surface, then wipe each ring with a piece of clear cotton waste. The oil on the sand paper helps to produce a clean smooth surface.

## Cleaning Stranded Wire

A file card is a useful tool to use in cleaning the separate wires of a stranded cable. This file card removes the insulation rapidly.

## Storage Battery Plates

A woodworker's clamp is useful in straightening a buckled storage battery plate. Method: Place the buckled plates into the clamp between two small pieces of board, tighten the clamp and gradually straighten the plate by pressure exerted upon the two boards holding the plate.

## Electric Range Connections

Some of the companies manufacturing electric ranges do not provide for a satisfactory connection from the house mains to the stove leads. The wires are brought out at a point and the wireman has to pipe as near as possible to that point and pull in his mains and connect with the stove leads. This method does not make the neatest job. To avoid this sort of work. Plan on using one of the many standard outlet boxes to suit the job at hand. Carry the stove leads into this box and bolt the box to the stove. The house mains can be carried into this outlet box and all connections can be made in it, making a concealed job of the connections.

## Wire Terminals

Copper tubing of various sizes is always valuable in a tool kit. When short of a standard wire terminal, a ready made terminal can be turned out by flattening one end and drilling the required hole through the flattened end. This prevents delay and job tie ups.

## Plaster of Paris

Lemon juice, vinegar or a small quantity of pure citric acid will prevent rapid setting of a mixed batch of Plaster of Paris. With this hint a man can mix enough plaster to do the average amount of patching without having his mixture harden.

## Emergency Springs

A temporary repair, pending the arrival of the proper spring for a motor contact, can be made as follows: Use a heavy rubber band so as to hold a flexible contact on the commutator. This is just a temporary repair.



## THE OCTOPUS

(Continued from page 65)

hog or two wandered aimlessly about. Under a shed by the barn, a broken-down seeder lay rusting to its ruin. But overhead, a mammoth live-oak, the largest tree in all the country-side, towered superb and magnificent. Grey bunches of mistletoe and festoons of trailing moss hung from its bark. From its lowest branch hung Hooven's meat-safe, a square box, faced with wire screens.

What gave a special interest to Hooven's was the fact that here was the intersection of the Lower Road and Derrick's main irrigating ditch, a vast trench not yet completed, which he and Annixter, who worked the Quien Sabe ranch, were jointly constructing. It ran directly across the road and at right angles to it, and lay a deep groove in the field between Hooven's and the town of Guadalajara, some three miles farther on. Besides this, the ditch was a natural boundary between two divisions of the Los Muertos ranch, the first and fourth.

Presley now had the choice of two routes. His objective point was the spring at the headwaters of Broderson Creek, in the hills on the eastern side of the Quien Sabe ranch. The trail afforded him a short cut thitherward. As he passed the house, Mrs. Hooven came to the door, her little daughter Hilda, dressed in a boy's overalls and clumsy boots, at her skirts. Minna, her oldest daughter, a very pretty girl, whose love affairs were continually the talk of all Los Muertos, was visible through the window of the house, busy at the week's washing. Mrs. Hooven was a faded, colourless woman, middle-aged and commonplace, and offering not the least characteristic that would distinguish her from a thousand other women of her class and kind. She nodded to Presley, watching him with a stolid gaze from under her arm, which she held across her forehead to shade her eyes.

But now Presley exerted himself in good earnest. His bicycle flew. He resolved that after all he would go to Guadalajara. He crossed the bridge over the irrigating ditch with a brusque spurt of hollow sound, and shot forward down the last stretch of the Lower Road that yet intervened between Hooven's and the town. He was on the fourth division of the ranch now, the only one whereon the wheat had been successful, no doubt because of the Little Mission Creek that ran through it. But he no longer occupied himself with the landscape. His only concern was to get on as fast as possible. He had looked forward to spending nearly the whole day on the crest of the wooded hills in the northern corner of the Quien Sabe ranch, reading, idling, smoking his pipe. But now he would do well if he arrived there by the middle of the afternoon. In a few moments he had reached the line fence that marked the limits of the ranch. Here were the railroad tracks, and just beyond—a huddled mass of roofs, with here and there an adobe house on its outskirts—the little town of Guadalajara. Nearer at hand, and directly in front of Presley, were the freight and passenger depots of the P. and S. W., painted in the grey and white, which seemed to be the official colours of all the buildings owned by the corporation. The station was deserted. No trains passed at this hour. From the direction of the ticket window, Presley heard the unsteady chattering of the telegraph key. In the shadow of one of the baggage trucks upon the platform, the great yellow cat that belonged to the agent dozed complacently, her paws tucked under her body. Three flat cars, loaded with bright-painted farming machines, were on the siding above the station, while, on the switch below, a huge freight engine that lacked its cowcatcher sat back upon its monstrous driving-wheels, motionless, solid, drawing long breaths that were punctuated by the subdued sound of its steam-pump clicking at exact intervals.

But evidently it had been decreed that Presley should be stopped at every point of his ride that day, for, as he was pushing his bicycle across the tracks, he was surprised to hear his name called. "Hello, there, Mr. Presley. What's the good word?"

Presley looked up quickly, and saw Dyke, the engineer, leaning on his folded arms from the cab window of the freight engine. But at the prospect of this further delay, Presley was less troubled. Dyke and he were well acquainted and the best of friends. The picturesqueness of the engineer's life was always attractive to Presley, and more than once he had ridden on Dyke's engine between Guadalajara and Bonneville. Once, even, he had made the entire run between the latter town and San Francisco in the cab.

Dyke's home was in Guadalajara. He lived in one of the remodelled adobe cottages, where his mother kept house for him. His wife had died some five years before this time, leaving him a little daughter, Sidney, to bring up as best he could. Dyke himself was a heavy built, well-looking fellow, nearly twice the weight of Presley, with great shoulders and massive, hairy arms, and a tremendous, rumbling voice. "Hello, old man," answered Presley, coming up to the engine. "What are you doing about here at this time of day? I thought you were on the night service this month."

"We've changed about a bit," answered the other. "Come up here and sit down, and get out of the sun. They've held us here to wait orders," he explained, as Presley, after leaning his bicycle against the tender, climbed to the fireman's seat of worn green leather. "They are changing the run of one of the crack passenger engines down below, and are sending her up to Fresno. There was a smash of some kind on the Bakersfield division, and she's to hell and gone behind her time. I suppose when she comes, she'll come a-humming. It will be stand clear and an open track all the way to Fresno. They have held me here to let her go by."

He took his pipe, an old T. D. clay, but coloured to a beautiful shiny black, from the pocket of his jumper and filled and lit it.

"Well, I don't suppose you object to being held here," observed Presley. "Gives you a chance to visit your mother and the little girl."

"And precisely they chose this day to go up to Sacramento," answered Dyke. "Just my luck. Went up to visit my brother's people. By the way, my brother may come down here—locate here, I mean—and go into the hop-raising business. He's got an option on five hundred acres just back of the town here. He says there's going to be money in hops. I don't know; maybe I'll go in with him."

"Why, what's the matter with railroading?" Dyke drew a couple of puffs on his pipe, and fixed Presley with a glance.

"There's this the matter with it," he said; "I'm fired."

"Fired! You!" exclaimed Presley, turning abruptly toward him.

"That's what I'm telling you," returned Dyke grimly.

"You don't mean it. Why, what for, Dyke?"

"Now, you tell me what for," growled the other savagely. "Boy and man, I've worked for the P. and S. W. for over ten years, and never one yelp of a complaint did I ever hear from them. They know damn well they've not got a steadier man on the road. And more than that, more than that, I don't belong to the Brotherhood. And when the strike came along, I stood by them—stood by the company. You know that. And you know, and they know, that at Sacramento that time, I ran my train according to schedule, with a gun in each hand, never knowing when I was going over a mined culvert, and there was talk of giving me a gold watch at the time. To hell with their gold watches! I want ordinary justice and fair treatment. And now, when hard times come along, and they are cutting wages, what do they do? Do they make any discrimination in my case? Do they remember the man that stood by them and risked his life in their service? No. They cut my pay down just as off-hand as they do the pay of any dirty little wiper in the yard. Cut me along with—listen to this—cut me along with men that they had black-listed; strikers that they took back because they were short of hands." He drew fiercely on his pipe. "I went to them, yes, I did; I went to the General Office, and are dirt. I told them I was a family man, and that I didn't see how I was going to get along on the new scale, and I reminded them of my service during the strike. The swine told me that it wouldn't be fair to discriminate in favour of one man, and that the cut must apply to all their employees alike. Fair!" he shouted with laughter. "Fair! Hear the P. and S. W. talking about fairness and discrimination. That's good, that is. Well, I got furious. I was a fool, I suppose. I told them that, in justice to myself, I wouldn't do first-class work for third-class pay. And they said, 'Well, Mr. Dyke, you know what you can do.' Well, I did know. I said, 'I'll ask for my time, if you please,' and they gave it to me just as if they were glad to be shut of me. So there you are, Presley. That's the P. & S. W. Railroad Company of California. I am on my last run now."

"Shameful," declared Presley, his sympathies all aroused, now that the trouble concerned a friend of his. "It's shameful, Dyke. But," he added, an idea occurring to him, "that don't shut you out from work. There are other railroads in the State that are not controlled by the P. and S. W."

Dyke smote his knee with his clenched fist. "Name one."

Presley was silent. Dyke's challenge was unanswerable. There was a lapse in their talk, Presley drumming on the arm of the seat, meditating on his injustice; Dyke looking off over

the fields beyond the town, his frown lowering, his teeth rasping upon his pipestem. The station agent came to the door of the depot, stretching and yawning. On ahead of the engine, the empty rails of the track, reaching out toward the horizon, threw off visible layers of heat. The telegraph key clicked incessantly.

"So I'm going to quit," Dyke remarked after a while, his anger somewhat subsided. "My brother and I will take up this hop ranch. I've saved a good deal in the last ten years, and there ought to be money in hops."

Presley went on, remounting his bicycle, wheeling silently through the deserted streets of the decayed and dying Mexican town. It was the hour of the siesta. Nobody was about. There was no business in the town. It was too close to Bonneville for that. Before the railroad came, and in the days when the raising of cattle was the great industry of the country, it had enjoyed a fierce and brilliant life. Now it was moribund. The drug store, the two bars, the hotel at the corner of the old Plaza, and the shops where Mexican "curios" were sold to those occasional Eastern tourists who came to visit the Mission of San Juan, sufficed for the town's activity.

At Solotari's, the restaurant on the Plaza, diagonally across from the hotel, Presley ate his long-deferred Mexican dinner—an omelette in Spanish-Mexican style, frijoles and tortillas, a salad, and a glass of white wine. In a corner of the room, during the whole course of his dinner, two young Mexicans (one of whom was astonishingly handsome, after the melodramatic fashion of his race) and an old fellow the centenarian of the town, decrepit beyond belief, sang an interminable love-song to the accompaniment of a guitar and an accordion.

These Spanish-Mexicans, decayed, picturesque, vicious, and romantic, never failed to interest Presley. A few of them still remained in Guadalajara, drifting from the saloon to the restaurant, and from the restaurant to the Plaza, relics of a former generation, standing for a different order of things, absolutely idle, living God knew how, happy with their cigarette, their guitar, their glass of mescal, and their siesta. The centenarian remembered Fremont and Governor Alvarado, and the bandit Jesús Tejada, and the days when Los Muertos was a Spanish grant, a veritable principality, leagues in extent, and when there was never a fence from Visalia to Fresno. Upon this occasion, Presley offered the old man a drink of mescal, and excited him to talk of the things he remembered. Their talk was in Spanish, a language with which Presley was familiar.

"De La Cuesta held the grant of Los Muertos in those days," the centenarian said; "a grand man. He had the power of life and death over his people, and there was no law but his word. There was no thought of wheat then, you may believe. It was all cattle in those days, sheep, horses—steers, not so many—and if money was scarce, there was always plenty to eat, and clothes enough for all, and wine, ah, yes, by the vat, and oil, too; the Mission Fathers had that. Yes, and there was wheat as well, now that I come to think; but a very little—in the field north of the Mission where now it is the Seed ranch; wheat fields were there, and also a vineyard, all on Mission grounds. Wheat, olives, and the vine; the Fathers planted those, to provide the elements of the Holy Sacrament—bread, oil, and wine, you understand. It was like that, those industries began in California—from the Church; and now," he put his chin in the air, "what would Father Ulivari have said to such a crop as Señor Derrick plants these days? Ten thousand acres of wheat! Nothing but wheat from the Sierra to the Coast Range. I remember when De La Cuesta was married. He had never seen the young lady, only her miniature portrait, painted—he raised a shoulder—"I do not know by whom, small, a little thing to be held in the palm. But he fell in love with that, and marry her he would. The affair was arranged between him and the girl's parents. But when the time came that De La Cuesta was to go to Monterey to meet and marry the girl, behold, Jesús Tejada broke in upon the small rancheros near Terrabella. It was no time for De La Cuesta to be away, so he sent his brother Esteban to Monterey to marry the girl by proxy for him. I went with Esteban. We were a company, nearly a hundred men. And De La Cuesta sent a horse for the girl to ride, white, pure white; and the saddle was of red leather; the head-stall, the bit, and buckle, all the metal work, of virgin silver. Well, there was a ceremony in the Monterey Mission, and Esteban, in the name of his brother, was married to the girl. On our way back, De La Cuesta rode out to meet us. His company met ours at Agatha dos Palos. Never will I forget De La Cuesta's face as his eyes fell upon the girl. It was a look, a glance, come and gone like that," he snapped his fingers. "No one but I saw it, but I was close by. There was no mistaking that look. De La Cuesta was disappointed."



"And the girl?" demanded Presley.

"She never knew. Ah, he was a grand gentleman, De La Cuesta. Always he treated her as a queen. Never was husband more devoted, more respectful, more chivalrous. But love?" The old fellow put his chin in the air, shutting his eyes in a knowing fashion. "It was not there. I could tell. They were married over again at the Mission San Juan de Guadalajara—our Mission—and for a week all the town of Guadalajara was in fête. There were bull-fights in the Plaza—this very one—for five days, and to each of his tenants-in-chief, De La Cuesta gave a horse, a barrel of tallow, an ounce of silver, and half an ounce of gold dust. Ah, those were days. That was a gay life. This—he made a comprehensive gesture with his left hand—"this is stupid."

"You may well say that," observed Presley moodily, discouraged by the other's talk. All his doubts and uncertainty had returned to him. Never would he grasp the subject of his great poem. To-day, the life was colourless. Romance was dead. He had lived too late. To write of the past was not what he desired. Reality was what he longed for, things that he had seen. Yet how to make this compatible with romance. He rose, putting on his hat, offering the old man a cigarette. The centenarian accepted with the air of a grandee, and extended his horn snuff-box. Presley shook his head.

"I was born too late for that," he declared. "For that, and for many other things. Adios."

"You are travelling to-day, señor?"

"A little turn through the country, to get the kinks out of the muscles," Presley answered. "I go up into the Quilen Sabe, into the high country beyond the Mission."

"Ah, the Quilen Sabe rancho. The sheep are grazing there this week."

Solotari, the keeper of the restaurant, explained:

"Young Annixter sold his wheat stubble on the ground to the sheep raisers off yonder; he motioned eastward toward the Sierra foothills. "Since Sunday the herd has been down. Very clever, that young Annixter. He gets a price for his stubble, which else he would have to burn, and also manures his land as the sheep move from place to place. A true Yankee, that Annixter a good gringo."

After his meal, Presley once more mounted his bicycle, and leaving the restaurant and the Plaza behind him, held on through the main street of the drowsing town—the street that farther on developed into the road which turned abruptly northward and led onward through the hop-fields and the Quilen Sabe ranch toward the Mission of San Juan.

The Home ranch of the Quilen Sabe was in the little triangle bounded on the south by the railroad, on the northwest by Broderson Creek, and on the east by the hop fields and the Mission lands. It was traversed in all directions, now by the trail from Hooven's, now by the irrigating ditch—the same which Presley had crossed earlier in the day—and again by the road upon which Presley then found himself. In its centre were Annixter's ranch house and barns, topped by the skeleton-like tower of the artesian well that was to feed the irrigating ditch. Farther on, the course of Broderson Creek was marked by a curved line of grey-green willows, while on the low hills to the north, as Presley advanced, the ancient Mission of San Juan de Guadalajara, with its belfry tower and red-tiled roof, began to show itself over the crests of the venerable pear trees that clustered in its garden.

When Presley reached Annixter's ranch house, he found young Annixter himself stretched in his hammock behind the mosquito-bar on the front porch, reading "David Copperfield," and gorging himself with dried prunes.

Annixter—after the two had exchanged greetings—complained of terrific colics all the preceding night. His stomach was out of whack, but you bet he knew how to take care of himself: the last spell, he had consulted a doctor at Bonneville, a gibbering busy-face who had filled him up to the neck with a dose of some hogwash stuff that had made him worse—a healthy lot the doctors knew, anyhow. His case was peculiar. He knew; prunes were what he needed, and by the pound.

Annixter, who worked the Quilen Sabe ranch—some four thousand acres of rich clay and heavy loams—was a very young man, younger even than Presley, like him a college graduate. He looked never a year older than he was. He was smooth-shaven and lean built. But his youthful appearance was offset by a certain male cast of countenance, the lower lip thrust out, the chin large and deeply cleft. His university course had hardened rather than polished him. He still remained one of the people, rough almost to insolence, direct in speech, intolerant in his opinions, relying upon absolutely no one but himself; yet, with all this, of an astonishing degree of intelligence, and possessed of an executive ability little short of positive genius. He was a ferocious worker, allowing himself no pleasures, and exacting the same degree of energy from all his subordi-

ates. He was widely hated, and as widely trusted. Every one spoke of his crusty temper and bullying disposition, invariably qualifying the statement with a commendation of his resources and capabilities. The devil of a driver, a hard man to get along with, obstinate, contrary, cantankerous; but brains! No doubt of that; brains to his boots. One would like to see the man who could get ahead of him on a deal. Twice he had been shot at, once from ambush on Osterman's ranch, and once by one of his own men whom he had kicked from the sacking platform of his harvester for gross negligence. At college, he had specialised on finance, political economy, and scientific agriculture. After his graduation (he stood almost at the very top of his class) he had returned and obtained the degree of civil engineer. Then suddenly he had taken a notion that a practical knowledge of law was indispensable to a modern farmer. In eight months he did the work of three years, studying for his bar examinations. His method of study was characteristic. He reduced all the material of his text-books to notes. Tearing out the leaves of these note-books, he pasted them upon the walls of his room; then, in his shirt-sleeves, a cheap cigar in his teeth, his hands in his pockets, he walked around and around the room, scowling fiercely at his notes, memorising, devouring, digesting. At intervals, he drank great cupfuls of unsweetened, black coffee. When the bar examinations were held, he was admitted at the very head of all the applicants, and was complimented by the judge. Immediately afterwards, he collapsed with nervous prostration; his stomach "got out of whack," and he all but died in a Sacramento boarding-house, obstinately refusing to have anything to do with doctors, whom he vituperated as a rabble of quacks, dosing himself with a patent medicine and stuffing himself almost to bursting with liver pills and dried prunes. He had taken a trip to Europe after this sickness to put himself completely to rights. He intended to be gone a year, but returned at the end of six weeks, fulminating abuse of European cooking. Nearly his entire time had been spent in Paris; but of this sojourn he had brought back but two souvenirs, an electroplated bill-hook and an empty bird cage which had tickled his fancy immensely.

He was wealthy. Only a year previous to this his father—a widower, who had amassed a fortune in land speculation—had died, and Annixter, the only son, had come into the inheritance.

For Presley, Annixter professed a great admiration, holding in deep respect the man who could rhyme words, deferring to him whenever there was question of literature or works of fiction. No doubt, there was not much use in poetry, and as for novels, to his mind, there were only Dickens's works. Everything else was a lot of lies. But just the same, it took brains to grind out a poem. It wasn't every one who could rhyme "brave" and "glave," and make sense out of it. Sure not.

But Presley's case was a notable exception. On no occasion was Annixter prepared to accept another man's opinion without reserve. In conversation with him, it was almost impossible to make any direct statement, however trivial, that he would accept without either modification or open contradiction. He had a passion for violent discussion. He would argue upon every subject in the range of human knowledge, from astronomy to the tariff, from the doctrine of predestination to the height of a horse. Never would he admit himself to be mistaken; when cornered, he would intrench himself behind the remark, "Yes, that's all very well. In some ways, it is, and then, again, in some ways it isn't."

Singularly enough, he and Presley were the best of friends. More than once, Presley marvelled at this state of affairs, telling himself that he and Annixter had nothing in common. In all his circle of acquaintances, Presley was the one man with whom Annixter had never quarrelled. The two men were diametrically opposed in temperament. Presley was easy-going; Annixter, alert. Presley was a confirmed dreamer, irresolute, inactive, with a strong tendency to melancholy; the young farmer was a man of affairs, decisive, combative, whose only reflection upon his interior economy was a morbid concern in the vagaries of his stomach. Yet the two never met without a mutual pleasure, taking a genuine interest in each other's affairs and often putting themselves to great inconvenience to be of trifling service to help one another.

As a last characteristic Annixter pretended to be a woman-hater, for no other reason than that he was a very bull-calf of awkwardness of feminine surroundings. Females! Rot! There was a fine way for a man to waste his time and his good money, lally gagging with a lot of females. No, thank you; none of it in his, if you please. Once only he had an affair—a timid, little creature in a glove-cleaning establishment in Sacramento, whom he had picked up. Heaven knew how. After his return to his ranch, a correspondence had been maintained between the two, Annixter taking the precaution to typewrite his letters, and

never affixing his signature, in an excess of prudence. He furthermore made carbon copies of all his letters, filing them away in a compartment of his safe. Ah, it would be a clever female who would get him into a mess. Then, suddenly smitten with a panic terror that he had committed himself, that he was involving himself too deeply, he had abruptly sent the little woman about her business. It was his only love affair. After that, he kept himself free. No petticoats should ever have a hold on him. Sure not.

As Presley came up to the edge of the porch, pushing his bicycle in front of him, Annixter excused himself for not getting up, alleging that the cramps returned the moment he was off his back.

"What are you doing up this way?" he demanded.

"Oh, just having a look around," answered Presley. "How's the ranch?"

"Say," observed the other, ignoring his question, "what's this I hear about Derrick giving his tenants the bounce, and working Los Muertos himself—working all his land?"

Presley made a sharp movement of impatience with his free hand. "I've heard nothing else myself since morning. I suppose it must be so."

"Huh!" grunted Annixter, spitting out a prune stone. "You give Magnus Derrick my compliments and tell him he's a fool."

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose Derrick thinks he's still running his mine, and that the same principles will apply to getting grain out of the earth as to getting gold. Oh, let him go on and see where he brings up. That's right, there's your Western farmer," he exclaimed contemptuously. "Get the guts out of your land; work it to death; never give it a rest. Never alternate your crop, and then when your soil is exhausted, sit down and roar about hard times."

"I suppose Magnus thinks the land has had rest enough these last two dry seasons," observed Presley. "He has raised no crop to speak of for two years. The land has had a good rest."

"Ah, yes, that sounds well," Annixter contradicted, unwilling to be convinced. "In a way the land's been rested, and then again, in a way, it hasn't."

But Presley, scenting an argument, refrained from answering, and bethought himself of moving on.

"I'm going to leave my wheel here for a while, Buck," he said, "if you don't mind. I'm going up to the spring, and the road is rough between here and there."

"Stop in for dinner on your way back," said Annixter. "There'll be a venison steak. One of the boys got a deer over in the foothills last week. Out of season, but never mind that. I can't eat it. This stomach of mine wouldn't digest sweet oil today. Get here about six."

"Well, maybe I will, thank you," said Presley, moving off. "By the way," he added, "I see your barn is about done."

"You bet," answered Annixter. "In about a fortnight now she'll be all ready."

"It's a big barn," murmured Presley, glancing around the angle of the house toward where the great structure stood.

"Guess we'll have to have a dance there before we move the stock in," observed Annixter. "That's the custom all around here."

Presley took himself off, but at the gate Annixter called after him, his mouth full of prunes. "Say, take a look at that herd of sheep as you go up. They are right off here to the east of the road, about half a mile from here. I guess that's the biggest lot of sheep you ever saw. You might write a poem about 'em. Lamb—ram; sheep graze—sunny days. Catch on?"

Beyond Broderson Creek, as Presley advanced, tramping along on foot now, the land opened out again into the same vast spaces of dull brown earth, sprinkled with stubble, such as had been characteristic of Derrick's ranch. To the east the reach seemed infinite, flat, cheerless, heatridden, unrolling like a gigantic scroll toward the faint shimmer of the distant horizons, with here and there an isolated live-oak to break the sombre monotony. But bordering the road to the westward, the surface roughened and raised, clamoring up to the higher ground, on the crest of which the old Mission and its surrounding pear trees were now plainly visible.

Just beyond the Mission, the road bent abruptly eastward, striking off across the Seed ranch. But Presley left the road at this point, going on across the open fields. There was no longer any trail. It was toward three o'clock. The sun still spun, a silent, blazing disc, high in the heavens, and tramping through the clods of uneven, broken plough was fatiguing work. The slope of the lowest foothills begun, the surface of the country became rolling, and, suddenly, as he topped a higher ridge, Presley came upon the sheep.

Already he had passed the larger part of the herd—an intervening rise of ground hav-



ing hidden it from sight. Now, as he turned half way about, looking down into the shallow hollow between him and the curve of the creek, he saw them very plainly. The fringe of the herd was some two hundred yards distant, but its farther side, in that illusive shimmer of hot surface air, seemed miles away. The sheep were spread out roughly in the shape of a figure eight, two larger herds connected by a smaller, and were headed to the southward, moving slowly, grazing on the wheat stubble as they proceeded. But the number seemed incalculable. Hundreds upon hundreds upon hundreds of grey, rounded backs, all exactly alike, huddled, close-packed, alive, hid the earth from sight. It was no longer an aggregate of individuals. It was a mass—a compact, solid, slowly moving mass, huge, without form, like a thick, pressed growth of mushrooms, spreading out in all directions over the earth. From it there arose a vague murmur, confused, inarticulate, like the sound of very distant surf, while all the air in the vicinity was heavy with the warm, ammoniacal odour of the thousands of crowding bodies.

All the colours of the scene were sombre—the brown of the earth, the faded yellow of the dead stubble, the grey of the myriad of undulating backs. Only on the far side of the herd, erect, motionless—a single note of black, a speck, a dot—the shepherd stood, leaning upon an empty water-trough, solitary, grave, impressive.

For a few moments, Presley stood, watching. Then, as he started to move on, a curious thing occurred. At first, he thought he had heard some one call his name. He paused, listening; there was no sound but the vague noise of the moving sheep. Then, as this first impression passed, it seemed to him that he had been beckoned to. Yet nothing stirred; except for the lonely figure beyond the herd there was no one in sight. He started on again, and in half a dozen steps found himself looking over his shoulder. Without knowing why, he looked toward the shepherd; then halted and looked a second time and a third. Had the shepherd called to him? Presley knew that he had heard no voice. Brusquely, all his attention seemed riveted upon this distant figure. He put one forearm over his eyes, to keep off the sun, gazing across the intervening herd. Surely, the shepherd had called him. But at the next instant he started, uttering an exclamation under his breath. The far-away speck of black became animated. Presley remarked a sweeping gesture. Though the man had not beckoned to him before, there was no doubt that he was beckoning now. Without any hesitation, and singularly interested in the incident, Presley turned sharply aside and hurried on toward the shepherd, skirting the herd, wondering all the time that he should answer the call with so little question, so little hesitation.

But the shepherd came forward to meet Presley, followed by one of his dogs. As the two men approached each other, Presley, closely studying the other, began to wonder where he had seen him before. It must have been a very long time ago, upon one of his previous visits to the ranch. Certainly, however, there was something familiar in the shepherd's face and figure. When they came closer to each other, and Presley could see him more distinctly, this sense of a previous acquaintance was increased and sharpened.

The shepherd was a man of about thirty-five. He was very lean and spare. His brown canvas overalls were thrust into laced boots. A cartridge belt without any cartridges encircled his waist. A grey flannel shirt, open at the throat, showed his breast, tanned and ruddy. He wore no hat. His hair was very black and rather long. A pointed beard covered his chin, growing straight and fine from the hollow cheeks. The absence of any covering for his head was, no doubt, habitual with him, for his face was as brown as an Indian's—a ruddy brown—quite different from Presley's dark olive. To Presley's morbidly keen observation, the general impression of the shepherd's face was intensely interesting. It was uncommon to an astonishing degree. Presley's vivid imagination chose to see in it the face of an ascetic, of a recluse, almost that of a young seer. So must have appeared the half-inspired shepherds of the Hebrew legends, the younger prophets of Israel, dwellers in the wilderness, beholders of visions, having their existence in a continual dream, talkers with God, gifted with strange powers.

Suddenly, at some twenty paces distant from the approaching shepherd, Presley stopped short, his eyes riveted upon the other.

"Vanamee!" he exclaimed.

The shepherd smiled and came forward, holding out his hands, saying, "I thought it was you. When I saw you come over the hill, I called you."

"But not with your voice," returned Presley. "I knew that some one wanted me. I felt it. I should have remembered that you could do that kind of thing."

"I have never known it to fail. It helps with the sheep."

"With the sheep?"

"In a way. I can't tell exactly how. We don't understand these things yet. There are times when if I close my eyes and dig my fists into my temples, I can hold the entire herd for perhaps a minute. Perhaps, though, it's imagination, who knows? But it's good to see you again. How long has it been since the last time? Two, three, nearly five years."

It was more than that. It was six years since Presley and Vanamee had met, and then it had been for a short time only, during one of the shepherd's periodical brief returns to that part of the country. During a week he and Presley had been much together, for the two were devoted friends. Then, as abruptly, as mysteriously as he had come, Vanamee disappeared. Presley awoke one morning to find him gone. Thus, it had been with Vanamee for a period of sixteen years. He lived his life in the unknown, one could not tell where—in the desert, in the mountains, throughout all the vast and vague Southwest, solitary, strange. Three, four, five years passed. The shepherd would be almost forgotten. Never the most trivial scrap of information as to his whereabouts reached Los Muertos. He had melted off into the surface-shimmer of the desert, into the mirage; he sank below the horizons; he was swallowed up in the waste of sand and sage. Then, without warning, he would reappear, coming in from the wilderness, emerging from the unknown. No one knew him well. In all that countryside he had but three friends, Presley, Magnus Derrick, and the priest at the Mission of San Juan de Guadalupe, Father Sarria. He remained always a mystery, living a life half-real, half-legendary. In all those years he did not seem to have grown older by a single day. At this time, Presley knew him to be thirty-six years of age. But since the first day the two had met, the shepherd's face and bearing had, to his eyes, remained the same. At this moment Presley was looking into the same face he had first seen many, many years ago. It was a face stamped with an unspeakable sadness, a deathless grief, the permanent imprint of a tragedy long past, but yet a living issue. Presley told himself that it was impossible to look long into Vanamee's eyes without knowing that here was a man whose whole being had been at one time shattered and riven to its lowest depths, whose life had suddenly stopped at a certain moment of its development.

The two friends sat down upon the ledge of the watering-trough, their eyes wandering incessantly toward the slow moving herd, grazing on the wheat stubble, moving southward as they grazed.

"Where have you come from this time?" Presley had asked. "Where have you kept yourself?"

The other swept the horizon to the south and east with a vague gesture.

"Off there, down to the south, very far off. So many places that I can't remember. I went the Long Trail this time; a long, long ways, Arizona, The Mexicos, and then, afterwards, Utah and Nevada, following the horizon, traveling at hazard. Into Arizona first, going in by Monument Pass, and then on to the south, through the country of the Navajos, down by the Agua Fria Needle—a great blade of red rock jutting from out the desert. Like a knife thrust. Then on and on through The Mexicos, all through the Southwest, then back again in a great circle by Chihuahua and Aldama to Laredo, to Torreon, and Albuquerque. From there across the Uncompahgre plateau into the Utah country; then at last due west through Nevada to California and to the valley of the San Joaquin."

His voice lapsed to a monotone, his eyes becoming fixed; he continued to speak as though half awake, his thoughts elsewhere, seeing again in the eye of his mind the reach of desert and red hill, the purple mountain, the level stretch of alkali, leper white, all the savage, gorgeous desolation of the Long Trail.

He ignored Presley for the moment, but, on the other hand, Presley himself gave him but half his attention. The return of Vanamee had stimulated the poet's memory. He recalled the incidents of Vanamee's life, reviewing again that terrible drama which had uprooted his soul, which had driven him forth a wanderer, a shunner of men, a sojourner in waste places. He was, strangely enough, a college graduate and a man of wide reading and great intelligence, but he had chosen to lead his own life, which was that of a recluse.

Of a temperament similar in many ways to Presley's, there were capabilities in Vanamee that were not ordinarily to be found in the rank and file of men. Living close to nature, a poet by instinct, where Presley was but a poet by training, there developed in him a great sensitiveness to beauty and an almost abnormal capacity for great happiness and great sorrow; he felt things intensely, deeply. He never forgot. It was when he was eighteen or nineteen, at the formative and most impressionable period of his life, that he had met Angèle Varian. Presley barely remem-

bered her as a girl of sixteen, beautiful almost beyond expression, who lived with an aged aunt on the Seed ranch back of the Mission. At this moment he was trying to recall how she looked, with her hair of gold hanging in two straight plaits on either side of her face, making three-cornered her round, white forehead; her wonderful eyes, violet blue, heavy lidded, with their astonishing upward slant toward the temple, the slant that gave a strange, oriental cast to her face, perplexing enchanting. He remembered the Egyptian fulness of the lips, the strange, balancing movement of her head upon her slender neck, the same movement that one sees in a snake at poised. Never had he seen a girl more radiantly beautiful, never a beauty so strange, so troublous, so out of all accepted standards. It was small wonder that Vanamee had loved her, and less wonder, still, that his love had been so intense, so passionate, so part of himself. Angèle had loved him with a love no less than his own. It was one of those legendary passions that sometimes occur, idyllic, untouched by civilization, spontaneous as the growth of trees, natural as dew-fall, strong as the firm-seated mountains.

At the time of his meeting with Angèle, Vanamee was living on the Los Muertos ranch. It was there he had chosen to spend one of his college vacations. But he preferred to pass it in out-of-door work, sometimes herding cattle, sometimes pitching hay, sometimes working with pick and dynamite-stick on the ditches in the fourth division of the ranch, riding the range, mending breaks in the wire fences, making himself generally useful. College bred though he was, the life pleased him. He was, as he desired, close to nature, living the full measure of life, a worker among workers, taking enjoyment in simple pleasures, healthy in mind and body. He believed in an existence passed in this fashion in the country, working hard, eating full, drinking deep, sleeping dreamlessly.

But every night, after supper, he saddled his pony and rode over to the garden of the old Mission. The 'dobe dividing wall on that side, which once had separated the Mission garden and the Seed ranch, had long since crumbled away, and the boundary between the two pieces of ground was marked only by a line of venerable pear trees. Here, under these trees, he found Angèle awaiting him, and there the two would sit through the hot, still evening, their arms about each other, watching the moon rise over the foothills, listening to the trickle of the water in the moss-encrusted fountain in the garden, and the steady croak of the great frogs that lived in the damp north corner of the enclosure. Through all one summer the enchantment of that new-found, wonderful love, pure and untainted, filled the lives of each of them with its sweetness. The summer passed, the harvest moon came and went. The nights were very dark. In the deep shade of the pear trees they could no longer see each other. When they met at the rendezvous Vanamee found her only with his groping hands. They did not speak, mere words were useless between them. Silently as his reaching hands touched her warm body, he took her in his arms, searching for her lips with his. Then one night the tragedy had suddenly leaped from out the shadow with the abruptness of an explosion.

It was impossible afterwards to reconstruct the manner of its occurrence. To Angèle's mind—what there was left of it—the matter always remained a hideous blur, a blot, a vague, terrible confusion. No doubt they two had been watched; the plan succeeded too well for any other supposition. One moonless night, Angèle, arriving under the black shadow of the pear trees a little earlier than usual, found the apparently familiar figure waiting for her. All unsuspecting she gave herself to the embrace of a strange pair of arms, and Vanamee arriving but a score of moments later, stumbled over her prostrate body, inert and unconscious, in the shadow of the overspreading trees.

Who was the Other? Angèle was carried to her home on the Seed ranch, delirious, all but raving, and Vanamee, with knife and revolver ready, ranged the country-side like a wolf. He was not alone. The whole county rose, raging, horror-struck. Posse after posse was formed, sent out, and returned, without so much as a clue. Upon no one could even the shadow of suspicion be thrown. The Other had withdrawn into an impenetrable mystery. There he remained. He never was found; he never was so much as heard of. A legend arose about him, this prowler of the night, this strange, fearful figure, with an unseen face, swooping in there from out of the darkness, come and gone in an instant, but leaving behind him a track of terror and death and rage and undying grief. Within the year, in giving birth to the child, Angèle had died.

The little babe was taken by Angèle's parents, and Angèle was buried in the Mission garden near to the aged, grey sun dial. Vanamee stood by during the ceremony, but half conscious of what was going forward. At the last moment he had stepped forward, looked long into the dead face framed in its plaits



of gold hair, the hair that made three-cornered the round, white forehead; looked again at the closed eyes, with their perplexing upward slant toward the temples, oriental, bizarre; at the lips with their Egyptian fullness; at the sweet, slender neck; the long, slim hands; then abruptly turned about. The last clouds were filling the grave at a time when he was already far away, his horse's head turned toward the desert.

For two years no syllable was heard of him. It was believed that he had killed himself. But Vanamee had no thought of that. For two years he wandered through Arizona, living in the desert, in the wilderness, a recluse, a nomad, an ascetic. But, doubtless, all his heart was in the little coffin in the Mission garden. Once in so often he must come back thither. One day he was seen again in the San Joaquin. The priest, Father Sarria, returning from a visit to the sick at Bonneville, met him on the Upper Road.

Eighteen years had passed since Angèle had died, but the thread of Vanamee's life had been snapped. Nothing remained now but the tangled ends. He had never forgotten. The long, dull ache, the poignant grief had now become a part of him. Presley knew this to be so.

While Presley had been reflecting upon all this, Vanamee had continued to speak. Presley, however, had not been wholly inattentive. While his memory was busy reconstructing the details of the drama of the shepherd's life, another part of his brain had been swiftly registering picture after picture that Vanamee's monotonous flow of words struck off, as it were, upon a steadily moving scroll. The music of the unfamiliar names that occurred in his recital was a stimulant to the poet's imagination. Presley had the poet's passion for expressive, sonorous names. As these came and went in Vanamee's monotonous undertones, like little notes of harmony in a musical progression, he listened, delighted with their resonance. Navajo, Quiltooa, Uintah, Sonora, Laredo, Uncompahgre—to him they were so many symbols. It was his West that passed, unrolling there before the eye of his mind: the open, heat-scoured round of desert; the mesa, like a vast altar, shimmering purple in the royal sunset; the still, gigantic mountains, heaving into the sky from out the cañons; the strenuous, fierce life of isolated towns, lost and forgotten, down there, far off, below the horizon. Abruptly his great poem, his Song of the West, leaped up again in his imagination. For the moment, he all but held it. It was there, close at hand. In another instant he would grasp it.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "I can see it all. The desert, the mountains, all wild, primordial, untamed. How I should have loved to have been with you. Then, perhaps, I should have got hold of my idea."

"Your idea?"

"The great poem of the West. It's that which I want to write. Oh, to put it all into hexameters: strike the great iron note; sing the vast, terrible song; the song of the People; the forerunners of empire!"

Vanamee understood him perfectly. He nodded gravely.

"Yes, it is there. It is Life, the primitive, simple, direct Life, passionate, tumultuous. Yes, there is an epic there."

Presley caught at the word. It had never before occurred to him.

"Epic, yes, that's it. It is the epic I'm searching for. And how I search for it. You don't know. It is sometimes almost an agony. Often and often I can feel it right there, there, at my finger-tips, but I never quite catch it. It always eludes me. I was born too late. Ah, to get back to that first clear-eyed view of things, to see as Homer saw, as Beowulf saw, as the Nibelungen poets saw. The life is here, the same as then; the Poem is here; my West is here; the primeval, epic life is here, here under our hands, in the desert, in the mountain, on the ranch, all over here, from Winnipeg to Guadalupe. It is the man who is lacking, the poet; we have been educated away from it all. We are out of touch. We are out of tune."

Vanamee heard him to the end, his grave, sad face thoughtful and attentive. Then he rose.

"I am going over to the Mission," he said, "to see Father Sarria. I have not seen him yet."

"How about the sheep?"

"The dogs will keep them in hand, and I shall not be gone long. Besides that, I have a boy here to help. He is over yonder on the other side of the herd. We can't see him from here."

Presley wondered at the heedlessness of leaving the sheep so slightly guarded, but made no comment, and the two started off across the field in the direction of the Mission church.

"Well, yes, it is there—your epic," observed Vanamee, as they went along. "But why write? Why not live in it? Steep oneself in the heat of the desert, the glory of the sunset, the blue haze of the mesa and the cañon"

"As you have done, for instance?"

Vanamee nodded.

"No, I could not do that," declared Presley; "I want to go back, but not so far as you. I feel that I must compromise. I must find expression. I could not lose myself like that in your desert. When its vastness overwhelmed me, or its beauty dazzled me, or its loneliness weighed down upon me, I should have to record my impressions. Otherwise, I should suffocate."

"Each to his own life," observed Vanamee.

The Mission of San Juan, built of brown 'dobe blocks, covered with yellow plaster, that at many points had dropped away from the walls, stood on the crest of a low rise of the ground, facing to the south. A covered colonnade, paved with round, worn bricks, from whence opened the doors of the abandoned cells, once used by the monks, adjoined it on the left. The roof was of tiled half-cylinders, split longitudinally, and laid in alternate rows, now concave, now convex. The main body of the church itself was at right angles to the colonnade, and at the point of intersection rose the belfry tower, an ancient campanile, where swung the three cracked bells, the gift of the King of Spain. Beyond the church was the Mission garden and the graveyard that overlooked the Seed ranch in a little hollow beyond.

Presley and Vanamee went down the long colonnade to the last door next the belfry tower, and Vanamee pulled the leather thong that hung from a hole in the door, setting a little bell jangling somewhere in the interior. The place, but for this noise, was shrouded in a Sunday stillness, an absolute repose. Only at intervals, one heard the trickle of the unseen fountain, and the liquid cooing of doves in the garden.

Father Sarria opened the door. He was a small man, somewhat stout, with a smooth and shiny face. He wore a frock coat that was rather dirty, slippers, and an old yachting cap of blue cloth, with a broken leather visor. He was smoking a cheap cigar, very fat and black.

But instantly he recognized Vanamee. His face went all alight with pleasure and astonishment. It seemed as if he would never have finished shaking both his hands; and, as it was, he released but one of them, patting him affectionately on the shoulder with the other. He was voluble in his welcome, talking partly in Spanish, partly in English.

So he had come back again, this great fellow, tanned as an Indian, lean as an Indian, with an Indian's long, black hair. But he had not changed, not in the very least. His beard had not grown an inch. Ah! The rascal, never to give warning, to drop down, as it were, from out the sky. Such a hermit! To live in the desert! A veritable Saint Jerome. Did a lion feed him down there in Arizona, or was it a raven, like Elijah? The good God had not fattened him, at any rate, and, apropos, he was just about to dine himself. He had made a salad from his own lettuce. The two would dine with him, eh? For this, my son, that was lost is found again.

But Presley excused himself. Instinctively, he felt that Sarria and Vanamee wanted to talk of things concerning which he was an outsider. It was not at all unlikely that Vanamee would spend half the night before the high altar in the church.

He took himself away, his mind still busy with Vanamee's extraordinary life and character. But, as he descended the hill, he was startled by a prolonged and raucous cry, discordant, very harsh, thrice repeated at exact intervals, and, looking up, he saw one of Father Sarria's peacocks balancing himself upon the topmost wire of the fence, his long tail trailing, his neck outstretched, filling the air with his stupid outcry, for no reason than the desire to make a noise.

About an hour later, toward four in the afternoon, Presley reached the spring at the head of the little cañon in the northeast corner of the Quilen Sabe ranch, the point toward which he had been traveling since early in the forenoon. The place was not without its charm. Innumerable live-oaks overhung the cañon, and Broderson Creek—there a mere rivulet, running down from the spring—gave a certain coolness to the air. It was one of the few spots thereabouts that had survived the dry season of the last year. Nearly all the other springs had dried completely, while Mission Creek on Derriek's ranch was nothing better than a dusty cutting in the ground, filled with brittle, concave flakes of dried and sun-cracked mud.

Presley climbed to the summit of one of the hills—the highest—that rose out of the cañon, from the crest of which he could see for thirty, fifty, sixty miles down the valley, and, filling his pipe, smoked lazily for upwards of an hour, his head empty of thought, allowing himself to succumb to a pleasant, gentle inanition, a little drowsy, comfortable in his place, prone upon the ground, warmed just enough by such sunlight as filtered through the live-oaks, soothed by the good

tobacco and the prolonged murmur of the spring and creek. By degrees, the sense of his own personality became blunted, the little wheels and cogs of thought moved slower and slower; consciousness dwindled to a point, the animal in him stretched itself, purring. A delightful numbness invaded his mind and his body. He was not asleep, he was not awake, stupefied merely, lapsing back to the state of the faun, the satyr.

After a while, rousing himself a little, he shifted his position and, drawing from the pocket of his shooting coat his little tree-calf edition of the *Odyssey*, read far into the twenty-first book, where, after the failure of all the suitors to bend Ulysses's bow, it is finally put, with mockery, into his own hands. Abruptly the drama of the story roused him from all his languor. In an instant, he was the poet again, his nerves tingling, alive to every sensation, responsive to every impression. The desire of creation, of composition, grew big within him. Hexameters of his own clamoured, tumultuous, in his brain. Not for a long time had he "felt his poem," as he called this sensation, so poignantly. For an instant he told himself that he actually held it.

It was no doubt, Vanamee's talk that had stimulated him to his point. The story of the Long Trail, with its desert and mountain, its cliff-dwellers, its Aztec ruins, its colour, movement, and romance, filled his mind with picture after picture. The epic defied before his vision like a pageant. Once more he shot a glance about him, as if in search of the inspiration, and this time he all but found it. He rose to his feet, looking out and off below him.

As from a pinnacle, Presley, from where he now stood, dominated the entire country. The sun had begun to set, everything in the range of his vision was overlaid with a sheen of gold.

First, close at hand, it was the Seed ranch, carpeting the little hollow behind the Mission with a spread of greens, some dark, some vivid, some pale almost to yellowness. Beyond that was the Mission itself, its venerable campanile, in whose arches hung the Spanish King's bells, already glowing ruddy in the sunset. Farther on, he could make out Annixter's ranch house, marked by the skeleton-like tower of the artesian well, and, a little farther to the east, the huddled, tiled roofs of Guadalupe. Far to the west and north, he saw Bonneville very plain, and the dome of the courthouse, a purple silhouette against the glare of the sky. Other points detached themselves, swimming in a golden mist, projecting blue shadows far before them; the mammoth live-oak by Hoover's, towering superb and magnificent; the line of eucalyptus trees, behind which he knew was the Los Muertos ranch house—his home; the watering-tank, the great iron-hooped tower of wood that stood at the joining of the Lower Road and the County Road; the long wind-break of poplar trees and the white walls of Caraher's saloon on the County Road.

But all this seemed to be only foreground, a mere array of accessories—a mass of irrelevant details. Beyond Annixter's, beyond Guadalupe, beyond the Lower Road, beyond Broderson Creek, on to the south and west, infinite, illimitable, stretching out there under the sheen of the sunset forever and forever, flat, vast, unbroken, a huge scroll, unrolling between the horizons, spread the great stretches of the ranch of Los Muertos, bare of crops, shaved close in the recent harvest. Near at hand were hills, but on that far southern horizon only the curve of the great earth itself checked the view. Adjoining Los Muertos, and widening to the west, opened the Broderson ranch. The Osterman ranch to the northwest carried on the great sweep of landscape; ranch after ranch. Then, as the imagination itself expanded under the stimulus of that measureless range of vision, even those great ranches resolved themselves into mere foreground, mere accessories, irrelevant details. Beyond the fine line of the horizons, over the curve of the globe, the shoulder of the earth, were other ranches, equally vast, and beyond these, others, and beyond these, still others, the immensities multiplying, lengthening out vaster and vaster. The whole gigantic sweep of the San Joaquin expanded, Titanic, before the eye of the mind, flagellated with heat, quivering and shimmering under the sun's red eye. At long intervals, a faint breath of wind out of the south passed slowly over the levels of the baked and empty earth, accentuating the silence, marking off the stillness. It seemed to exhale from the land itself, a prolonged sigh as of deep fatigue. It was the season after the harvest, and the great earth, the mother, after its period of reproduction, its pains of labour, delivered of the fruit of its loins, slept the sleep of exhaustion, the infinite repose of the colossus, benignant, eternal, strong, the nourisher of nations, the feeder of an entire world.

Ha! there it was, his epic, his inspiration, his West, his thundering progression of hexameters. A sudden uplift, a sense of exaltation, of physical exaltation appeared abruptly to sweep Presley from his feet. As from a point high above the world, he seemed to domi-



nate a universe, a whole order of things. He was dizzied, stunned, stupefied, his morbid super-sensitive mind reeling, drunk with the intoxication of mere immensity. Stupendous ideas for which there were no names drove headlong through his brain. Terrible, formless shapes, vague figures, gigantic, monstrous, distorted, whirled at a gallop through his imagination.

He started homeward, still in his dream, descending from the hill, emerging from the cañon, and took the short cut straight across the Quien Sabe ranch, leaving Guadalajara far to his left. He tramped steadily on through the wheat stubble, walking fast, his head in a whirl.

Never had he so nearly grasped his inspiration as at that moment on the hill-top. Even now, though the sunset was fading, though the wide reach of valley was shut from sight, it still kept him company. Now the details came thronging back—the component parts of his poem, the signs and symbols of the West. It was there, close at hand, he had been in touch with it all day. It was in the centenarian's vividly coloured reminiscences—De La Cuesta, holding his grant from the Spanish crown, with his power of life and death; the romance of his marriage; the white horse with its pillow of red leather and silver bridle mountings; the bull-fights in the Plaza; the gifts of gold dust, the horses and tallow. It was in Vanamee's strange history, the tragedy of his love; Angèle Varian, with her marvellous loveliness; the Egyptian fulness of her lips, the perplexing upward slant of her violet eyes, bizarre, oriental; her white forehead made three corners by her plaits of gold hair; the mystery of the Other; her death at the moment of her child's birth. It was in Vanamee's flight into the wilderness: the story of the Long Trail; the sunsets behind the altarlike mesas, the baking desolation of the deserts; the strenuous, fierce life of forgotten towns, down there, far off, lost below the horizons of the southwest; the sonorous music of unfamiliar names—Quiljota, Uintah, Sonora, Laredo, Uncompahgre. It was in the Mission, with its cracked bells, its decaying walls, its venerable sun dial, its fountain and old garden, and in the Mission Fathers themselves, the priests, the padres, planting the first wheat and oil an wine to produce the elements of the Sacrament—a trinity of great industries, taking their rise in a religious rite.

Abruptly, as if in confirmation, Presley heard the sound of a bell from the direction of the Mission itself. It was the *de Profundis*, a note of the Old World; of the ancient régime, an echo from the hillside of mediæval Europe, sounding there in this new land, unfamiliar and strange at this end-of-the-century time.

By now, however, it was dark. Presley hurried forward. He came to the line fence of the Quien Sabe ranch. Everything was very still. The stars were all out. There was not a sound other than the *de Profundis*, still sounding from very far away. At long intervals the great earth sighed dreamily in its sleep. All about, the feeling of absolute peace and quiet and security and untroubled happiness and content seemed descending from the stars like a benediction. The beauty of his poem, its idyl, came to him like a caress; that alone had been lacking. It was that, perhaps, which had left it hitherto incomplete. At last he was to grasp his song in all its entity.

But suddenly there was an interruption. Presley had climbed the fence at the limit of the Quien Sabe ranch. Beyond was Los Muertos, but between the two ran the railroad. He had only time to jump back upon the embankment when, with a quivering of all the earth, a locomotive, single, unattached, shot by him with a roar, filling the air with the reek of hot oil, vomiting smoke and sparks; its enormous eye, cyclopean, red, throwing a glare far in advance, shooting by in a sudden crash of confused thunder; filling the night with the terrific clamour of its iron hoofs.

Abruptly Presley remembered. This must be the crack passenger engine of which Dyke had told him, the one delayed by the accident on the Bakersfield division and for whose passage the track had been opened all the way to Fresno.

Before Presley could recover from the shock of the eruption, while the earth was still vibrating, the rails still humming, the engine was far away, flinging the echo of its frantic gallop over all the valley. For a brief instant it roared with a hollow diapason on the Long Trestle over Broderson Creek, then plunged into a cutting farther on, the quivering glare of its fires losing itself in the night, its thunder abruptly diminishing to a subdued and distant humming. All at once this ceased. The engine was gone.

But the moment the noise of the engine lapsed, Presley—about to start forward again—was conscious of a confusion of lamentable sounds that rose into the night from out the engine's wake. Prolonged cries of agony, sobbing walls of infinite pain, heart-rending, pitiful.

The noises came from a little distance. He ran down the track, crossing the culvert, over the irrigating ditch, and at the head of the

long reach of track—between the culvert and the Long Trestle—paused abruptly, held immovable at the sight of the ground and rails all about him.

In some way, the herd of sheep—Vanamee's herd—had found a breach in the wire fence by the right of way and had wandered out upon the tracks. A band had been crossing just at the moment of the engine's passage. The pathos of it was beyond expression. It was a slaughter, a massacre of innocents. The iron monster had charged full into the midst, merciless, inexorable. To the right and left, all the width of the right of way, the little bodies had been flung; backs were snapped against the fence posts; brains knocked out. Caught in the barbs of the wire, wedged in, the bodies hung suspended. Under foot it was terrible. The black blood, twinkling in the starlight, seeped down into the clinkers between the ties with a prolonged sucking murmur.

Presley turned away, horror-struck, sick at heart, overwhelmed with a quick burst of irresistible compassion for this brute agony he could not relieve. The sweetness was gone from the evening, the sense of peace, of security, and placid contentment was stricken from the landscape. The hideous ruin in the engine's path drove all thought of his poem from his mind. The inspiration vanished like a mist. The *de Profundis* had ceased to ring.

He hurried on across the Los Muertos ranch, almost running, even putting his hands over his ears till he was out of hearing distance of that all but human distress. Not until he was beyond ear-shot did he pause, looking back, listening. The night had shut down again. For a moment the silence was profound, unbroken.

Then, faint and prolonged, across the levels of the ranch, he heard the engine whistling for Bonneville. Again and again, at rapid intervals in its flying course, it whistled for road crossings, for sharp curves, for trestles; ominous notes, hoarse, bellowing, ringing with the accents of menace and defiance; and abruptly Presley saw again, in his imagination, the galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, cyclopean, red, shooting from horizon to horizon; but saw it now as the symbol of a vast power, huge, terrible, flinging the echo of its thunder over all the reaches of the valley, leaving blood and destruction in its path; the leviathan, with tentacles of steel clutching into the soil, the soulless Force, the iron-hearted Power, the monster, the Colossus, the Octopus.

(To be continued in March)  
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## Electric Forces of Planets

The belief of the ancient astrologers that the places of the planets in the Heavens may affect the earth and its inhabitants is revived, although in a totally different form, by a theory recently proposed by Professor Fernando Sanford, of Stanford University, in the journal "Science." The theory deals with the probable cause of sunspots, suggesting that these may be due to electric attractions between the planets and the atmosphere of the sun. The surface layers of the sun, which are the only ones that we can see, are composed of white-hot gases. Professor Sanford presents evidence indicating that these gases are highly electrified, much more intensely so than the most highly-charged power line on earth. Since all electrified bodies either attract each other or repel each other, there is a probability that the planets, as they move about in their orbits, will exert forces of considerable intensity on the gases of the sun. The earth is known to be highly electrified and it is probable that the other planets are electrified also. The attractions between the planets and the sun would vary with the positions of the different planets in their orbits from time to time. The varying forces thus directed toward the sun may serve to explain, Professor Sanford suggests, the known fact that the number of sunspots varies from time to time, being just now about at its maximum. There is no implication, of course, that the ideas of the ancient astrologers were correct or that modern astrology deserves any scientific credence. It is merely that sunspots are known to affect some things on earth, notably radio, and that the configuration of the planets may affect the number of sunspots.

## No Gears to Shift

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, in London, Mr. George Constantinesco delivered, by invitation of the Society, a lecture describing recent developments of his remarkable device called the "torque converter," replacing the usual gear-shift systems of automobiles and similar machines. This device is described by some engineers as being the most remarkable innovation in the science of mechanics since the invention of the steam engine. One of the problems encountered in many applications of power is the problem of varying the speed of a moving machine without changing the speed of the engine which drives it. In gasoline automobiles, for example, it is necessary to provide some gear-shift arrangements, by which the driver can operate his car rapidly or slowly, the speed of the engine changing much less than does the speed of the rear wheels. The Constantinesco device does away with this necessity. Small automobiles equipped with it are now being built in England and have no gears at all. The driver needs to pay attention only to the throttle and to the steering wheel. The principle of the device is one essentially new in mechanics. Mr. Constantinesco declares that he worked it out mathematically and philosophically, before any model of it was built. The trick is in the use of an oscillating weight, which vibrates back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. The mechanical principles involved are far more complicated, however, than are these of a simple pendulum.

## Chromosomes Prefer Blondes

That blonde hair and blue eyes are being eliminated rapidly from the American population because of the tendency of these characters to be overcome in the human chromosomes by the opposing characters of black hair and dark eyes, is the conclusion of Professor Trevor Kinkaid, of Washington University, in Seattle. Chromosomes are the very tiny particles, contained in each living cell of the body, which are believed to carry the various inherited characters from parent to child and from one generation to the next. Inside these chromosomes, which biologists can see and study under the microscope, there are believed to exist a vast number of chemical molecules, all different from each other and which determine, each one some single feature of the full-grown man or other creature. It is as though the entire plan of the animal was packed away inside the chromosomes, as architects carry around the plans of great buildings drawn on blueprints and rolled up inside small metal tubes. Some of these chemical molecules or determining "factors" inside the chromosomes are able to fight with other factors that oppose them and to win. If it happens, for example, that one parent has blonde hair and the other parent has dark hair, the chromosome factor for dark hair usually proves to be dominant over the opposing, blonde-haired factor. Thus, in mixed marriages of blondes with brunettes, the brunette strain will tend, on the average, to overcome the blonde one. Unless blondes mate exclusively with other blondes, they will ultimately disappear.

## Senator Fall

Senator Fall paused a moment and said: "Mr. President, I want you to know that I am praying for you."

President Wilson remarked: "If I could have got out of bed I would have hit the man. Why did he want to put me in bad with the Almighty?"

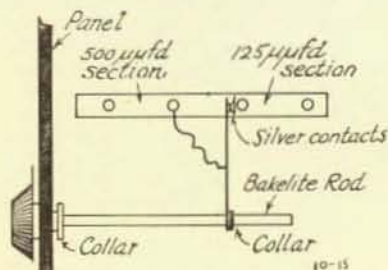


## RADIO

(Continued from page 75)

structed R should have a resistance of 30 ohms. If two tubes are to be used R should have a resistance of 20 ohms and if three tubes are used R will be a 6 to 10 ohm rheostat. One rheostat will serve the purpose satisfactorily.

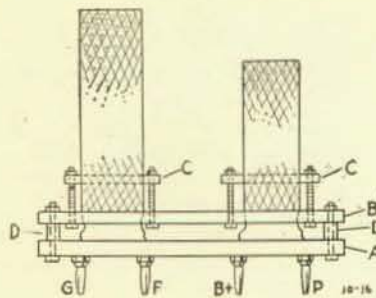
Condensers C3, C4 and C are all mounted directly on the aluminum set panel. This panel is connected to the ground circuit, automatically grounding the rotary plates of the condensers, as shown in the diagram.



The illustration shows the construction of the condenser switch X, previously referred to. The switch is used to cut in a 500 mmfd. section of a tandem condenser in parallel with a 125 mmfd. section which is always in the circuit.

Through the panel a hole is drilled. This hole should be large enough to accommodate a bushing from an old rheostat. The bushing should have a quarter inch hole through its center. The bushing is held in place in the panel by means of a washer threaded to it. Through the bushing a length of quarter inch hard rubber or preferably bakelite rod is to be inserted. The panel end of this rod terminates in a small knob and pointer. Against the bushing, and at the rear of the panel, a lock collar is placed. This collar is fitted with a set-screw which holds it in place.

Opposite one of the supporting screws of the 125 mmfd. section of the condenser a heavy brass strip is attached to the bakelite shaft by means of another setscrew collar. The brass strip is soldered to the collar. At the other end of the brass strip a piece of silver is soldered. This silver makes contact with a similar piece bolted to a small (quarter inch) angle fastened to the 125 mmfd. section. When the switch is in the "off" position the brass strip does not make contact with the contact on the condenser. But when the switch is closed the two silver contacts are made. A flexible lead is to be soldered to the brass strip and connected to one of the supporting screws in the 500 mmfd. section. This very simple switch admirably fills the use to which it has been put.



The construction of the long wave coils can be seen in the drawing. On all wavelengths below 600 meters very excellent plug-in coils are available on the market.

It hardly pays one to purchase the materials to construct them.

In the illustration strip A is a piece of bakelite 3/8 inch wide, a quarter of an inch thick, and 4 1/4 inches long. B is a similar piece a quarter of an inch wide, and C are pieces of the same material 2 inches long. The spacing washers D are short lengths of brass or copper tubing or built up washers about 1/2 inch long. The terminal plugs are general radio.

The table below shows the proper size coils to use for all waves from 600 meters up. The exact primary coil will depend entirely upon the length of your antenna. For work above 600 meters the longer the antenna the better.

Table of Wavelengths

Wavelength Range	Primary Turns	Secondary Turns	Tickler Turns	Tuning condenser
550-690	150	150	75	.000125 mfd.
590-1600	150	150	75	.000625 mfd.
1500-4500	500	400	200	.000625 mfd.
4000-14000	750	1000	400	.000625 mfd.
6000-18000	1500	1500	600	.000625 mfd.

The tickler coil terminal will have to be "poled" properly. If, when first connected, the tube will not oscillate, reversing the tickler will clear the trouble.

On all of the long waves tuning the primary circuit to resonance will increase the signal strength fully 100 per cent in all cases.

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(This department is conducted by special arrangement between the Electrical Workers Journal and the American Radio Relay League, Inc., the national organization of radio operators and experimenters, through Science Service.)

Spiders have been found at an altitude of 22,000 feet on the Himalaya mountains, 4,000 feet higher than any plant life.

## Help Passaic Strikers is Word From National Leaders

Declaring that "the strikers and their families are in deep distress and must have financial help," the executive council of the American Federation of Labor has sent out an appeal to "all international and national unions, state and central bodies, to local unions, and to the individual members of organized labor" for immediate and generous contribution to Passaic strike relief. The statement also includes an appeal for aid for the Willimantic, Conn., strikers.

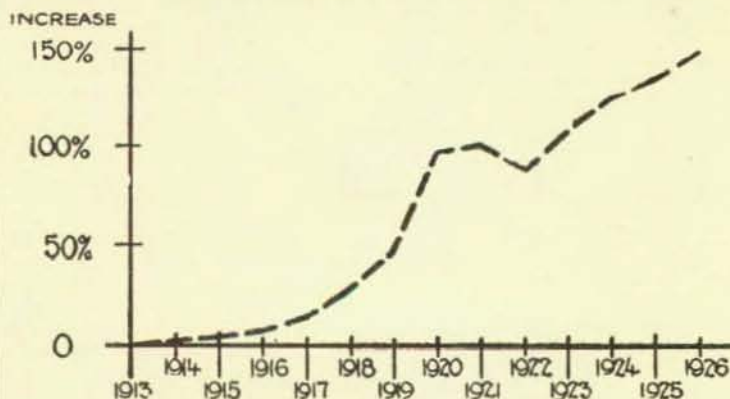
After referring to the induction of the Passaic strikers into the United Textile Workers, an organization affiliated with the A. F. of L., the statement of the executive council declares:

"This strike at Passaic, N. J., has attracted the attention of the membership of organized labor and the public generally. Every effort possible has been put forth to bring about an honorable settlement. The strikers and their families are in deep distress and must have financial help if the struggle is continued to a successful termination. The thousands of striking textile workers and their families are dependent upon the contributions which organized labor and its friends may make for food and clothing. It is only in this way that their hunger can be satisfied and their strength to continue the struggle can be maintained. The needs of the strikers are very urgent indeed. They must have help and have it quickly. Delay will mean hunger and suffering while a quick response will mean strength, courage and determination to win."

It is predicted that the photoelectric cell will be used as a burglar alarm.

A diver recently broadcast a radio talk from the bottom of the River Thames, at London.

## TREND OF BUILDING WAGES



### PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE SINCE 1913

(Computed by U.S. Labor Department from Union Scales in all Trades)

1913	-	Base	1920	-	97%
1914	-	2%	1921	-	100%
1915	-	3%	1922	-	87%
1916	-	6%	1923	-	107%
1917	-	13%	1924	-	124%
1918	-	26%	1925	-	133%
1919	-	45%	1926	-	148%

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## TECHNICAL CHANGES IN THE BUILDING TRADES

(Continued from page 60)

try has had the same effect on workers as in other industries. Carpenters and joiners were hit by the introduction of woodworking machinery of all kinds. Plasterers and painters are worried by the extension of the paint spray and the cement gun. Eastern contractors are talking about a "mechanical bricklayer," and laborers complain against the displacement of their work by machinery. Bricklayers have to contend with machinery for cutting bricks, for gauged work, and masons have machinery for dressing stone and polishing marble. Modern construction would be impossible without the hydraulic or pneumatic riveter; power hoists and derricks whose bucket loaders can do the work of 18 to 20 human shovelers; portable belt conveyers which handle as much sand and gravel in five minutes as four men can do in 30 minutes; the ingenious car unloader large enough to take a freight car in its embrace, roll it over, dump the contents, and replace it on the tracks.

The first steam shovel, manufactured in 1839, was a crude affair. The later improvements made it more powerful and more efficient. It came into general use about 1865 for railroad construction but the smaller shovel applicable to small building projects was developed only in the last 15 years. Even on small contracts, power excavating machinery can be used profitably.

Metal is replacing wood for many kinds of concrete form work and the design of metal form work has been standardized to the point where it may be used again and again with little breakage or waste.

Practically no concrete or mortar work of any kind is being done today without the aid of concrete mixers. These mixers were invented in the 80's of the last century, but the modern improvements and their general use date back about 15 years. Hand mixers would have made the use of concrete in winter uneconomical if not impossible. By the machine process heated materials are available in cold weather with little danger of damage.

On large construction projects wheelbarrows for the distribution of mixed concrete have been discarded. The mixers are so placed as to discharge into bucket hoists which elevate the mixture into concrete distributing centers. These have reduced the cost and quickened construction. In the last few years mortar mixing machines have been developed for lime and cement mixing. One man with a machine can mix enough mortar for 20 bricklayers, thereby reducing the amount of labor about 25 per cent. Gravity distribution towers and chutes are now used considerably on large projects and the actual labor cost of distributing and placing concrete on a three story building with tower and spouting equipment was 19 cents per cubic yard as compared to \$2.50 per cubic yard for wheelbarrow distribution.

In 1898 was invented the pneumatic riveter which is now indispensable in the erection of the steel skeletons for skyscrapers. The use of rock drills and pneumatic tools had been common in the quarrying industry and in work on bridges and shipyards, but it was only after 1898 that the woodpecker-like rat-tat-tat was heard in the construction of buildings. At present electrically welded joints in structural steel are coming into use. The need for power was filled through the use of the stationary steam engine. Hoisting cranes, derricks, steam shovels, pile drivers, drag-lines and grab buckets have revolutionized the industry.

## Hand Labor Reduced

Similar improvements in the mechanization of building operations have continued in almost every trade in the industry. A large portion of the work formerly done by hand labor has now been reduced. On some operations hand labor has been totally displaced. Even for the strictly skilled trades, the bricklayer, plasterer, carpenter, etc., mechanical improvements have reduced the actual amount of work they do. Machinery is more effective than hand labor in all operations where it can be used. Today the carpenter is in many respects an assembler, where twenty years ago he was a skilled worker.

## Less Skill Required

In some trades the mechanical devices and new methods led unions to a realization that their trade skill was in danger of extermination. The opposition to the plaster gun and paint spray has been based on this fear. The paint spray can do the work of from 4 to 8 men. The task of 70 to 100 men has been taken over by the hoist or derrick or other elevating machinery. Most modern contractors have large sums of money invested in machinery to take care of the various steps in the course of building a structure. There is need for a mixer to mix concrete, mortar and plaster; a lock or a brick machine if the house is to be built of these materials; saw rigs and wood-working machinery to take care of the carpenter work on the job; pumps to clear the way for excavations; steam shovels to scoop out the foundations; motor trucks to haul it away; and air painting machines, etc.

The carpenters, for example, are constant-

ly confronted with the fact that parts of their trade are being "taken away from them" by new methods so they are on the lookout for new work to take its place. As early as 1894 P. J. McQuire, then secretary of the carpenters, complained of the effect of innovations and the introduction of iron and steel in reducing the chances for employment. The steel and iron workers, the stone and brick mason, the plasterers, the marble setters were doing work which had formerly been done by carpenters. Then factory production of wood products created another problem and building workers have probably not forgotten the costly struggle between the carpenters and woodworkers.

Concrete, we have seen, threatened to rob the bricklayer, but gave more work to the carpenter, though metal forms may create a new problem in the next few years. The paint spray is threatening the skill of the painters. Every union has been affected by changes in technical methods and changes in materials. Machinery for the manufacture of wood trim, concrete to take the place of wood and brick, metal trim to take the place of wood, metal lath instead of wood lath—all have led to serious jurisdictional disputes.

Specialization has greatly increased, and now the all-around building mechanic is fast disappearing. In the large cities there are thousands of carpenters who do only form work. Other workers know only a small part of their trade or at least work only on a small part of it. The increase in specialization has also increased unemployment because the jobs are more subdivided and can be completed in less time. Skill has been reduced and the apprentice problem intensified. Employers, on the other hand, have the means, if they are

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Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

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COLLIS LOVELY  
General President

CHARLES L. BAINE  
General Secy-Treas.



efficient, to work all through the year. In short, there is a vital relation between the technical development of the building industry and the problems of both the workers and employers.

#### Bearing On Union Development

All these events have had an important bearing on trade union development. The increasing mechanization of industry, while taking place at a greater momentum in other industries, is rapidly asserting its influence in the building industry. Recent events indicate that skill is coming to play a far less important part in the strength of the unions. The painters admit that their trade is at present only semi-skilled. The "form" carpenters probably deserve a lower classification. Other trades have been similarly affected. In short, mechanization and standardization is assuming a more important place in the industry. The material industries have long ago been mechanized. The erection processes are next in line. The employers have already demonstrated one way of shaking off union control by means of greater reliance on machinery and less on skilled workers. While there is a practical limit of mechanization in building construction, mechanized construction can go a long way in reducing the bargaining power of skill. The basic trades have not yet felt the impact of these changes except as they react on particular problems. Where technical changes have harmed them, their protagonists were other unions rather than employers. However, this tendency toward mechanization will compel unions to examine their form of organization and their tactics in meeting new conditions.

In manufacturing and other industries the unions are losing out because they are not organized to defend their jobs. The rapid technical changes in methods and machinery make it more difficult to defend jobs. Union tactics are too often based on old technology. Too often methods of carrying on their work are based on the same technology; namely, that the basis of union power lies in skill and that the industry cannot continue without skilled labor. What this article tries to show is that this condition favoring skill is less true today than it was a quarter of a century ago and will be still less true in the near future than it is today.

#### WOMAN'S WORK

(Continued from page 70)

The first payment was \$4. The \$2, then, represented interest charges not on \$28 but on \$24. This meant a flat rate of 8.33 per cent interest for the year. But—hold on a minute!—the payments were to be completed, not in a year, but in six months! This meant that the rate would jump to 16.66 per cent. Hold on—that's not all! this would be the rate if the \$24 were to be returned at the end of six months. However, each month the payment we would make would lighten the principal by one-sixth and the interest therefore would be—but we didn't stop to figure it—we paid cash.

"Miss Smith," said the proprietor of an ambitious village store to one of his assistants, "do you know anything about the new minister who is coming to the town next week?"

"Yes," said the girl, "he is a tall, good-looking man, about 28 years old, and he isn't married."

"Is that so?" said the proprietor. "Well, you may put all the new hats in the front window right away."—Selected.

#### WIRE-PATCHER'S HISTORY OF THE BUILDING TRADES

(Continued from page 72)

long they might have to work fourteen or fifteen hours, and in the winter time when days was short and they might have had an easier time they was all laid off by their employers and had to scrape along without any income.

"Another thing that the working stiffs did not like was the habit of the courts of throwing a man into jail because he owed the grocer or somebody a few dollars. In just one jail in Massachusetts, and out of 40 cases of imprisonment for debt, 22 were in for less than \$20. Now of course it is ridiculous to throw a man into the hoosegow for owing money, because how can he pay it unless he can get out and earn some? There was one case where a fellow was imprisoned for a debt of 25 cents.

#### From "Six to Six" Radical

"Well, in 1827 the carpenters of Philadelphia went on strike for a 10-hour day, and pretty soon the bricklayers and painters joined in, and they got out a labor paper, the Journeymen Mechanics' Advocate, and some of the other trades joined in and they went into politics with the slogan, "From Six to Six" which meant a 10-hour day, with an hour off for breakfast and one for lunch. And the Working Men's ticket began to win out in elections.

"The carpenters did not win out in that strike but the building trades were all boosting for the 10-hour day and they won it gradually, first in one city and then in another. The Working Men's Party broke up after a few years but the public school system they was working for was established not much later. And imprisonment for debt was abolished about the same time.

"Back in the '30's they began to go about striking in a business-like manner. The New York carpenters went on strike for more pay—they were getting \$1.37½, not per hour, my boy, but per day, and they wanted \$1.50. The other journeymen mechanics chipped in and raised a strike benefit fund and when the carpenters went back to work they done so on their own terms. Then the other trades tried similar strikes and most of them were successful.

"From then till the '50's they organized, agitated, and ran around with intellectual reformers and I suppose it was this last that kept them from accomplishing much. But in 1850 the skilled trades said to themselves, boys, let's cut out the palaver and get down to business and get ourselves some real money. They established minimum rates of wages, and while employers were welcome to pay more if they wanted to, no union journeyman would work for less. They succeeded in getting some remarkable advances in wages.

"During the Civil War trade unions declined—I suppose all the young fellows were in the army, and after the war the employers were stronger and richer than ever. In the '70's there was a great depression and wages commenced to be cut, and the strikes that followed pretty near wrecked the unions. Members of unions were blacklisted so they could hardly find a job anywhere and it became a crime to be organized. This led to secret orders like the Knights of Labor, of which you may have heard."

"It's a swell-sounding name," remarked the apprentice, politely.

#### Young Gompers Appears—Hurray!

"Yes, the name was all right, but it was not a trade union and was always in hot water with the real trades. The Cigar

Makers', for instance, got into a row with them over the union label and boycotted all cigars with any label except their own. This row was the big opportunity of a young fellow in the Cigar Makers' named Sam Gompers, and he went out among the other trades and talked to them about forming a central organization. He succeeded, and what they called it was the American Federation of Labor which put the Knights of Labor out of business."

"When did the Electrical Workers organize?" the boy asked eagerly.

"You want to realize, young fellow, that this is practically a new trade, just like I told you before," said the sage, severely. "Well, it was this way: in 1890 there was a big display of the electrical wonders of the age, in St. Louis, and a bunch of linemen and wiremen came from all over to wire the displays. They got to jawing, as men will, about the fierce times they had in their trade and decided something had got to be did to improve conditions. The A. F. of L. very conveniently sent an organizer to St. Louis and first thing you know they had a charter and Local No. 1 was organized.

"Of course when the exposition was finished the electricians most of them went their way, but Henry Miller, president of the St. Louis local, determined to organize the whole electrical trade. Now there was a man that wasn't afraid of a hard job, for he took his own savings and went out on a campaign and formed locals at Evansville, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago and Milwaukee and there were also unions established at New Orleans, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Duluth. So in 1891 they held the first national convention in St. Louis with only 10 delegates to attend but they were all full of determination and courage. Henry Miller was elected first Grand President, as he deserved. And by the next year there were 24 locals organized.

"Well, naturally they had their ups and downs, a depression made things hard for a time, but they kept on, and when in 1900 the Brotherhood took in a local of Canadian electrical workers we got our title of the International Brotherhood.

"In 1903 they put the Grand President, who formerly had supported himself by his trade, on a full time salary and from that time things boomed for the Brotherhood. In two years the membership doubled.

"I don't know if you're interested in females, but in 1912 we began organizing the telephone girls, and some rare times they did have with strikes and so on.

"There was merry times during the war when the government ran the railroads and everybody was welcomed to join the unions, and hot times after the war when employers tried to regain the open shop and many a fellow found he had to drop his union card or lose his job. We're on the boom now, boy, and don't you forget it. Membership is going up and the wage raises we've won through our organization in the past few years are something to cheer the heart. And so it will be, good times as long as we wirepatchers stick together."

"Your pipe's gone out," noted the young apprentice.

"Why, so it has," remarked the Old Wirepatcher, as he fumbled in his pocket for his jackknife. "But don't you forget what I told you, and always be proud and happy my boy, that you happened into the building trades."

The government is considering an air mail route to connect Boston and the tip of the Florida peninsula.



CHICAGO'S GREAT DRIVE AND THE  
MAN IN OVERALLS

(Continued from page 67)

credit is due, in a large measure, for the successful conclusion of that work, the saving in time and money in its construction was in closer contact with every one on the public and to the workmen.

Of course, being just an engineer and contractor, I have never belonged to a labor union. My work did not carry me into it, but I just feel it is incumbent upon me to say something for the men who helped me to the big job, because nobody knows better than I, what they did, for no one was in closer contact with every one on the job than I was. That was my business.

## The Golden Rule

And I think that as a builder, as an employer of labor, that a lot of the trouble which some people seem to encounter with the workmen, through their unions, could be avoided if the whole game were played above the board and according to, not Hoyle, but that Golden Rule of "Doing unto others as you would have them do unto you."

I have spent many, many years both supervising and employing men of this kind, and out of all my experience I find that the way to get a square deal from the union working-man is to give him a square deal—in other words, what his rule book calls for double time on Sundays, pay him double time, and don't quibble about it.

Don't try to get a laboring man to do a craftsman's job. From time immemorial, these grades in the crafts have existed. The masons tell us that they existed at the time of the building of King Solomon's temple—when a man was either an entered apprentice, a fellow-craft, or a master mason—and in those days you could do more put an apprentice into a master mason's job than you could put a helper into a master carpenter's job today.

## The New Tradition

The way labor comes to us in this country is different from the way in which labor came to the employer in any other civilization which has ever existed.

Formerly, labor was recruited from one or, at most, a few racial strains, with certain traditions, and these traditions were respected because they were traditions.

Now with us, we have our workmen coming from every racial strain in the world, and Chicago—of any city in the world—is a melting pot. The only tradition which these men know as to their work is the new tradition, which they get in their union rule book.

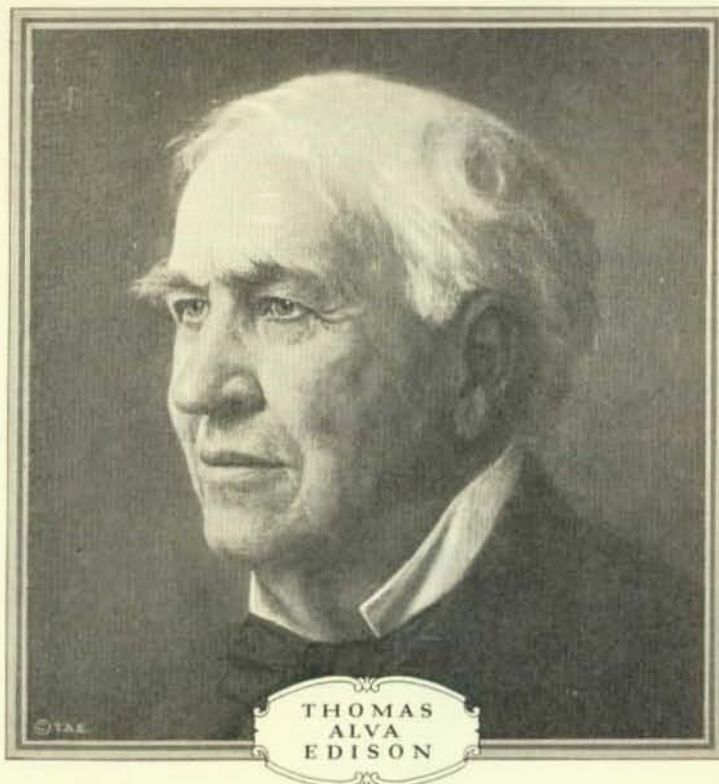
They come here to us prepared to forget the methods and the conditions under which they worked in other countries. They come here to learn from their American-born fellow craftsmen how it is done here. Therefore, they are all the more anxious to live up to the letter of the law on their side.

Now, to show them his sincerity and honesty, and to obtain that respect which must exist between the workmen and their employer, the employer must give visible and tangible evidence that he also is ready to live up to the letter of the law.

## How "Tony" Felt About It

Talk about good will! The day of the big parade at which we opened Wacker Drive, I slipped aside from the "doings" just to see what was going on in the side lines.

At one of the booths which I had had erected for the distribution of our Souvenir Book, which told how the Drive was built



**H**IS FAITH unconquerable, his passion for work irresistible, his accomplishment not surpassed in the annals of invention, Thomas Alva Edison has achieved far more than mankind can ever appreciate. February eleventh is the eightieth anniversary of his birth.

Wherever electricity is used—in homes, in business, in industry—there are hearts that are consciously grateful, that humbly pay him homage.

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

95-255C

IN THIS NUMBER—A NEW SERIAL—DON'T MISS IT  
"THE OCTOPUS"

## LINEMEN'S GLOVES NO. 109

Buffed Cowhide Hand, Full Canton Flannel Back, Back of Finger all  
Leather, Hold Tight Back, \$1.25. Known to Linemen Everywhere.

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and what it meant to Chicago, I saw, to my surprise, an Italian laboring man. I only knew him as Tony.

Tony went over to one of the young ladies in charge of the booth and said:

"Hey, lady, I help build this Drive. I give out some books for you."

She didn't understand what he was after at first, but he made a long explanation that he helped build the Drive, and he wanted to see that everybody found out what the Drive meant, and he would help to give out the books.

The young lady said:

"But we are not employing anyone to do that."

"Oh, to — with employ!" he said. "This a holiday today. I want to give out books. Give me a big bundle."

And Tony, all dressed up in his Sunday clothes, grabbed a big armful of the books and began distributing them through the crowds, with the same energy that he had used with his pick and shovel when he was digging the sewers—and they told me that Tony kept on the job distributing the books all the time the parade lasted (despite the cold raw weather) and was the best assistant they had.

### Is Labor Overpaid?

Every one has heard the claim at one time or another that labor is overpaid. Maybe it is, but I have never paid a workman too much money, and I don't know of any of the scales in the building trades which are too high for the work the man is called on to do, if it be considered from the calm, calculating, analytical standpoint of an engineer and politics and oratory be forgotten.

An old contractor friend of mine, who started by carrying a hod on the shoulder when he came here from the old country, and who has a favorite habit of damning and cussing the workmen of today, says:

"When I pushed a wheelbarrow and carried a hod, I got a dollar and a half a day, and worked ten hours for it. Now, I am paying seven-twenty for eight hours to a common laborer."

That listens, on the surface, like an immense increase—but think for a minute.

In the first place, the dollar has not the same purchasing power that it had fifteen or twenty years ago.

In the second place, our American ingenuity has provided machinery and devices which enable one man to do a lot more work.

### The Buggy-Man

Take the laboring man on Wacker Drive—one of the boys who push a concrete buggy. A concrete buggy, filled with concrete, weighs exactly one thousand pounds, including the buggy. The man has to push this buggy sixteen miles in an eight-hour day, eight of which miles the buggy is loaded, and eight of which it is returning empty. For this, he gets \$7.20.

And he is actually handling four times as much concrete as the old-fashioned fellow with the wheelbarrow.

Talking of work, did you, gentle reader, ever push a buggyful of concrete a mile, or two miles, or three miles?

If you are a "white collar" man, and figured you wanted to earn \$7.20 by pushing this buggy backward and forward for an eight-hour day, to be able to do it, you would have to go to a gymnasium and enter into intensive training for about three weeks—and after that, you might be able to stand three days of this kind of work.

Maybe the fellow who is pushing that buggy is a "Wop" or a "Hunkie" or a "Polack" or a colored man, but, according to our American scheme of things, we are

trying to live up to the Biblical statement that "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and we are trying to have these people accept and adopt our American methods of living, to let them have a nice, neat, comfortable home, with a little money to educate their children—perhaps, a little surplus to buy a flivver.

We expect them, when they appear on our streets, to dress decently. We ask their contributions to our charities. We expect them to patronize our stores and buy our merchandise, to go to our theatres and pay a fair price. To earn the wherewithal to do this in a rather modest way, they have to push a concrete buggy eight hours a day.

### The Other Men, Too

This is only an instance, in which the work of a concrete man is cited. The excavators, caisson diggers, carpenter helpers, and other laborers work equally as hard.

The carpenter helper will carry a 6 x 6 timber, 12 feet long, on his shoulder. This timber contains 36 feet board measure, and weighs 140 pounds. He will tote timbers like this all day long, for distances of a block at a time, using a pad on his shoulder to keep the skin from wearing off.

Then, there is the caisson digger. This man gets \$9.40 a day for eight hours' work. He digs down into the ground in a small hole 4 feet in diameter. In the eight hours he will dig stiff, sticky clay 25 feet deep, shovel it into a bucket to be hoisted out, and the total quantity handled by him is 16 cubic yards. I do not believe that the average man could dig two cubic yards in an eight-hour day.

### The Cost per Unit

*In doing work, it is not the rate of wages per day that is paid to the man that counts, but it is the cost per unit of work obtained that is of interest.* We can do work in the city of Chicago, with the highest priced union labor, cheaper than we can do it with the lowest priced labor outside of Chicago. This, we have demonstrated time and time again.

### The Carpenter

Consider the ancient and honorable guild of the carpenter, that memorable and historic craft. Did you ever try to build a chicken coop? And then, if you finally succeeded in getting a building, a lobsided, wobbly affair—that the chickens despised and you were proud of—because your wife told you it would do—did you ever try to build a little shed as an addition to your house?

It takes craftsmanship to make a carpenter, and the first four years of apprenticeship only put him in a position so he can go on from there and begin to learn his trade—just the same as the civil engineer, whose college training only teaches him where to find the information and how to utilize it when he does find it. When he leaves school, he only then begins to learn his profession.

Look at the octagonal capitals on the columns which support Wacker Drive. The carpenter work on the forms for these capitals was as intricate and fine a piece of craftsmanship as anything that is the pride of the cabinet maker's art.

The man who could stand up there with his saw and hammer and chisel and some wood, and make that form so that it fitted together, so that it was exact, correctly proportioned, and so that the concrete for that important capital would be properly moulded, was a craftsman whose work you would enjoy watching—and you would real-

ize, when you had watched him make one of these forms, that it had taken him years to learn how to do it.

A man who puts in as many years as that on his work deserves a compensation that will pay him for what he knows as well as for that which he does.

The way carpenters work now, they have power saws and other labor-saving devices, so they are able to handle, actually, more carpenter work than the old-fashioned carpenter.

### The Other Angle

Now, let us consider the other angle of the situation. What difference does it make to the contractor what the price of labor is, so long as all contractors are on the same basis?

The contractor who knows his business asks for no unfair advantages. All he wants is to be on the same basis in making his bid that the other contractors are on.

If the cost of labor and the cost of materials are fixed quantities, then each and every contractor bidding on the job starts "from scratch."

It is the unfair contractor or the one who cannot compete with the competent contractor, who asks the unfair advantage of letting the other fellow figure a high price for labor and himself figure a lower price, which makes the cost of his work to him less and gives him that advantage in going in with his bid.

But, in the end, cheap labor, like cheap anything else, is dearest. My old father told me that in Ireland they had an old saying which referred to the "cheap Jacks" who used to go around to the fairs selling junk to the peasants. Translated into English from his fine mellifluous Gaelic, the old saying is: "Cheap Jack, a dear market."

### Generalship

Kipling always wrote his songs about the man in the ranks, because he sensed that he was the fellow who eventually won the battle. One of our great American generals stated that, "The battle is always won by the man with the bayonet." But, of course, it needs generalship also, even with good men in the ranks.

Consider the herculean task of moving the whole produce market of Chicago, where every day enough actual people poured into it to populate a fair size town, and where they had trucks and horses and motor trucks and places of business—all of them, lock, stock, and barrel, to another section of the city, and providing for them.

Then, as they were moved out of one section, the men with the pick ax, and the steam shovel, and the saw and the hammer, and the concrete mixer, and the buggy, and all the rest of the building army moved in and took possession.

It needed a great general, indeed, to coordinate the efforts of these forces and this is where a man of capacity, like John J. Sloan, played a conspicuous role because if he had not the capacity, himself, and the additional capacity for gathering around him a staff of capable engineers and executives, there would have been "confusion worse confounded," and Wacker Drive would not have been completed in two years, or perhaps in five.

It took as much thought and skill and planning and foresight to handle this job as it took to handle a division of the American Army in France.

Quite some job—but we know that if we did not have good soldiers, if the Yank doughboy was not right, the general's brilliant strategy would not have amounted to two whoops, and the Germans would have "cleaned" him.



## Retrospect

I get a great thrill now from walking along Wacker Drive and seeing the traffic move over the road bed. It is hardly believable, and sometimes I think that I shall wake up and find myself again down in the mud, feeling my way through the forms, or freezing at midnight with crews of men who work all day and half the night—another angle that the man who claims the laborer is overpaid, has overlooked.

As I step past the ornamental balustrades and pylons, I often think that it is a pity that we, in our generation of builders, have not some way in which the workman could put his mark individually here and there on the stonework or concrete, like the builders of the old cathedrals, when they put funny faces on their gargoyles, sometimes their own faces and sometimes caricatures of their friends—a pleasant joke and an artistic accomplishment, if you will.

But this is the generation of collective effort, and the man who stood in the mud and labored in the cold and the wet and in the heat, the man in the ranks of the army who built Wacker Drive, has left a collective monument in its strength and in its beauty, of which his children and grandchildren and great grandchildren—among whom, perhaps, will be numbered some of our leading citizens—can be proud.

There is no doubt but that this great Drive will go down in the history of Chicago as a monument not only to the men who planned it but to the workers who built it.

# JOB FAMINES—HAVE ALL REMEDIES BEEN APPLIED?

(Continued from page 61)

cising some control over the amounts which the banks lend, the speculative purchase of goods can be limited. Some such control, it is hoped, can be established through the Federal Reserve system.

## Labor Concerned With Nation's Policies

All of this, it is conceded, seems remotely related to wages, hours, working conditions, and the other matters which have customarily been of most concern to wage earners. But it must be remembered that all of this is most closely related to the problem of further stabilizing the building industry and that, therefore, it is intimately related to wages, hours, and working conditions. The conclusion which seems inevitably to follow is that wage earners are concerned with the general economic policies of the country no less than are business men and that they should show as much interest in those policies and make as much of an effort to influence them as do business men.

But although nothing short of general control over the business cycle will achieve stabilization of the building trades, and although every method of controlling the business cycle is important to the construction industry, there is one method which is of extraordinary interest to building trades workers because it involves giving them more work when more work is most needed. This is the method of reducing the severity of industrial depressions by expanding during such times the construction of public works. About a billion dollars a year, or one-fourth of the outlay for new construction, is spent upon public works. A substantial increase in this amount during years of depression would greatly increase employment in the building trades at precisely the time when more work is most welcome. Furthermore, it would probably cause some private enterprises to adopt the plan of doing as much new construction in periods of depression as possible.

## Time To Begin Is Now

The expansion of public building during periods of depressions, however, must be arranged for in advance. In 1921, when President Harding asked the departments of the government to relieve unemployment by pushing forward the construction of public works, not a great deal happened. In some cases the plans and specifications for contemplated work were not ready. In others the money had not been appropriated and in many cases there were neither plans nor funds. The president's appeal to the cities was not much more successful. One hundred and twenty-five cities expanded their public works as never before. To finance this work they sold twice the quantity of bonds in 1921 as in any previous year. But the immediate expenditures for new construction were far less than the bond sales because in many cases the plans and specifications were not ready and bids requested until long after the bonds had been marketed. In other words, if governmental bodies are promptly to expand the construction of public works whenever depression occurs, provision must be made for having plans and specifications ready several years in advance and the money must also be appropriated in advance subject to the stipulation that the rate of expenditure shall be governed by general business conditions.

All of this, of course, requires special legislative action. The preparation of plans and specifications, for example, involves expense and can be done only when the needed funds have been appropriated. Few public bodies, however, have taken the necessary legislative action. Among the states only Pennsylvania, California, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts require state departments to make special plans for the extension of pub-

lic works during periods of industrial depression. In 1923, as the result of a letter from Secretary Hoover to President Harding advising a curtailment of government construction during the building boom, no new work was begun by the Federal Government which could be postponed. But most cities or states made no effort to postpone new building, even when it was not immediately needed. For example, more municipal bonds were sold in 1925 than in 1924 and more in 1924 than in 1923.

All of this makes it appear reasonably certain that the next industrial depression will find our states and cities scarcely better able to extend relief in the form of expanded public construction than they have been in the past. We shall meet the same situation that we have faced so often in the past—plenty of useful public building which might be done, but no plans or specifications ready and no money appropriated. Thousands of men who might be working will walk the streets because in times of prosperity no one had the forethought to prepare for depression. Here then is an opportunity for the labor organizations in the building trades to help themselves while at the same time making a substantial contribution toward controlling the business cycle. Their influence in many cities or states is so strong that were they insistently to demand that the city council or the legislature make provision for the forward planning of public work, the demand would be difficult to resist. But if the building trades unions themselves are not sufficiently interested in the elimination of job famines from the construction industry to insist that public construction work be planned far ahead, why should the state legislatures or city councils do anything about it?

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CHICAGO, ILL.



# IN MEMORIAM

## E. M. Techel, L. U. No. 195

Whereas the members of Local Union No. 195 deeply regret the loss of our esteemed Brother on January 22, and

Whereas Local Union No. 195 suffered the loss of a loyal member, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of this local extend their deepest sympathy to his sorrowing wife and family, and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of 30 days, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife and family, one to our Official Journal for publication, and one to be spread on the minutes of our local.

FRANK X. RAITH,  
Recording Secretary.

## Louis Kleinworth, L. U. No. 98

Whereas the sudden and unforeseen call of our Heavenly Father has seen fit, in His wisdom, to remove from our midst our esteemed Brother, Louis Kleinworth, and

Whereas in the death of our Brother Local No. 98 suffers the loss of one who was a loyal and faithful member, and

Whereas his family is deprived of one who was at all times and in all things loyal and true, therefore be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days in respect to his memory, and that copies of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, to the International Office for publication in the Worker, and be spread on the minutes of our organization.

JOHN C. SINN,  
FRED SMITH,  
PAUL J. SULLIVAN,  
Committee.

## George T. Turner, L. U. No. 211

Whereas it has pleased our Divine Ruler in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our beloved Brother, George T. Turner, and

Whereas we have lost a true and loyal friend and Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union No. 211, I. B. E. W., extend our deepest sympathy to his wife and family; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes, a copy be sent to his family and a copy be sent to the Worker for publication.

W. E. CAMERON,  
Recording Secretary.  
EDGAR L. KOEHLER,  
Treasurer.

B. F. RUTLEDGE,  
FRANK A. HURLEY,  
D. C. BACH,  
F. SCHURCKERTH,  
H. W. POTTER,  
F. BENNETT,  
F. WHITEHEAD,  
SOL. SALTZMAN,  
Committee.

## C. Nunnally, L. U. No. 44

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite mercy and wisdom has seen fit to call from our midst one of our most esteemed and worthy Brothers in the person of C. Nunnally, and

Whereas we regret the death which deprives us of the companionship of a faithful Brother and comrade, who has been untiring in his efforts to further the advancement of his fellow workers, and we realize that his death has left us with a remembrance of bitter-sweet; bitter in knowing that his place will be hard to fill, and sweet in feeling that he has gone to his reward in Heaven.

And it is with heartfelt sympathy that we extend our condolence to his family and loving relatives. May they, in this hour of darkness be strengthened to know that we also bear their sorrow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed Brother, a copy be spread on the minutes of Local Union No. 1144, and that a copy be sent to the Official Journal for publication.

J. E. RICHARDSON,  
C. H. HAMILTON,  
GRADY WEBSTER,  
Committee.

## Dominick M. Grace, L. U. No. 3

Whereas the Almighty One has chosen to take from the ranks of Local No. 3 and the Brotherhood, our late departed Brother, Dominick M. Grace, and

Whereas he was a fine, true blue and loyal union man, who was ever ready to serve and uphold the cause whenever called upon, he will forever be missed from the ranks of our local union and the Brotherhood as well, and

Whereas he always, while in this life, worked tirelessly and diligently to further the interests of every member of the local and the Brotherhood as a whole, and was always fair, just and upright in all his dealings with the officers and members of Local No. 3, I. B. E. W., and all other locals of the I. B. E. W., wherever he deposited his card; therefore be it

Resolved, In this regular meeting assembled of Local No. 3, held on Thursday, December 23, 1926, that we stand in solemn reverence for one minute out of respect to his memory, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and forwarded to his dear beloved wife and another copy be forwarded to the International Secretary for insertion in our monthly Worker, and that these resolutions also be made part of our regular meeting minutes, and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Local No. 3, I. B. E. W., be draped for a period of 30 days out of respect and tribute to his dear beloved memory.

GEORGE O'BRIEN,  
MICHAEL CLOSKEY,  
THOMAS CHAMBERS,  
Resolution Committee.

## Eugene H. Hagan, L. U. No. 141

Whereas Almighty God has, in His infinite wisdom, called from his loved ones, our dear friend and Brother, Eugene H. Hagan, whose untimely death was a sad blow to his friends, and

Whereas we regret the death which deprives us of the companionship of a faithful Brother and comrade, who has been untiring in his efforts to further the advancement of his fellow worker, and we realize that his death has left with us a remembrance of bitter-sweet, bitter in knowing that his place will be hard to fill, and sweet in feeling that he has gone to his reward in Heaven; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved members of the family of our departed Brother, our heartfelt sorrow and sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That in his memory our charter be draped for a period of 30 days, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of our departed Brother, a copy be spread on the minutes of Local Union No. 141, I. B. E. W., and a copy to be sent to the Official Journal for publication.

McLURE BAYLITTS,  
GEO. RAAB, JR.,  
S. S. GOULD,  
Committee.

## C. O. Foster and G. E. Grove, L. U. No. 214

It is with the deepest sorrow that we, the officers and members of Local Union 214, I. B. E. W., have been called upon to pay our last respects to our esteemed Brothers, C. O. Foster and G. E. Grove, whom death has called from our midst, while in the faithful discharge of their duties.

Whereas we deeply regret the sad accidents that have taken from us two loyal Brothers; therefore be it

Resolved, That Local Union No. 214, I. B. E. W., extend to the bereaved families our sincere sympathy in their sorrow, and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty (30) days as a token of respect to their memory; that a copy of this resolution be published in the Electrical Workers' Journal and a copy be spread upon the minutes of our local union.

L. STEPHENS,  
J. HELANDER,  
ROY WESTGARD,  
Committee.

## Harvey Newton Adey, L. U. No. 271

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to take from our midst our beloved Brother, Harvey Newton Adey, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Local Union No. 271, extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family and relatives, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to his bereaved family, and a copy embodied in the minutes of our local union, and a copy be forwarded to our International Office for publication in our Official Journal.

E. K. BURKE,  
W. H. DUNHAM,  
J. R. CUPPLES,  
Committee.

## Homer Gibson, L. U. No. 701

Whereas we, as members of Local Union No. 701, I. B. E. W., DuPage County, Ill., deeply regret the sad death that occurred on December 28, 1926, and took from our midst Brother Homer Gibson, a dutiful and faithful member of Local Union No. 701 at his untimely death, and

Whereas in his fellowship we have recognized in him the spirit of a true and loyal Brother; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local No. 701, I. B. E. W., extend their most sincere sympathy to his wife, relatives and friends in this hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for 30 days in respect to his memory, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife, and one to the International Office for the publication in the Official Journal, and a copy be spread on the minutes of our local union.

G. H. KROHN,  
B. W. LANGKAFEL,  
L. B. KLINE,  
J. E. BRITT,  
H. D. SMITH,  
Committee.

Unto the portals of that Wayside Inn,  
That hostelry that knows no rich, no poor,  
But whence all must inevitably come;  
Within the quiet of that dark and narrow room

Apportioned, furnished, prepared for him  
Since that far time when first he lay  
Cradled in his mother's arms,  
Has he been brought to rest.—

Through silent stillness of the days,  
The months, the years, will he yet know  
The stately lilies bloom above his head,  
The birds mount skyward in their rapturous madrigal,  
The summer suns and summer rains  
To fulfillment hasten autumn scenes  
Of sad and haunting beauty?

—R. Lee Guard.

## Death Claims Paid From January 1, Including January 31, 1927

Local	Name	Amount
39	Joseph Cuddy	\$650.00
164	Charles G. Hau	300.00
134	J. J. McGinn	1,000.00
134	Jas. F. McNulty	650.00
3	Fred A. Caldwell	1,000.00
134	Dean Byrne	1,000.00
865	P. W. Racznik	800.00
211	Geo. Turner	475.00
28	Chas. H. Drebing	1,000.00
3	Edw. H. Herbst	333.34
98	Louis K. Kleinworth	1,000.00
953	B. R. Rosenberg	300.00
271	Harvey N. Adey	300.00
I. O.	W. B. Vickers	1,000.00
130	J. J. Hargis	300.00
134	J. T. Welsh	825.00
3	P. F. Bernhardt	650.00
195	Edw. Techel	475.00
271	G. W. Lamb	475.00

\$12,533.34

Total claims paid from January 1, inc., January 31, 1927..... \$12,533.34  
Total claims previously paid..... 946,610.00

\$959,143.34



## DO COMPANY UNIONS MENACE THE BUILDING TRADES?

(Continued from page 66)

when it came to bargaining with the employers for conditions. It could accept what the employers were willing to give, but it could not fight or strike for more. Some workers who have lived under the company union say they would rather have no union at all. The hypocrisy of the company union is only one of its attributes.

The employers respect strong unions. They laugh at weak ones. They laugh up their sleeves at their creations—the company union—for they know, perhaps better than the workers, just what wonderful labor cheaters these “Boss built unions” are.

In pointing out the defects of the company union the Russell Sage Foundation after a survey of the Rockefeller “plan” at the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. wrote: “Under the industrial representation plan the workers have neither an organization nor a treasury.” Neither have they the right to select representatives of their own choosing to speak for them in the joint conferences. While the company can use Rockefeller money to hire lawyers, labor managers and statisticians the workers must choose some one inside the works to handle all the difficult business of bargaining and negotiation. There is hence no equality in any sense of the word and the workers are simply delivered into the hands of the company experts. As a representative so selected knows if he properly represents the workers he must get another job.

The company union constitutes a serious menace to American labor. The more unity there is in American labor the less serious will be this menace. Job monopoly unions, narrow selfish labor unionism will lay open the field for the company union. On the other hand a broadminded appreciation of the necessity for complete organization among the workers will create an effective wall against the company union.

Workers who are barred by various restrictions from entering real unions cannot be blamed if they fall for the employer's bunk and crawl into the fold of company unionism. The answer to the company union menace must be the breaking down of all these artificial barriers where they exist and make the trade union movement a fighting weapon to combat the power of the corporations. The corporations are strengthening their ranks. The unions must do the same. Then they will have no fear of the employer's tricks and the other insidious blandishments of the company union offensive.

## New Book On Radio

Dr. L. Grant Hector, a professor of physics at the University of Buffalo, has written a book called “Principles of Modern Radio Receiving.” It is published by the Burton Publishing Company, Buffalo, N. Y. On examination, this book strikes us as different from most accounts of radio by reason of its scholarly and thoroughgoing presentation. Electrical workers, who want an advanced text, will be interested.

## Unbreaking the News

Clancy—“Mrs. Murphy, yure son Mike has just fell off th' scaffolding and killed himself.”

Mrs. Murphy—“Merciful hivins!”

Clancy—“Aisy, now. ‘Tis only his leg that's bruk, an' it's glad ye will be to hear it whin ye thought he was killed entoirely.”

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Telegraph  
Electric Bells  
Crane  
Elevators  
Pumps  
Electric Ship Drive  
Electric Railways  
Electric Vehicles  
Automobile Starting  
and Lighting System  
Ignition  
Generation and Transmission  
Electric Tools  
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Index on all subjects.



## NOTICES

Any one knowing the present address of J. P. (Jack) Dierheimer, Card No. 229172, will confer a favor by notifying the writer. Last heard from in Amarillo, Texas.

J. W. WAGGONER,  
Financial Sec'y, L. U. 697, Labor Temple,  
Hammond, Ind.

All locals and members should keep a lookout for one S. A. Gamble, a former member of Local No. 66, and carrying a receipt from secretary of Local No. 66, showing to be paid up to November 30, 1926. This is an old receipt he got when a member of above local and he checks in the months to suit his convenience. I am informed he has not been a member of our organization for more than a year. I am also informed that he forged a check on one of our members in Houston and was convicted and given a two-year suspended sentence. Also owes a \$70 board bill in Houston, besides owing the secretary there \$23.

Said Gamble was through Ft. Worth about December 10 with receipt showing paid for November, 1926. The foreman on the city job told him to show up Monday and go to work. This was on Friday. We let him eat and sleep on our meal tickets and gave him \$3 to tide him over till Monday and get cleaned up. I suppose he was so dirty he had to go to the ocean to get clean. Anyway we never saw any more of him after he got the money.

We don't care for the money nor what he ate but we do object to such a specimen of manhood parading himself as a member of our organization. So look out for him and treat him as he deserves.

CHAS. FUNKHOUSER,  
Financial Secretary, No. 156,  
Ft. Worth, Texas.

If Brother W. W. Williams, Card No. 504410, sees this, please communicate with Bert Sutherland, 1355 Central Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

BERT SUTHERLAND,  
Secretary.

This is to advise that Robert G. Cole, formerly a member of Local Union 36, has left this city owing the local union the sum of \$100; this being the unpaid balance of a loan made to him; and that he has failed to carry out his promise to reimburse the local union for its assistance to him when he was in need.

Any local union receiving an application from this former member will please notify this local, as we are desirous of having this former member repay the loan made by the local union.

O. J. SEYMOUR,  
Recording Secretary, L. U. 36,  
Sacramento, Calif.

### Which Was No Bull

"I wrote to the paper to find out how long cows should be milked."

"And they said—?"

"Just like short cows."—Goblin.

He claimed to be a first-class mechanic. "Ah," said the works manager, "where were you last employed?"

"For six and a half weeks I worked for Mass Production Motors, Ltd.," answered the applicant.

"And what was it that you did there?" asked the manager.

"Well," replied the mechanic proudly, "on my last day I put on nut 46998."—Painter and Decorator.

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That—



I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop loud noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address  
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)  
255 Hoffman Bldg., 2039 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.



## PROMETHEUS, THE PROTAGONIST OF SCIENCE

(Continued from page 73)

### Two Thousand Year Old Error

In this modern sceptical age when nothing is taken unquestioned, it is difficult to understand how or why Aristotle's unverified assertion that two unequal masses will fall with unequal velocities was accepted as true. Nevertheless, for two thousand years no one dared submit the affirmation to the physicist's test. It remained for Galileo to challenge the authorities by dropping two unequal masses from the leaning tower of Pisa and thus to shatter forever the authority of the pure dialectician and to enthrone in the place of authority the experimentalist. No, not to enthrone, but merely to give rebirth to the scientific method which had been in eclipse since the time of Archimedes.

Was Galileo hailed as the discoverer of a new truth and a new method of testing truth which ultimately would transform modes of life like the Promethean fire? Far from it, but like Prometheus he was accused of challenging the gods and for this effrontery he to prison must go. Men observing the simultaneous fall of the two bodies refused the evidence of their own eyes, for did not the fathers teach that a heavy body falls faster than a light body. Galileo's experiment merely confirmed the opinion that he was in league with the powers of darkness. Like many moderns, the fathers feared to submit their rock of ages to the chemic test. For daring to question nature and to interpret her answer, Galileo like Prometheus had to expiate his heavenward aspirations in durance vile, and likewise his release was assured if only he would accept the ancient authority. Lacking the godlike nature of Prometheus, the pain inflicted by the vulture was more than the seventy year old man could bear so he temporarily yielded.

But no one knew better than he, however, that he had given to man a new tool, a new technique for the revelation of nature's secrets to man. No matter if the reactionaries were temporarily victorious, they might

delay but they could not stop the forward march of science.

*"All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.  
In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearning,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Promethean fire is burning."*

## Primer of Housing

Primer of Housing, by Arthur Holden, Workers Education Pamphlet Series No. 11. Workers Education Bureau Press, New York, 1927. 48 pages, price 35 cents postpaid.

This Primer deals with one of the most important problems of civilized life—problem of owning a home. It gives a vivid explanation by means of charts, illustrations, of the nature of rents, mortgages, ownership of land, etc., that is knowledge deplorably lacking in most people. They all know that they pay too much rent; beyond this they know little. This pamphlet tells WHY they pay too much and suggests intelligent remedies.

Mr. William J. Tracy, Secretary-Treasurer of the Building Trades Department of the American Federation of Labor, who has contributed a preface says in part:

"This Primer of Housing is an educational pamphlet. It is addressed to the needs of the average citizen. \* \* \* It should be of assistance in helping many a man in not attempting to lift too heavy a load. Therefore, I believe it should be of great value to countless American workmen and to our citizens generally. I am glad to recommend this useful Primer."

The author, Mr. Arthur Holden, is a former member of the Architects and Draftmen's Union, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Architects Small House Service Bureau. His firm was recently retained as consulting architects by the New York State Board of Housing.

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# LOCAL UNION OFFICIAL RECEIPTS FROM DECEMBER 11, 1926, TO JANUARY 10, 1927



L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS		
1	759241	759358	134	653661	653763	288	618143	618205	481	769536	769735
1	705161	705186	135	636063	636087	290	692009	692026	482	165615	165617
2	752301	752707	136	537687	537750	291	187871	187880	483	371685	371720
3	76048	80826	136	909001	909025	292	737066	737330	488	428528	428917
4	192714	192737	139	570991	571018	293	12952	12962	490	80519	80525
5	900301	900660	139	571019	571080	294	10147	10155	492	341896	342000
6	748921	749020	140	436262	436338	295	26551	26560	493	426991	427099
7	524795	525000	141	298991	299031	296	861267	861273	500	702011	702075
7	912751	912780	143	122616	122629	298	459494	459944	503	15350	15381
8	580658	580680	145	667071	667140	300	851694	851700	507	868459	868467
9	892401	892500	146	223403	223414	301	434541	434558	508	894098	894152
9	673511	674250	151	672604	672825	303	528011	528015	509	33604	33611
12	499697	499701	152	433691	433735	305	306308	306327	514	663981	664070
15	129539	129552	153	198701	198724	306	870850	870861	517	4714	4722
17	672551	673050	154	846836	846846	307	878319	878331	520	203043	203070
18	756911	757060	154	27809	27830	308	551836	551938	521	408856	408864
20	638479	638620	158	40464	40478	309	521559	521599	522	550930	551048
21	634549	634566	159	452117	452159	310	641461	641630	524	13934	13945
26	896620	896838	163	549813	549965	311	392755	392794	525	13545	13574
27	78351	78361	164	601871	601890	312	910551	910585	527	226441	226466
30	577617	577687	169	432218	432227	317	263693	263710	528	774014	774058
31	177030	177061	172	12017	12029	318	873355	873395	529	8008	8008
32	410199	410204	173	20336	20340	322	97236	97247	532	669331	669428
33	441104	441134	174	878008	878012	325	856519	856527	535	523174	523215
34	451463	451500	176	221783	221859	326	897806	897933	536	446527	446556
34	773251	773311	177	912001	912055	328	32420	32440	537	287188	287210
35	529552	529682	177	601295	601500	329	25401	25424	538	382066	382089
38	485728	485744	178	396861	396876	332	474489	474555	540	858944	858965
39	602455	602635	180	270655	270686	333	898539	898614	544	29112	29158
40	746527	746670	181	582414	582503	337	54949	54959	548	848046	848051
41	636471	636702	183	59480	59501	338	431621	431630	551	290581	290597
42	725986	726007	184	815912	815947	339	873462	873481	552	278566	278579
44	738113	738124	185	237601	237640	340	476684	476765	553	58254	58266
45	743340	743354	187	8331	8364	341	777011	777060	556	91099	91113
46	376785	376913	188	432091	432101	343	705901	705909	558	844325	844330
47	456238	456257	191	40451	40471	344	832264	832275	569	56879	56901
48	373871	374080	192	391349	391391	345	828073	828085	569	18499	18571
50	607126	607170	193	56044	56670	347	666488	666560	564	519540	519575
51	702912	702944	194	740531	740642	348	422532	422650	567	624916	624970
52	637281	637500	195	630539	630618	349	899251	899460	568	879234	879262
52	906751	907052	197	10943	10944	350	569970	570000	570	505703	505707
53	753843	753887	199	781936	781940	351	432417	432433	573	400051	400065
54	876555	876570	201	401933	401948	351	33301	33310	574	745556	745600
55	101958	101987	203	34501	34521	354	472747	472764	575	247389	247420
56	552381	552471	209	126729	126761	355	433981	433990	578	859899	859950
57	133334	133377	210	445986	446045	356	854781	854805	578	585001	585111
58	663001	663170	211	342631	342710	358	433929	433970	580	703531	703552
58	657901	658500	212	639306	639350	362	867739	867750	581	637691	637940
59	518081	518200	213	256643	256643	362	30301	30413	583	555915	555936
60	751621	751686	214	758401	758510	364	457218	457296	585	3230	3240
62	532007	532135	215	740318	740335	365	869748	869785	587	242625	242641
64	877241	877247	223	598562	598593	367	627126	627194	588	424363	424418
66	763631	763740	224	416802	416892	369	906030	906079	591	677426	677445
67	194148	194190	225	847347	847350	371	30001	30006	594	265420	265429
70	864871	864890	225	34801	34810	373	11779	11783	595	643379	643435
73	656498	656555	226	471325	471372	375	745512	745543	596	843108	843130
75	7362	7369	227	200045	200047	376	422343	422348	598	842170	842176
76	675125	675145	229	200878	200907	377	583726	583800	599	614321	614335
77	618276	618435	230	578415	578451	382	220451	220481	601	135683	135720
78	842394	842396	231	701160	701178	383	224537	224551	602	101021	101091
79	415802	415906	232	706536	706556	384	423269	423271	603	860748	860767
80	32710	32737	233	846748	846750	389	525164	525214	611	602949	602976
81	531621	531683	233	36301	36312	392	434779	434817	613	545096	545174
82	580015	580223	235	876823	876833	394	389214	389225	615	17201	17226
84	604762	605167	236	704428	704438	396	214385	214469	617	778501	778521
86	547821	547994	237	568582	568582	401	201942	201961	623	703251	703277
88	897031	897047	239	394068	394070	402	541901	542007	625	543424	543428
89	166868	166872	240	892455	892473	405	738001	738122	626	16223	16243
91	40567	40578	241	15622	15627	405	20094	20100	629	527475	527533
93	683994	684005	245	431051	431100	408	562141	562174	630	863327	863336
94	7752	7759	246	576157	576165	411	29423	29450	631	583077	583089
95	558067	558088	247	93913	93926	415	56170	56187	636	347615	347629
96	596421	596524	249	633841	633877	416	772504	772545	640	609191	609234
98	479450	480920	251	874661	874690	418	472311	472358	642	770430	770443
99	598056	598141	252	314620	314649	427	707701	707715	646	820360	820365
100	554329	554333	254	752527	752550	428	174505	174538	648	345555	345597
102	603270	603366	255	201694	201694	429	251659	251683	650	872348	872396
103	588711	591000	256	414370	414400	434	601285	601290	651	366594	366596
104	538291	538490	257	40072	40083	435	529101	529150	653	57294	57300
106	584561	584627	258	838543	838553	437	395721	395760	653	708301	708364
108	486731	486750	259	438508	438550	440	415672	415686	659	540711	540720
108	436501	436620	261	901497	901500	442	613393	613421	661	703835	703860
109	1491	1500	261	916501	916822	443	734328	734352	662	864261	864266
110	756145	756245	262	300691	300750	443	523816	523922	665	58554	58565
111	41500	41503	263	702390	702411	446	520576	520610	666	128904	128932
113	397940	397966	265	566401	566427	449	184160	184190	668	498904	498918
114	423816	423824	266	97333	97333	455	871447	871476	670	274702	274710
116	607711	607838	267	116174	116179	455	863645	863661	675	392053	392100
117	39821	39837	268	417215	417219	458	54761	54783	677	14105	14125
120	678039	678053	269	605494	605560	460	568258	568259	679	27389	27393
124	893889	894000	271	630918	630947	461	454130	454166	681	771085	771119
124	775501	775604	273	710704	710713	463	65668	65676	683	875094	875153
125	767009	767620	275	62015	62031	465	610861	610990	683	927001	927014
127	701474	701481	276	705767	705785	466	431611	431648	685	406078	406096
129	860359	860374	277	213330	213330	468	296051	296058	686	732906	732930
130	671646	671924	279	869942	869970	470	839411	839422	691	10386	10399
131	269471	269482	281	636791	636807	471	858055	858074	694	900536	900670
133	836248	836250	284	571735	571784	474	630348	630360	695	620355	620380
133	3										



L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS	L. U.	NUMBERS		
1086	705361	705394	356	854771-780, 785, 790,	39	602484.	405	738001.	907	831109.	
1087	391742	391749		792, 796, 798, 801-	46	376901.	408	562170.	918	847568.	
1091	164166	164181		804.	47	456256.	415	56173.	948	87303.	
1099	877431	877450	396	214431-444, 447-449,	48	374027.	416	772526, 543.	998	873871.	
1101	459141	459158		451-468.	56	552451.	437	395726, 743.	1091	164178.	
1105	861794	861804	405	20093, 738042-098.	58	663082, 657937, 999,	444	523870, 886.	<b>PREVIOUSLY LISTED MISSING—RECEIVED</b>		
1108	424168	424175	444	523900.		658407.	468	296056.			
1118	527113	52722	474	633071.	66	763703, 738.	481	769552.	41	636466-469	
1122	2796	2810	497	54410.	82	580019, 212.	492	341974.	58	338125-130.	
1131	6821	6832	507	868464-465.	91	40576.	497	54411.	70	864868.	
1135	30902	30915	536	446553-555.	98	480608.	500	702039.	116	667701-705.	
1144	533369	533397	553	58234-235.	100	554329.	508	894150.	130	671461-644.	
1147	26317	26349	650	872379-380, 383-384,	124	775708, 821-830.	514	663990, 664013.	246	576146-155.	
1150	871257	871273		388-391, 394-395.	131	269471-475.	532	669352, 413.	284	571732.	
1151	459716	459723	838	867913.	134	654588.	588	424365, 378.	296	861261-265.	
1154	374601	374624	854	198517-525.	151	672676, 748-750, 788,	599	614332.	497	54409-54416.	
1156	572927	573000	971	442771-780.		823.	653	708317, 348, 356.	524	13916-13917.	
1156	911251	911284	1147	26315-26316.	245	431060, 099-100.	683	875101.	536	446523-525.	
<b>MISSING</b>		<b>VOID</b>		<b>3-76668, 77139, 78059,</b>		246	576159.	702	764698, 766, 779,	575	247383-387.
						251	874668, 679.		795, 837, 866.	587	242599-600.
9	673501-510.				269	605524.	728	298363.	630	863325.	
58	675897-900, 657981-				301	641543.	797	433264, 266-270, 272.	771	330302-305.	
	990.				309	521565, 585.		287-292, 301, 314-	864	398744-749.	
130	671731-920.				310	641465.		320.	<b>BLANK</b>		
191	40450.				312	910551.	811	5596.			
194	740527-530.				326	897920.	817	628108, 154, 201-203.	298	459501-459510.	
227	200044.				332	474531.	819	833763.	347	666488.	
341	777001-010.				362	30326, 30334.	865	399660, 682.	392	434810.	
					382	220468.	890	706206.	581	637799-800, 940.	

### Wind Can Make Electricity

The extension of radio to farms may have the unexpected result of assisting the use by man of one of the world's greatest idle sources of cheap power, the power of the wind. Modern radio receivers require considerable amounts of electricity, more than can be supplied conveniently or cheaply from chemical batteries. In cities and towns the radio fans make use of the ordinary current supply. Where no electric current is available, as on isolated farms,

radio is under a severe handicap. Wind power, like that which was once much used in windmills for pumping water, has often been suggested to charge storage batteries for such isolated radio receivers but development has been retarded by the lack of suitable windmills and dynamos and by uncertainties about the amount of wind available. During the past two years successful wind-driven electric plants large enough for radio use or even for house lighting have been constructed in France and England. In the United States the engineers of the University of Nebraska

have made similar tests. The uncertainty about the wind has now been studied by Mr. P. C. Day, of the United States Weather Bureau station at Lincoln, Nebraska, where the university is located. A wind velocity of at least ten miles an hour is necessary for charging storage batteries and Mr. Day finds that this velocity is available for at least five hours a day on three-fourths of the days of a year. This is believed to be sufficient to justify practical use of wind power for radio and for household electric supply where power-house service is not available.

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As an electrician, your wood boring requirements call for both long and short holes. Most of them you have to bore in rough wood. Many of them you have to bore in cramped, awkward positions—with a ratchet brace. Plaster and "rough going" are frequently encountered.

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"Largest Makers of Wood Boring Tools in the World"

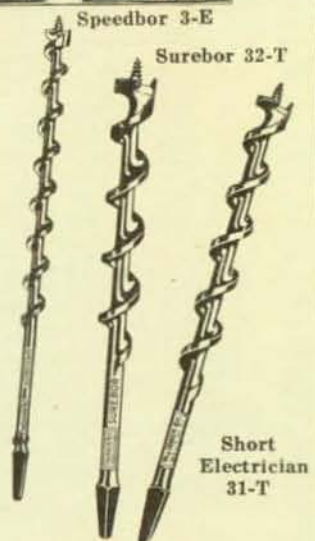
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Short  
Electrician  
31-T



# KEEPING PATHS OF COMMUNICATION OPEN

A great organization like ours can not live without communication. Avenues of thought—like nerves in an organism—must be kept open that no part of the body shall unwittingly die. To this purpose THE JOURNAL—your Journal—is one of the principal agencies.

From every part of the United States, Canada and Panama, yes from sections of Europe, there comes evidence that THE JOURNAL is carrying its message straight and true. Our mail-bag gives us increasing witness of the magazine's accumulating usefulness, as these excerpts from recent letters attest:

*Newark, N. J.* "As an echo of the article published in the October issue entitled 'It's a Cinch to Buy Union Label Goods in Newark,' let me say it was wonderful how the story reached every part of the United States, and how all alike wanted to know how it was done. The store itself can see an improvement in business especially among our members and also from the surrounding towns."

*Los Angeles, Calif.* "I surely feel elated over the article which appeared above our signature in the November issue, as I have received four communications from as many different localities in regards to municipal ownership, how to get started, what to do first, etc."

*Muenster, Germany.* "We should be very much obliged to you if you would send us the September, 1926, number of the Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators, as we are interested in the subject of workers' education."

*Peoria, Illinois.* "There are lots of real good articles in the Worker every month, if the boys will only take time to read them, and Peoria is full of Scaramouche for a week or so after each edition. Everyone seems to take interest in the stories, and here is hoping that they are continued."

The Journal positively refuses to act as a non-conductor. In the future, as in the past, it is determined to send the light coursing down the lines of national and international communication.

## JOURNAL OF ELECTRICAL WORKERS



THE Monroe doctrine does not assert or imply or involve any right on the part of the United States to impair or control the independent sovereignty of any American state. In the lives of nations as of individuals there are many rights unquestioned and universally conceded. The assertion of any particular right must be considered not as excluding all others, but as coincident with all others which are not inconsistent. The fundamental principle of international law is the principle of independent sovereignty. Upon that all other rules of international law rest. That is the chief and necessary protection of the weak against the power of the strong. Observance of that is the necessary condition to the peace and order of the civilized world. By the declaration of that principle the common judgment of civilization awards to the smallest and weakest state the liberty to control its own affairs without interference from any other power, however great.

The Monroe doctrine does not infringe upon that right. It asserts the right. The declaration of Monroe was that the rights and interests of the United States were involved in maintaining a condition, and the condition to be maintained was the independence of all the American countries.—Elihu Root.